



FOLKLORE
AND MYTHOLOGY
STUDIES : 32

*More Tales from
Ulithi Atoll*

A Content Analysis

By WILLIAM A. LESSA

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

**MORE TALES FROM
ULITHI ATOLL**

This One



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**TO MY ULITHIAN FRIENDS
MELCHETHAL AND YAMALMAI**

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PREFACE

IN THE SUMMER of 1960 during a field trip to Ulithi Atoll, made principally to gather data for acculturative, demographic, and land tenure problems, I somewhat incidentally collected forty-two narratives, which are here offered as a supplement to my previous collection of oral traditions published in 1961 under the title, *Tales from Ulithi Atoll* (Folklore Studies, 13).

It came as a surprise to discover that so many stories had eluded me in my first effort. It would now appear that if on either occasion I had made a truly concerted effort with the gathering of folktales as my principal or only objective, many more stories would have come to light, which is a pity because the newer generation of Ulithians is becoming woefully unaware of its oral traditions. Consequently, the present collection can be justified as part of a wider contribution toward recording for posterity a culture that is being rapidly eroded.

Another motive for the compilation of this monograph is to provide unforeseen insights into some imponderables, as well as ponderables, of Ulithian culture and society. It was my awareness of the potential of folktales for gaining such unsolicited leads, first experienced in collecting the previous batch of narratives, that acted as an incentive for the gathering of the present lot.

There were, of course, other reasons for compiling this monograph—the best and most obvious one being a desire to expand the corpus of folkloristic literature on Micronesia. Compared with the first collection, the present one generally does not include the loftier, mythic tales depicting the lives of the gods and the world of the sky. But it does include the earthy and somewhat romantic quality exhibited in some of the minor tales of that first group.

The present group includes an inordinate number of narratives clearly coming from other islands, especially Yap. It may very well be that my storytellers of 1948 excluded such narratives because of some feeling that all that I was seeking were tales of local origin.

Another difference between this collection and the first is that I have deliberately chosen not to indulge in a search for similar motifs and tale types in the manner of Thompson and Aarne-Thompson, nor to ferret out cognates in Oceania, except in scattered instances that almost demand it be done. To have compiled such indexes would have required a prodigious effort, and is not particularly fashionable today among folklorists. I have made use of cognates to the extent that they clarify my own stories, which often enough are almost unintelligible without recourse to such variants.

I have also refrained from again examining and criticizing various approaches to mythology; namely, the diffusionist, naturistic, euhemeristic, psychoanalytic, ritualistic, and functional. To do so would have been repetitive. However, not having dealt previously with the structuralism of Vladimir Propp and of Claude Lévi-Strauss, these approaches might have been considered; but this would have created a major and almost endless diversion. My interest here is in straightforward content analysis.

Although all the narratives were recounted in the Ulithian language, native texts were not recorded, due to practical considerations of time and expertise.¹ A tape recorder was not available, its use not having been anticipated. A young Ulithian with a knowledge of English made a running translation, with some assistance from myself. In addition to the two of us and the narrator, there was almost always present my highly knowledgeable key informant, employed previously during several months of general field work. No interruptions for the purpose of clarifying obscure meanings were made in the course of the storytelling. Such clarifications were sought out only at the conclusion of each story, and this often necessitated drawing in other informants. Generally speaking, these interpretations have not been incorporated into the stories themselves, but rather are set off throughout the text in brackets or, more commonly, in the form of extensive notes.

Acknowledgments

Air transportation between California and Guam was arranged for me by the Office of Naval Research, which also provided for lodging and other amenities in Guam and for supplies in Ulithi. The U.S. Coast Guard flew me from Guam to Ulithi and back, and its small LORAN detachment on Falalop Island provided hospitality when I visited there.

The Research Committee of the Academic Senate of the University of California, Los Angeles, provided funds for sundry field expenditures, and for assistance in the preparation of this manuscript.

The generous people of Ulithi gave me a place to stay on Mogmog Island and furnished me with a sailing canoe to get about in the lagoon. Most of all, they gave me every possible cooperation in the gathering of my field materials, which as mentioned extended beyond the collecting of narratives alone. I must especially single out the help of my good friend, Melchethal, who voluntarily served as a key informant in all that I did; and of my general assistant, Yamalmai, who had performed with great skill and patience during my two previous field trips to the atoll. And of course there are the storytellers, who gave liberally of their time. They will not remain anonymous; I identify them in some detail in my introduction.

Because of other pressures and interests, seventeen years were to elapse between the time the stories were collected and the time I began to prepare them for publication. In the process of this preparation it soon became evident that I would have to answer numerous queries arising in my mind. These pertained especially to Yap, and in this connection I called upon my friend, Inez

¹Elbert's experience in collecting three stories in Puluwat in 1967 will serve to illustrate my point. Using a tape recorder and a storyteller who knew no English, it took him three sessions on three days to record the first story alone, and much of the month of April to transcribe, analyze, and translate it. He recorded the second story in a single session, but it took several sessions to play back the recording, transcribe it, and make an analysis and translation. The third story was recorded in a single session on May 19, and eight sessions between that date and June 30 were needed for transcription and translation (Elbert 1971: 19, 59, 66). Elbert is a professional linguist; I am not. The reader must realize that the choice was between making a loose transcription or nothing at all, in which event almost all these stories could have been lost forever for lack of someone to preserve them in writing.

de Beauclair of the Institute of Ethnography, Academia Sinica, in Taiwan. She gave detailed responses to my inquiries regarding Yap, where she has done extensive field work. In addition, she unselfishly furnished me with some of her own folkloristic materials, these being acknowledged in appropriate places in the monograph.

Werner Wilbert carried out some difficult translations here and there, doing so with his usual competence and reliability.

The manuscript had the benefit of readings by John L. Fischer of Tulane University and Saul H. Riesenbergh of the Smithsonian Institution. Their suggestions and emendations were those of experts and proved to be invaluable in enhancing the quality of the study.

I

INTRODUCTION

GEOGRAPHY, CULTURE, and the social order play so prominent a part in Uli-thian narratives that it is essential for the reader to have some background in these matters.¹

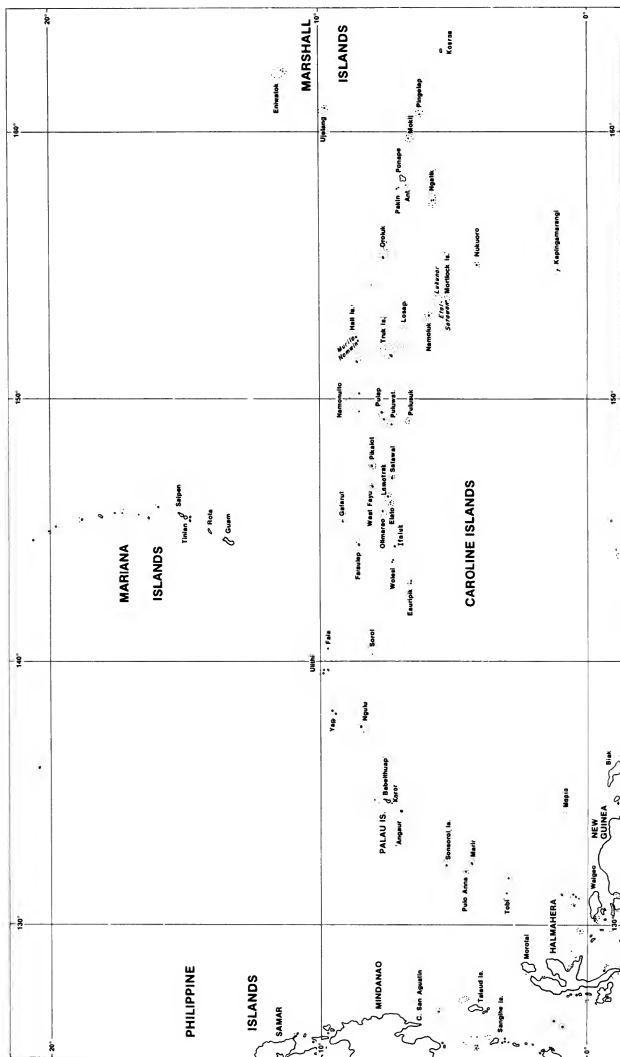
It is best to begin with the physical setting and the environment. The atoll in which the people of Ulithi live is located in the Caroline Islands of the Micronesian culture area (Map 1). The atoll's nearest neighbors are Fais and Yap, the latter being the subject of many of the most important stories. Far to the west is Palau, far to the east are Truk, Ponape, and Kosrae.

The atoll is in reality made up of four clearly defined elements. The first is located in the west and consists of more than thirty tiny islands surrounding a large lagoon, the most important isle being Mogmog, whose coordinates are 10°05'30" N, 139°43'15" E (Map 2). Mogmog is the setting for the largest number of stories. The second element is the large island of Falalop, which lies immediately east of the northern reef of the atoll proper and gives the appearance of being a part of it, but is separated from the atoll by a deep channel. The third element (not shown) consists of three islands—Pau, Bulubul, and Losiep—situated on a small detached reef east of the main atoll. The fourth element (not shown) is an incomplete atoll still further east called Thùhoi Iör (H. O. Zohhoiiyuru Bank), with the islands of Gielap and Iar located at its northern tip. All four elements enter into the narratives in varying degrees of importance.

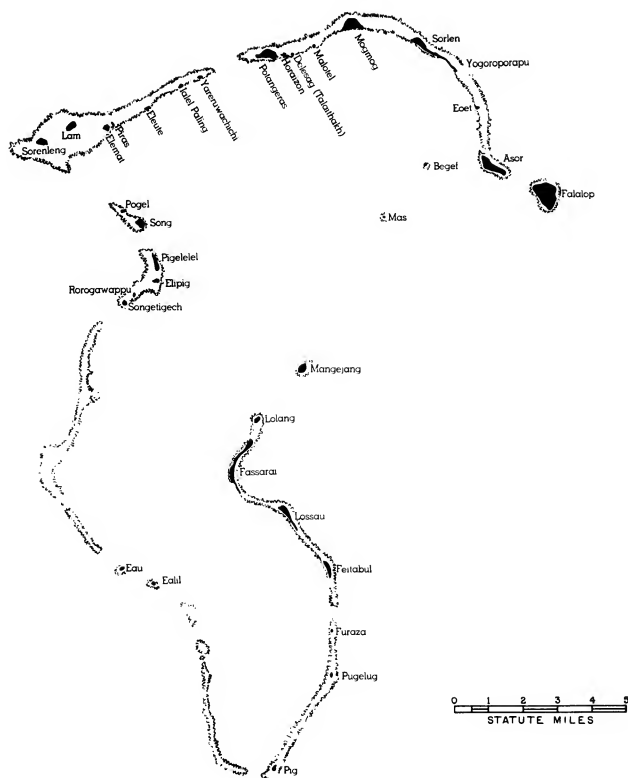
Being located in the doldrum belt close to the equator, the islands are cloudy, hot, and humid, with much rainfall. Winds vary according to the season and determine the sailing pattern of the people, who have traditionally used speedy single-outrigger canoes for transportation and fishing.

The land generally rises but a few feet above sea level and the soil is limited in its capacities because it is coralline, with little humus. The chief sources of food are from plants, principally coconuts, taros, and breadfruit, these being supplemented by fish, shellfish, and crustaceans from the sea. There are a few pigs and chickens, their relative scarcity being an aspect of the limited environment. Aside from the pigs, the only land mammals are rats, mice, and fruit bats, and none of these except rats or mice enter into the narratives. By contrast, numerous kinds of fish and birds and some sea mammals play a great part in the stories.

¹Greater detail is provided in the author's basic monograph, *The Ethnography of Ulithi Atoll* (1950a) and the more readily available *Ulithi: A Micronesian Design for Living* (1966b).



Map 1. The Caroline Islands



Map 2. Ulithi Atoll

As for language, Ulithian is a member of the Austronesian linguistic stock, being characteristically Micronesian. Its affinities with Palauan, Yapese, Woleaian, Trukese, and other languages and dialects of the Carolines are brought out in the course of the discussion of the stories.

In terms of their racial make-up, the people show great variation from individual to individual. They are a composite of Caucasoid, Mongoloid, and Negroid features which are manifested unevenly.

The social organization is a modified form of the Crow. Consistent with this system are two kinds of descent groups, the clan and the lineage, and it is necessary that they be clearly defined and properly understood because they enter into several of the narratives.

A clan (sometimes known as a "sib") is generally agreed upon by anthropologists to mean a nonlocalized unilineal descent group, patrilineal or matrilineal, whose constituent lineages have no memory of the exact genealogical ties resulting from an alleged or real common founding ancestor. The founder may be totemic, in which instance the symbolic ancestor is usually some kind of animal. In Ulithi, clans are matrilineal and are relatively unimportant.

In the daily life of a people, lineages are more important than clans, although some scholars fail to make a distinction between the two. By definition a lineage is a nonlocalized group of unilineally related persons, who can actually trace their descent, either patrilineally or matrilineally, from a common ancestor. Ulithi has matrilineal lineages but no real clans of its own, the ones present being alien and without most rights. These matrilineages are corporate groups, with strong functions in such matters as economics, political organization, land tenure, marriage, and religion.²

The religious system, to be sure, has its gods, but the lineages are the basis of a kind of ancestor worship that clearly overshadows them. This worship centers around lineage ghosts and spirit possession. The gods, on the other hand, are more the creatures of a mythic world than an everyday cult. Nature spirits abound and are generally malevolent, and they too are not the object of a cult. They enter into a good many stories, however, usually of local character. Ghosts who are not benevolent protectors of their lineage descendants also enter into the folklore, sometimes as terrifying apparitions. As for magic, it is everywhere.

Rituals are important in both religion and magic, but surprisingly enough, in the present collection of stories no effort is made to explain narratives in terms of ritual. This does not mean that various kinds of ritual, including some that are political and economic, are not mentioned in the folklore. The world of the supernatural, of course, has specialists to perform the rituals, and they have to undergo training and observe strong taboos. Of these specialists, the most commonly mentioned are the navigator and the knot diviner.

Chiefs are often mentioned in the narratives. They are mainly lineage or district heads and, like the paramount chief of the atoll, their positions are

²For a discussion of Ulithian lineages, clans, and macro-clans see Lessa 1950a: 75-79 et passim, and 1966b: 16-29 et passim.

hereditary. Most political authority and activity, however, belongs to councils of nonhereditary village elders. Their social control is for the most part diffuse. There is no true law except in an incipient sense, and it is exercised mostly through a system of restraints.³

Much more could be said, especially about Ulithian personality, sexual behavior, and the cycle of life, but a halt must be called to this already over-extended summary. Fortunately, some of these matters will be given consideration in appropriate places by means of post-narrative discussions and notes.

One must bear in mind that Ulithi has been undergoing rapid change since World War II and that any description of the people and their culture, such as the above, is in terms of the "ethnological present," by which is meant a time prior to the recent, irreversible incursions made by the urban-industrial world. The narratives belong to such a time and display little influence from the modern world, with the principal exception being the historical stories. The narrators were for the most part older persons, and at any rate were either nurtured in the past or strongly conscious of the traditional way of life.

These narrators, to whom I am deeply grateful for their time and patience, were the following:

Feluechokk. She was born about 1927 on the islet of Mogmog. Her mother was Ulithian but her father came from Faraulep Atoll.

Lefohamal. She was born about 1925 on the islet of Mogmog and spent a period of time on the island of Yap.

Melchethal. An extraordinarily knowledgeable man who was my key informant during four field trips to the atoll, he was born about 1891 on the islet of Mogmog and died there on 27 March 1961. He had been a navigator, communal fish magician, and canoe carpenter, and had travelled extensively throughout the Caroline Islands.

Taiethau. A young man born about 1931 on the islet of Mogmog, he was the most skilled of all my storytellers and provided me with the greatest number of narratives in the present collection. He had a flair for storytelling that enabled him to transcend the artificial nature of the interview situation and transform it into a seemingly spontaneous setting.

Taleguethep. She was born about 1911 on the islet of Lam, although her parents both came from Mogmog.

Täruk. He was born about 1895 on the island of Fais, of Fais parents, and had been living in Ulithi for about seven years at the time he narrated his single tale. He had been married three times, always to Fais women.

None of the narrators spoke English; all related their stories in the Ulithian language.

A decision had to be made between offering the reader a literal translation, which might prove to be awkward or even unintelligible in places, or a free one, which would be devoid of much of the flavor of the original. Something in-between was decided upon. Some of the passages, particularly the songs, were very difficult and sometimes even impossible to render into English, so

³See Lessa 1966b: 40-48 for a discussion of Ulithian law.

they had to be translated loosely. This was almost invariably true of magical words, which are designed to be purposely esoteric.

Native words, often accompanied by translations, have sometimes been used in the texts of the stories and elsewhere, because of their potential use to Micronesian anthropologists for comparative purposes, because they have no exact English equivalents, and because they or their cognates have widespread currency in the literature. The orthography employed is an old one devised for the layman that I have utilized over the years in my various publications on Ulithi in order to provide consistency, even though a more refined system, also for the layman, has recently been introduced by two highly trained linguists (Sohn and Bender 1973: 18-19). My orthography is based on the earlier one of Samuel H. Elbert (1947: 10-11), which served me well in the field. Omitting symbols whose phonemes are obviously just about the same as in English, this orthography is as follows:

a in *father*.

ä in *hat*.

e in *bet*.

i as *ee* in *seen*.

ĩ somewhat as in *hit*.

o in *bone*.

ô like *a* in *all*.

ö like *oo* in *book*.

u like *oo* in *moon*.

ũ slightly rounded lips, somewhat like French *ũ* with a suggestion of *i* before it, like *a* fast *few*.

g in fast speech sounds like *g* in *go*, spoken slowly sounds like Ulithi *h*.

h as in English but preceded by a guttural sound like a Spanish *jota* or German *ch*; difficult for English speakers.

mw substitute *m-* for the *t-* in *twin*.

ng soft as in *sing*

r trilled.

s in *say*.

th in *thin*, occasionally as in *then*.

I have made two additions to this orthography as follows:

ũ in *sun*.

kh the voiceless palatal fricative, used in most instances where Elbert uses *g*.

However, this may be an unnecessary addition if Elbert's explanation for his *g* is properly understood, and I have begun to drop it in some of my writings.

The accent of Ulithian words is usually on the last syllable. Elbert properly notes that there is an aversion to succeeding consonants, so that in rapid speech a vowel is inserted before the next consonant is uttered. Such an excrescent vowel is to be seen, for example, in the pronunciation of *falfal* as *falafal*. With some misgivings I have generally continued to use Elbert's *i* as an initial vowel, when preceding another vowel except *i*, where the more familiar *y* would be more easily comprehended by the layman. But I have changed the *i* to *y* in the

names of all actors in the present collection of stories. Thus, Iolofäth becomes Yolofäth, Iongolap becomes Yongolap, and Iöl becomes Yöl.

A final comment on orthography and pronunciation. In writing Ulithian place names I have generally but reluctantly followed the official versions given by the U.S. Hydrographic Office. These are based on japonicized pronunciations and are highly divergent from native pronunciations. I have made a correct but unpublished list of these place names but have drawn upon it only occasionally, on the grounds that it might add to the confusion. It is nevertheless disconcerting to have to write, for instance, Sorlen for Sokhloi, Yogoropapu for Iongolpalap, Fassarai for Fethrai, Dowaragui for Thowalekhui — to name but a few out of more than a hundred. A revised official listing that reflects native usage is long overdue.

The titles of the stories are for the most part arbitrary ones that I have devised as a matter of convenience in referring to the narratives; a few are those used loosely by the narrators themselves for the same reason.

The grouping of the forty-two narratives under seven headings is just as arbitrary. Certainly, many of the stories could be placed under one or more other rubrics, depending on the emphasis that one might wish to give to their content.

To provide a continuity with my *Tales from Ulithi Atoll* I have begun the numbering of the new narratives where the old ones left off. There were twenty-four tales in the latter, so the first one in the new collection is designated as No. 25. These numbers provide a shortcut means of identification.

None of the narratives in the present collection have been previously published, except for "Discoverer-of-the-Sun" (No. 26), which was subjected to an intense analysis of content and style in a lengthy article appearing in a folkloristic volume (Lessa 1966a). Moreover, in that article brief and scattered excerpts were taken from some of the other tales in the new collection in order to expand upon certain points of content and style. From time to time it will be useful to refer to these excerpts and their significance. For the benefit of anyone who might consult that article directly, it should be noted that I have changed the wording of two of the working titles employed therein, substituting "Ugly Lohkseiel" (No. 60) for "The Story of Lohkseiel," and "Kosrae's Expedition against Ponape" (No. 65) for "The Fight between Kusaie and Ponape."⁴

⁴Note that in 1976 the official revised spelling of Kusaie became Kosrae.

II

HEROES AND ODYSSEYS

THE FIRST GROUP of narratives are extended accounts of adventures on a grand scale and, except for one, have Yapese settings. Although gods are somewhat involved, they are relegated to a more mundane status than one would expect from having read about them in previous Ulithian myths.

25. HALUWAI

A young man on Yap is denied marriage to his intended wife and in a suicidal rage leaves home. He sails out to sea and there climbs a tree that takes him up into the Sky World, where he comes upon a blind old woman counting her twenty taro tubers. From her pile he withdraws first one tuber, then another, then a third, and so on, completely confusing her in her counting. That accomplished, he confides in her his tale of woe and she feels compassion for him. He cures her of her blindness and later teaches her how food can be cooked. She then protects him from her man-eating sons, who come to be fond of him. Homesick, he gains their consent to return to earth. The woman equips him with some bead "fruits," a rooster, and a box. After he has arrived in Yap his relatives now allow him to marry the girl to whom they had objected. The rooster that had been given him by the kindly old woman now begins to perform in a strange manner, discharging waste from its body everywhere on Yap, with the excrement turning into yams.

The narrator is Taiethau. He first heard the tale from a classificatory "mother" called Leüng, who at the time must have been fifty-nine years old or so, whereas he was twelve or thirteen. The place was Mogmog islet, where both of them were born, but some credence should be given to Taiethau's assertion that the tale comes ultimately from Yap, where Leüng spent some time. Leüng was the wife of Wegelemar, the so-called king of Ulithi. Taiethau says that he later heard the story many times from various people on Mogmog.

Haluwai and a woman lived on Yap and wanted to get married, but their relatives did not want them to wed one another. Haluwai became angry and summoned six *res fach*, or low caste Yapese.¹ They departed from Yap in a canoe, taking with them some oranges, coconuts, and other food. They paddled away from Yap until they no longer could see the island. He was trying to kill himself [he was not concerned with the *res fach*]. They paddled and paddled, getting

¹*Res fach* or "pandanus people" is the Ulithian term for low caste Yapese. The Yapese term is *milingai*. An analysis of the low caste people of Yap has been made by de Beauclair (1968), Lingenfelter (1975: 136-40, 155-59, 174-75), and Labby (1976: 85-91), and a listing of all castes, with their numerous constituent classes, has been compiled by Underwood (1969).

far from Yap. They got tired and some of the *res fach* died. Only Haluwai and one man were left. They paddled some more until they saw a tree growing out of the sea.

Haluwai knew that the tree was the house post, Sur Läng, that held up the Sky World.⁴ The tree divided into two trunks as it went higher up. He did not know which one was the right one to climb. He told the *res fach* to climb one of the two trunks, so that if the man were to die Haluwai would find out which one he himself should not climb. The *res fach* climbed the trunk. A lizard was on the trunk and cut the man in two. The blood trickled down the trunk. Haluwai knew that he could not climb the same trunk, so he took some smooth stones that he called *fas chòl*, or black stone, and put them in a basket and climbed up.⁵ He climbed to the end of the trunk and saw a big bird's nest made out of logs and trees. He knew that a bird called a *rakhui*⁶ lived there. He saw a big egg in the nest and thought that he would hide and watch for the bird. He hid under one of the logs of the nest. In time a bird flew over him and he saw that it was a very big bird. He thought that he would at all costs go with the bird, so he got on top of it, lifted a feather, and got underneath. The bird flew up over the Sky World. While the bird was flying he looked at all the islands of the Sky World. As the bird flew, Haluwai would drop a stone over each island, and the bird would swoop down to try to catch the stone. Haluwai did this to be able better to see the island. He kept doing this until he saw an island where some people were living. He threw down another stone over this island and when the *rakhui* came down he jumped out from under the feather onto a sacred basil plant, *warong*. The bird flew away.

Haluwai looked about but was unable to see anyone except an old woman sitting inside a house. She was blind. Her name was Limatachei.⁷ He felt hungry and saw some *ioth*, or taro, that she had arranged in front of the house. She had put them in the sun because the people of the island did not know how to cook. She had put them there for her sons. Her sons used to kill people and devour them. He [Haluwai] remained in the sacred basil plant and got so hungry that he stole one of the taros. There were twenty taros. He ate a taro and after he had finished the mother of the sons came out and counted the taros: "Soth (one), fang (two), lim (three), roch (four), le (five), iel (six), sau (seven), fath (eight), li (nine), warong (ten), titi (eleven), hafta (twelve), fali (thirteen), poua (fourteen), langwe (fifteen), marue (sixteen), chou (seventeen), wela (eighteen), hanti (nineteen). —." She stopped, she could not find *hanta* (twenty).⁸ After she said "hanti" she went feeling for the twentieth. She returned to the house, wondering who had stolen her children's food. While she was wondering, Haluwai came and took another taro. After he had done this she came out again and counted the taros. When she reached *wela* (eighteen) she could not find any more. She said loudly, "Who has stolen my children's food? Are you

⁴On questioning my key informant, Melchethal, about Sur Läng, he said that it is a stone post that grew out of the sea and reached up to the Sky World, which it is said to support. It is located far away, not near any land.

⁵Melchethal said that there is a version of this story in which Haluwai climbs up the pillar with another man (not a *res fach*), whose name he did not know. Most likely he can be equated with the Polynesian mythical figure named Karihi, Kirihi, Ariki, Ari'i, or Alihi, who is the one who accompanies the Polynesian Tawhaki in his climbing adventure.

⁶I was unable to ascertain the species of the *rakhui*. Taiethau said that it is a grey bird with long claws and a large wingspread, and is about the size of a turkey. Neither he nor my assistant, Yamalmal, knew where it lived but said that it was to be found not only on Yap but also in Uliithi, where it is known to eat nothing but the hearts of chickens and other birds. It flies over the ocean and land and is capable of long distances. It is not often eaten and its eggs cannot be found. We can discount Taiethau's guess that it is an eagle, a bird not included in a list of the three species of Accipitridae found in Micronesia (Baker 1951: 23).

⁷According to Taiethau, the narrator, Limatachei appears in additional tales but he did not know them. However, Melchethal had never heard of her in other stories. As for Haluwai, I was told that he does not appear in other Ulithian narratives except variants of the present one.

⁸The numbers here used in counting are not Palauan, Yapese, Ulithian, Woleaian, Puluwatan, Trukese, or any other language of the Carolines of which I am aware. Melchethal said that he did not know where they came from, but a suggestion that they are nonsense words came from the narrator himself, Taiethau, who said that he did not know their origin but remembered them because they are used by children. However, he was the one who taught the children! He said that children use the numbers in fun.

a human or what? Tell me!" But no one answered her, so she went back into the house. While she was in the house Haluwai took another taro. After some time she came out to count the taros again but found that someone had taken away the *wela*, or eighteenth, and only *chou*, or seventeen, were left. She demanded, "If you are a human, answer me, because my children kill and devour people. If you do not reply they will come and find you even if you hide." He answered her, "I am Haluwai." She asked him all about himself and where he came from, and he told her that he had been angry on Yap and run away, and had found this tree and climbed it. The woman said, "I feel very sorry for you because when my children come they will kill you." He asked her what time the offspring would return, and she said that they came back every day in the afternoon.

He asked her what was wrong with her eyes that she could not see anything. She told him that she had always been that way. The young man told her that he wanted to fix her eyes. He took a *fāthil*¹ and cut open her eyes with it. She was then able to see well. She was happy and told the man, "Now I shall try to do something to keep my children from killing you."

He asked her about her food—why she did not cook it—and she told him that they did not know about cooking, so he told her he would cook the food for her. He cooked it and asked her to taste it to see how she liked it. She liked it and was so happy about it and the fact that she had gained her eyesight that she told him she would protect him. She lifted her breast and put him underneath it.

After that her children came back, but she pretended she still could not see. They said to her, "We smell a human being." She answered, "No, there are no humans here." They told her that she must show them where the human was because they liked to eat humans. She told them to go and eat something, and after that to return so that they could discuss the matter. They asked her, "Where is the food?" She said, "In the pot over there." They went to the pot and lifted the lid and started to eat the taro. They asked her, "Where did you learn how to cook? This tastes very good." She answered, "Go ahead and finish eating and return here. I would like to talk to you." They ate all the food in the pot, even the small bits, because they liked it very much. They went to their mother and said, "The food tastes very good. Where did you learn how to prepare it?" She said, "Now I must tell you children something."

They listened to her and she told them that a young man had cooked the food for them and had also fixed her eyes so that she could see, and that he had asked her to tell them not to kill him because he would like to stay as a friend. She declared, "If you are going to kill him I will not show him to you." All the children got excited and shouted, "Show him to us because we want him for a friend! We do not want to kill him, for he helped you." She lifted her breast and took out the man. The children came and told him that now he was their friend, and they thanked him for having helped their mother. They also told him that from now on he would stay and cook for them, going into the taro patch and bringing back food from there. The children would go out and catch big fish, such as whales and needlefish [sic], and bring them home. They would all eat the fish and the food that Haluwai would cook.

Later on, the mother of the children told him that he could walk any place to amuse himself except to the other end of the inside of the house. That place had a coconut mat and he must not lift it. He used to play about everywhere, but every so often he would go near the mat and wonder why the woman had told him not to go there. One day he decided to lift up the mat and see what was under it. He waited for the woman to go to the taro patch, and while she was there he lifted up the mat. He looked down and saw his own village on Yap. It was Guror [Ulithian Khuror].² He felt homesick and began to wonder how he could get back to his home. He cried, and while he was crying the woman returned from the taro patch. She looked at him and declared, "You did what I told you not to do, so now come and we will collect some things for you to take back home with you. The reason I told you not to go there was that I knew if you saw your home you would leave us."

¹*Fāthil* and its cognates are the general word for grass in the Trukese language and its dialects. The kind of *fāthil* in the story was said by the narrator to have a sharp edge and to grow in Yap but not Ulithi.

²Guror is a village in Giliman, the southernmost district of Yap.

She told him to go out and collect some fruit from the *ises* tree. He went there and collected some fruit from the *ises*. He also took a rooster and a box. She told him to take the box to be his canoe. "Now sit down on the box and go down. When you feel afraid and dizzy just stamp hard on the box and your dizziness will pass." She also told him, "When you take the rooster home, do not let the chicken sleep far away from your house." Then she told him to take the fruit of the *ises* tree and when he got home to make a necklace of it. After having told him all these things, her sons came back. They heard what their mother and the young man had decided and felt very sad.

They took and put him on top of the box, and holding the box they put it through the hole under the mat. He dropped downwards and as he was going he got dizzy. He did what the woman told him, but when he stamped there was thunder and lightning. After that was over the rooster crowed and the dizziness passed. He went further and further down and each time that he got dizzy he would do what she said. He finally reached the bottom in the middle of Guror. The box became a big *fas chòl*, or black rock.⁹

All the people came to look at him and they asked him, "Who are you? What is your name?" He told them, "My name is Haluwai." The people ran to the chief of Guror and said, "His name is Halu." They had made a mistake. The chief said, "I do not know him. I do not know that name. Go back and ask him his name again." They went back and asked him his name and he told them the same thing. They went to the chief and said, "His name is Lowe." The chief told them, "Go back and make sure. If he says his name is So-and-So, then shout out his name so you will be sure." They came back and asked him and he said, "I am Haluwai." Then they shouted, "*Haluwai mele we!* His name is Haluwai!" They knew him because of his name, and all the people and his relatives greeted him happily. His father and mother said that he could marry the woman he did not marry before. He wed her and took all the beads and gave them to his wife.

He left the rooster there and the rooster waited and waited for him to return. It got hungry and walked all over the island looking for food to eat. When it eliminated, its excrement turned into yams. It left yams all over the island and they increased greatly.¹⁰ Someone knew that the rooster had done this and he took the rooster. The person had it leave yams all over the grounds of his house. Haluwai heard what had happened and remembered what Lintachei had told him about the rooster. He went and took it away from the person and brought it to his house, but now when the rooster eliminated, the excrement did not turn into yams.

For the folklorist, perhaps the most obvious thing to be said about the Haluwai narrative is that it is a variation of a certain episode in the great Tawhaki (Tahaki, Tafa'i) cycle found in such widespread islands of Polynesia as New Zealand, the Tuamotus, and Tahiti, as well as other places mentioned further on. Without going into detail, and limiting ourselves to the Maori version collected long ago by Grey (1855: 66-80), the following broad resemblances may be noted between Tawhaki's adventures and those of Haluwai: Both heroes were accompanied by slaves or low caste men. Both encountered a pair of tree trunks or vines reaching up into the Sky World (Motif A652.1: Tree to heaven), presenting a fatal passage if a certain trunk or vine were to be selected and a safe passage if the other of the pair were climbed. In both accounts prominence is given to a blind old woman who is counting her taro roots, one by one, and in both the hero removes first one and then another to confuse her

⁹I was told that the *fas chòl* is a box and that it is now in a certain place on Yap, where it is prayed to by the people, and that when the box was taken along by Haluwai it was the house of lightning and thunder. I have not established a connection between the *fas chòl* of the box and the *fas chòl* that Haluwai put into a basket as he climbed the tree that held up the Sky World.

¹⁰The yams are said to be the first ones to appear in Yap and the ancestors of all present-day yams there.

in her counting and recounting, until only one taro is left. There is in both cycles a sudden curing of the woman's blindness by a bold movement to her face or eyes (Motif D2161.3.1: Blindness magically cured), and in gratitude the old woman gives the hero vital assistance. Finally, in both tales there is pointed reference to the cooking of food. To be sure, there are two basic differences between the Ulithian and Maori versions, the first one being the motivation behind the journey undertaken by the hero. Haluwai feels suicidal because his relatives do not want him to marry a certain woman on Yap; Tawhaki wants desperately to find his young daughter and the celestial wife who, in a pique, has left him. The other basic difference is in Haluwai's descent to earth, in which he takes along some beads, a box, and a rooster—elements lacking in the Tawhaki cycle.

The departures of the Ulithian story of Haluwai from the Maori tale are not as drastic as one might suppose, for within Polynesia there are versions with just as much deviation, such as in the names of the hero. Thus, although containing the same essential elements of the relevant episode in the Tawhaki cycle, the hero in Manihiki is Maui, the great trickster, and in nearby Mangaia and Rarotonga he is the great god Tane, but sad to say in Niue he is not even given a name. Beckwith (1940: 248-57) provides synopses of other variations among the Maori, Tahitians, Tuamotuans, Rarotongans, Moriori, Samoans, Mangaian, Niueans, Marquesans, and Hawaiians. These should convince anyone that the Ulithian and Maori versions are surprisingly close.

The possibility exists that the story of Haluwai may have been derived from a basically "swan maiden" tale type. Certainly, in Polynesia Tawhaki's ascent to the Sky World and his curing of the blindness of an old woman whose counting of taro roots he rudely interrupts, is very often associated with the general swan maiden tale type (Lessa 1961a: 132-41). Similarly, in Efate in the New Hebrides of Melanesia there is to be found a swan maiden story that borrows heavily from the Tawhaki cycle and includes a climb up a ladder to the Sky World and a blind old woman who has difficulty counting her yams because her two grandsons, named Maka Tafaki (cf. Tawhaki) and Karisi Bum (cf. Karihi), keep taking one away (Lessa 1961a: 129-30). In examining an analysis I once made of the old woman who appears frequently in swan maiden stories (Lessa 1961a: 145-48), I cannot escape the feeling that she bears a strong resemblance to Haluwai's blind benefactor. I can say this despite the fact that the more classic form of the swan maiden story, which does not at all involve Tawhaki, appears in several parts of the Carolines, including Ulithi itself (Lessa 1961a: 38-40, 121-22, 142-56 *passim*, 167).

Aside from all this it is evident that in Ulithi a different emphasis has been given to an old Polynesian narrative, and it behooves us to try to discover what that new meaning may be. Fortunately, there are some useful cognates from elsewhere in the Caroline Islands.

Comparison of the Ulithian Haluwai story with a fragmentary song poem from Ifaluk Atoll does shed some light on the former's significance. The poem deals very briefly with the adventures of Galuai (cf. Haluwai), who has been reproached by his father for having given his sister an heirloom bracelet that

was buried with her. Galuai angrily paddles away from Yap in his canoe. He almost reaches the sky when he sees a huge bird, perched on a high lone tree. He hides in the bird's breast feathers, and when the bird swoops low to catch a coconut that Galuai has purposely dropped, Galuai jumps. In that land he meets a blind old woman, who tells him not to lift the floor mat. He disobeys and sees lands and seas and the waters close about Yap. He cries, and the woman hears him from a distance and understands what he has done. Galuai has beads, such as the sky dwellers wear, and he gives them to her as a present. In turn she gives him a present that she has plaited from strips of leaf. He returns to Guror (Goror) in Yap, with chickens tied about him to lighten his fall by flapping their wings. Upon seeing him the people cry out in amazement, "Here comes Galuai!" He had retrieved the bracelet and earrings to go with it, from his sister's ghost. The woman (*sic*) had given him back his beads. He had found his way home like a sea captain, and brought back many bracelets (Burrows 1963: 48-50).

Burrows, collector of the above Ifaluk poem, thinks that it is a translation of a tale borrowed from Yap. He says that allusions to beads and bracelets were explained by the Ifaluk chiefs (Burrows 1963: 48), but unfortunately he does not reveal what these explanations were.

It goes without saying that the Ifaluk poem is a bare bones version of the Haluwai story, minus a great deal of detail and with some different emphasis. Nevertheless, the Ifaluk version helps clarify certain aspects of the Ulithian tale. For one thing, it lends support to the importance of beads in the Haluwai story, but we are never really told their significance. Burrows (1963: 48) says that his narrative accounts for an invention, telling how chickens first came down to earth. My own narrative does not have flapping chickens easing the descent of the hero but it does have a chicken with a different role — the creating of yams from the droppings of a rooster. What we seem to have here are divergences from an older and fuller Yapese prototype, which among other things may give a quasi-celestial origin for certain kinds of beads.

Perhaps one of the Yapese stories of Giluai (cf. Galuwai, Haluwai) is something like that prototype. De Beauclair makes very brief reference to it in her unpublished version, in which it is said that Giluai went to the sky in search of a shell bracelet that had been buried with his brother. Before leaving the Sky World, Giluai was permitted to pick a number of "magical fruits" (glass beads), which he wore as a necklace when he descended to earth. The largest of these was crescentic in shape and is said to have come into the hands of the "pseudo-chief" Rengenbai of Rul, who bartered it away to Palau for permission to quarry stone money. Two smaller specimens of the "heavenly fruits" (glass beads) are still kept in Numigil (the south of Yap), the place where Giluai came down from the sky (Beauclair 1963b: 2). It is unfortunate that the writer gives so brief a look at the Giluai story, but her interest was in writing an article on antique glass beads of various types in Yap and their shift in olden times to Palau. But at least there the importance of beads that was seen in the Haluwai story is confirmed here. The Yapese have several other stories to account for the supernatural origin of the glass beads. But though they

reaffirm the unusual importance of the beads they are not cognates of the Haluwai or Giluai stories, and therefore do not enter into the present discussion.

However, two other versions of the Haluwai story from Yap have been published by Müller, and although they do not mention the glass beads, they nevertheless shed some light on the Ulithian version. In one of Müller's stories, Giluai has angered his father, the chief of Guror (Goror), by placing a shell arm bracelet on his sister when he buries her on the reef. He sails away in a canoe with some friends. They come to a land called Palanaruran, made up of two rocks, a vertical one rising upward and another one sloping diagonally. All except Giluai die of starvation. After consulting an oracle he ascends the vertical rock and meets a sleeping *manu* bird, in whose feathers he hides. (This bird may be the same as the Puluwat *maanawa*, defined as "a legendary man-eating bird" [Elbert 1972: 79]. There may be an etymological connection, I think, with Polynesian *manu*, or bird.) The bird carried Giluai aloft to the heavens. Giluai drops bits of coconut repeatedly and the bird sweeps down to retrieve them, and finally when Giluai gets to the entrance to the heavens he quickly jumps out. (There is no episode in which a blind old woman counts taros.) He meets the god Yelefath (Ulithian Yolofath), who takes a liking to him and enables him to retrieve the arm bracelet from his sister's ghost. But Yelefath forbids him to remove two coconut mats. However, Giluai disobeys him and discovers Yap below. He sees his father and mother walking there at Guror and is filled with a great desire to return to his home. Yelefath decides to let him return. He equips him with two stars (flintstones?), which he ties to each of his ankles, and two chickens, which he ties to his shoulders so that by flapping their wings they will prevent too precipitous a descent. (There is no mention of a present of beads.) Reaching his house in Guror he meets his mother and then his father, to whom he presents the arm bracelet. The stars (flints?) turn into a single rock, which may still be seen in Yap; the chickens excrete everywhere and their droppings turn into Yap's first yams. A woman gathers up some of the yams, tests them, and finds that they are good to eat. A chief comes from Rul and marries her. Everyone now has yams and plants them (Müller 1917-18: II, 777-79). I note that although this story may lack mention of beads it probably explains something about the nature of the *fas chòl* or black stone mentioned in the Ulithian version. It seems to refer to the flint used to start a fire.

Müller's other version (1917-18: II, 771-76) is basically the same, with the following differences in some of the details: Giluai's father is called Giluman instead of Kovoltu; his sister's name is Sithilmor instead of Sathilmer; her burial spot on the reef is Dimil instead of Atelu; the place on the *manu* bird where he conceals himself is his neck rather than his back; the house in heaven to which he goes is that of Gidefo, not Yelefath, who is not mentioned; the place in Yap to which he descends is Taregemalal, not Guror; and so on. The objects given to him when he returns to Yap are the same, and again they do not include beads.

In a version collected in 1971 from an aged Yapese storyteller there is close similarity to Müller's variants. Several points are worth emphasizing. Gilwaay's

brother is buried with a shell bracelet. In his search for him, Gilwaay and some men sail to a rock called Malangnuran (cf. Palanaruran). Only he and one man survive. The man follows a piece of rock extending horizontally and is killed by a large crab, so Gilwaay climbs the horizontal piece, where he meets an eagle (*sic*). He reaches heaven on the eagle's back, and there meets a woman (not blind) who has seven sons. She becomes angry with him when he steals some of the seven pieces of food that she puts out for her sons. However, she compassionately promises to help him get back the bracelet. In order that he may see his brother and the other invisible spirits due to arrive one night, she makes magic on his eyes. He retrieves the bracelet. One day Gilwaay disobediently lifts up a stone and finds underneath it a hole through which he can see the earth. Homesick, he begins to cry, and the woman, named Gudubwo (cf. Gidefo), reluctantly consents to let him return to earth. She gives him two round stones, and ties some chickens on both his arms. He falls through the hole and lands in Guror. Two men ask him his name, but when they rush to report it to his parents he twice uses magic to make them forget it. After telling them his name a third time they shout it over and over again on their way to his parents. Gilwaay has some flints (the two stones?) with him when he reaches his parents. That flint (the *fas chòl?*) still exists in Guror, and the chickens that the Yapese now have are descended from the ones Gilwaay brought from heaven (Mitchell 1973: 198-202). Once more, the story chooses to emphasize the introduction into Yap of flint and chickens, not necklaces.

Further disagreement as to the final thrust of the story is again seen in a bare bones summary of the Giluai story told on Yap to Christian (1899: 288). Lege-rem, a celestial maiden important in the "flood" myth (see Tale No. 28), creates coconut palms, banana plants, and two species of taro for her descendants on Yap; but not content with this she sends an old man named Galuai to the sky in a column of smoke to beseech the great spirit Yalafath to give her people a further supply of food. Yalafath gives him "yams packed in an enormous hollow bamboo-cane, upon which astride he mounted, with fowls harnessed alongside to bring him in his chariot safe to earth. . . . And this is how those three useful things, the yam, the bamboo, and the domestic fowl came into the land of Yap." There is no mention of beads, nor of flints.

Going back to the Ulithian version of the Haluwai tale, inasmuch as it emphasizes the *ises* tree it would seem appropriate to look into this in greater detail. The nature of the tree seems to be made clear by at least one of the variants previously referred to. It was a celestial tree that bore the "magic fruits" or glass beads mentioned by de Beauclair, and it became incorporated into the story in order to lend the aura of supernatural origins to prized heirlooms that have played a great part in the value systems of Yap and Palau.

But it is evident that in Ulithi there is no such understanding of the beads. In connection with the narrating of the Haluwai story I was confronted with some contradictions. The narrator, Taiethau, said cryptically that the "bead tree" or *ises* grew on earth but not Ulithi. The beads were said to be worn only by Yapese chiefs and their families. Up to this point, the information seemed plausible enough if one thought of the beads as something organic—seeds, for

instance—but elaborations by others present at the telling presented confusion and contradiction. One informant said that the bead was probably made of shell. But Melchethal said that the bead was tubular and made of clay—in Palau, not Yap—although he conceded that he had never seen one. I was not able to resolve the matter by consulting much of the literature on Yapese and Palauan “money” beads (Kubary 1889; Müller 1917-19: I, 132-33; Barnett 1949: 35-43; Ritzenthaler 1954; Force 1959; Beauclair 1963b; Osborne 1966: 477-94), except to ascertain that there is considerable uncertainty among specialists over the composition of these ancient artifacts. Glass is by far the most commonly agreed upon material for Palau, with porcelain, jasper, and fired clay relatively uncommon. Glass is most commonly favored for Yap, too, with spondylus shell less preferred. Of course not all beads on Palau and Yap are “money” beads, some being ornamental and made up of coconut shell, mangrove, various fruits, and spondylus and other sea shells.

Perhaps, then, young Taiethau had been talking about an entirely different kind of bead in the Ulithian story, unaware of the existence of glass beads, about which people in Yap are somewhat secretive. One must consider the possibility that the term *ises* is a general term encompassing beads in general, or at least a great variety of them. This seems plausible in the light of the Woleaian term for “bead,” which is *usous* (cf. *ises*) (Sohn and Tawerilmang 1976: 190). Woleaians would probably know even less about glass beads than Ulithians. If this view of things is accepted it would go a long way toward explaining the confusion manifested by my Ulithian informants, each of whom had a particular kind of bead in mind but was unaware of the existence of glass beads. Glass beads have been steadily diminishing on Yap, due to being traded away to Palau over the centuries, and this could account for Melchethal’s remark to me that *ises* beads (whatever their material may be) are no longer worn in Yap. Melchethal knew another version of the Haluwai tale, not collected by me, in which the beads were not wanted in Yap, and therefore the people sold them to Palau. There is an element of truth in the story, for Palauans prized glass beads even more than the Yapese, who were willing to give them up in return for certain compensations, such as the right to quarry stone disks of argillite in Palau, and to collect pearl shell and giant tridacnas.

We can conclude that the *ises* beads in the Ulithian story may really have been the prized curved glass beads of Yap and Palau, still hoarded as heirlooms, and that while their source cannot be the sky, as alleged, it may very well be Indonesia and the Philippines, and ultimately a far more distant place in the Mediterranean and India (Beauclair 1963b: 5-9).

We can further conclude that despite its many variants the story of Haluwai is used on Yap to emphasize one or more of several things brought from heaven to benefit mankind: chickens, yams, bamboo, flintstones, and glass beads.

26. DISCOVERER-OF-THE-SUN

A man from the Sky World indulges in a love affair with an earth woman, and she becomes pregnant. She has a son, whom she leaves in the care of her sister while she goes to the Sky World to live with her husband. The boy’s aunt mistreats him. Upon learning that his real mother lives in the Sky World he seeks

her out. A *tamòl*, or chief, named Yolofäth adopts the boy and prepares him to be trained later as a fighter by a very artful spirit. The spirit gives him the name Thilëfiäl, or Discoverer-of-the-Sun, to replace his sobriquet, Baby Boy. The youth magically firms up the sea with an "orange" stick and walks over the water to a nearby island, where the women eye him approvingly; but the men, especially a warrior named Rasim, want to kill him. The men do not succeed, until Rasim treacherously spears him from behind. Yolofäth arranges for the youth to be brought back to life with the help of the underworld god, Sölal. Later, the men of the island try once more unsuccessfully to kill the youth but Yolofäth is forced to step in to thwart Rasim's second attempt to accomplish his evil end. The young man is now free to exact retribution against those who have harassed him.

The narrator is Taiethau. He first heard the story on Mogmog when he was about thirteen years old from a Ulithian man named Iüngal. Thereafter, he heard it many times from several old men, but the details varied. He cannot determine if the present version is the original one or a synthesis of all that he heard.

There were two sisters. The older sister married a man from earth. The younger sister one day went out to collect some *iuth* [*Guetarda speciosa*] flowers for a head wreath, and a man from Läng came down and saw her. They agreed to get married—she said "Yes." So the man from Läng told her to wait for him until he should come and get her. But he used to come down and see her and she became pregnant. He went to Läng waiting until she would have a baby. [The baby was born.] When it had grown a little the man wanted to take the baby up to Läng and take its mother too, but the older sister knew this and asked the young sister if she would not leave her child with her saying she would take care of it in memory of her. So she [the younger sister] left her child and went to Läng with her husband.

The older sister had told her sister a lie. She never took care of the baby but gave it bad food and did not let the baby sleep beside her; she put the baby in her small firewood shed. The baby became thin and she always hit the child. When she took her own child for a bath in the sea, the child of the younger sister followed them to the beach. There was an orange tree near their house and the woman took a fruit from the tree and she took off the skin and gave her own child the orange and the other child the skin. After the child had eaten the orange, she took her child to the sea and gave it a bath and told her sister's child to go and take a bath himself. They came back from taking a bath and the boy went to his shed and stayed there.

The next morning the woman took her child to the beach and gave it a bath, and the husband came from cutting *hachi*¹¹ and saw the boy in the shed. He did not know what had been happening to the boy—that his wife was not taking care of him [the child]. He told the boy to come and drink *hachi*, and the boy came out and drank all the *hachi* in the coconut shell. After he had drunk the *hachi*, the woman and her child came from the beach and looked in the coconut shell and saw there was no *hachi* in it. She asked the boy and he said that he had drunk all the *hachi* by himself. She took a sprouting coconut and hit the boy with it in his shed, and hit him so hard he could not get up. She told the boy, "Why did you do this? Didn't you know that your mother left you here and went to Läng and has never come back?" The boy heard for the first time that he had a real mother somewhere. When he had had trouble there he had thought that it was with his real mother.

He lay down and stayed in his house and watched the woman. When she was not looking he went out from his shed and crawled to the place where his mother used to go and collect *iuth*

¹¹*Hachi* is palm toddy, and to "cut *hachi*" is to cut the stalk that bears the inflorescence of the tree in order to quicken the flow of sap into the cup tied below it. The stalk is cut two or three times a day.

flowers. He came to the *iuth* tree and climbed it and went to Läng. He reached there and came to the menstrual house and walked near there, and there were lots of children playing around the house. His mother had had many children after she had gone to Läng. The women who were in the menstrual house looked at him and they said, "Let us run away from the house, there is a *iälus*¹² coming near us!" His hair was very long and his body was all dirty. His mother was there with a newly born child and she heard what the women said, so she came out of the house and looked for the boy. When she looked at the boy she knew that it was her own child. She ran to the boy and called him and she told the women not to run out of the house, because this was her first child. The mother of the child had married an important man from Läng. The women came and took him and gave him a bath and cut his hair and he became a handsome boy. His mother asked the boy what had happened to make him come up to Läng from earth, and he told her what had happened to him—that her sister had not taken care of him and that is why he left earth and went to Läng. She told him that it was better for him not to go back but to stay with her because her husband was his real father and he should stay with them there. They took care of him and fed him for three days.

Yolofäth¹³ came the third day for recreation around the houses in the village. He happened to look in the menstrual house and saw a lot of children in and around the house, and he asked the people in the village where the children came from and who was their father and mother. The people told Yolofäth that the children belonged to that man from Läng and his wife. Yolofäth went to the menstrual house to see if she would give him a child to adopt. She gave him the boy who came from earth. Yolofäth asked his mother the child's name and she told him that they had no name for the boy. "We just call him Seugau, or Baby Boy." So Yolofäth took him and called him just Seugau.

When they reached home his wife asked him [Yolofäth] where he got the boy, and Yolofäth told her to be quiet and go ahead and make food for him [the boy] because they were lucky to get this boy that he had adopted from somebody. She made food ready and fed some of it to the boy. When they were through eating they went to sleep.

The next morning Yolofäth made *buongbuong*¹⁴ over him, and when Yolofäth was finished with the spell he threw him over the house. When the child fell to the other side of the house he grew bigger than he had been before. Yolofäth performed the spell again and threw the boy over the house, and he got a little bigger again. He [Yolofäth] did this to him many times and he became a youth. Yolofäth told him that from then on he must go and take a bath every morning in the sea. The youth did what Yolofäth had told him.

After a year Yolofäth told him that he should change his place for taking his bath, and to go and take a bath where he [Yolofäth] used to take a bath. The boy asked him where the place was, and Yolofäth told him it was at the end of the island. He told him he must also change the time for taking his bath, and that from now on he must take his bath early, before sunrise.

The lad was anxious to take the bath the next day. That night they slept and the next morning the boy got up early and was walking outside the house and saw a spirit standing outside there. His name was *Limichikh* [Smart, Wise, or Intelligent]. He seized the boy and swallowed him, but after a few minutes he took him out of his mouth. The boy became a *limichikh*, too. The *iälus* told the boy to go ahead and do what his father had told him. All the while that the spirit was doing this and talking to the boy, Yolofäth knew everything that was going on.

The boy went to the end of the island and scraped some coconut meat and rubbed himself with it for the oil. While he was doing this he looked at some sand bars and saw a spirit come from the sand bars. The spirit came to the boy and asked him who he was and why he had come here, for people were not allowed to bathe here. "If you are a strong man you will see what I will do to you." He took some spears made from coconut trunks—the spears are called *kei*.¹⁵ The boy answered, "I am ready for a fight. If you want to fight I am ready." The boy did not feel any

¹²A *iälus* is any kind of spirit, human or nonhuman, good or evil.

¹³Yolofäth is a Carolinian trickster demigod.

¹⁴White magic.

¹⁵Such spears are said to be Yapese and made of the wood of the *Areca cathecu* or betel nut palm (Christian 1899: 137-38; Müller 1917-18: I, 191; Damm 1938: 339 and fig. 448).

fear of him. The *iälus* took a spear and threw it at the boy and hit him in the abdomen. The boy fell down dead and the spirit came and took the spear out of him and made him alive again. He told the boy that he should not come here again because he was a weak man, and only strong and able men could come here. He did this to try to make the youth angry—to feel bad. He told the boy that now he knew that the boy wanted to learn what he [the spirit] knew, so he gave the boy some spears and took some himself. He taught him [the boy] how to throw spears and fight, and the boy learned very fast, because he was a *limichikh*. After practicing these things he knew everything about fighting. All this happened before the sun came up. The spirit was in a hurry because he had to get back before sunrise. He asked the boy his name, and the boy told him his name was Seugau. The *iälus* laughed at him and asked him why, since he was a big man, they called him Seugau. "You are not a baby. I will make a new name for you." He gave him the name Thilefiäl, or Discoverer-of-the-Sun. He told him [the boy] to remember his name and not forget it, and to tell his father. He also told him that now he was going to leave him, and that the next morning he [the boy] should come to see him at the same time so they could have some fun there.

The boy went home and when he was close to his house he forgot the name the spirit had given him. He did not tell his father what had happened. Yolo-fäth waited and waited for him [the boy] to tell him, because he knew. Yolo-fäth asked him, "Did something happen to you when you were there?" Then he told Yolo-fäth that he had met a spirit there and he had given him a name, but he had forgotten it. Yolo-fäth told him that the next morning early he should go and ask the spirit what name he had given him [the boy] because he [Yolo-fäth] knew that he [the spirit] would give the best of names.

The next morning the boy woke up early and went to the end of the island on the sand and started to make some coconut oil to bathe himself, and he saw the spirit coming. The spirit told the boy, "Are you ready?" and he answered, "Yes," and the spirit took some spears and threw them at the boy and the boy dodged them. When the *iälus* was through throwing all the spears he had not succeeded in hitting the boy. The boy said, "All right. Are you ready? It is now my time to throw the spears back to you." He threw the spears at the spirit but he did not strike him. When he was through, the spirit was tired from jumping around because the boy was more skillful in throwing the spears. The spirit took the spears and brought them to him [the boy], and they sat down and took a rest. The spirit asked him, "Did you tell your father your name?" and he answered, "I did not, because I forgot it." The spirit said that he should go back home now and while he was going he should keep calling out his name over and over again so that he would not forget it. The spirit told him that now he was going to leave him because soon the sun would come up. He said to him, "I am the sun. Walk back to your house and if you forget your name turn around and look at the sun. Then you will know that your name is Thilefiäl, because you are the man who discovered the sun."

The boy walked along, and whenever he forgot his name he would turn around and look at the sun and remember his name. Then he went on again, and every time he forgot his name he would turn around and remember. He reached his house and his father Yolo-fäth was waiting for him. He shouted, "My name is Thilefiäl!" His father told him that from now on he could go and take a bath any place he wanted, because the reason he had told the boy to go there was that he had to learn things.

One day he got up early in the morning and went to that place and took a bath there. This was just before the sun came up. He looked and saw some islands. He had a *khurukhur*¹⁶ stick. He took it and pointed it to the islands, and the sea became firm. He walked on it to one of the islands. There were some people on the island. He took a coconut leaf and whisked it over his hair to dry it. Some women saw him and wondered who this handsome man could be, and if one

¹⁶*Khurukhur* and its cognates are the general Carolinian term for any kind of citrus. *Khurukhur* sticks are long walking staffs, occasionally used in dances, but although ostensibly made of orange wood they are more often made of any of several other kinds of hardwood. A *khurukhur* stick may be given magical connotations, as in the present story. In a myth from Ifaluk the trickster Wolphat (Yolo-fäth) uses an *urugur* stick to carry him across a channel to an inaccessible island (Spiro 1951: 292).

could become his wife. They went and told the people on the island that there was a handsome man on the island. The men became jealous hearing about him. The men said, "Let us kill him."

There was a man on the island who was the best warrior there. He was a deputy¹⁷ for Yolo-fāth, and his name was Rasim.¹⁸ Another man, Sōlal,¹⁹ who lived under the earth, was another deputy for Yolo-fāth, like Rasim. Rasim and the people decided to kill the man. Rasim told the people to go ahead and kill him themselves, that he could not go with them because he was the best warrior and could not stoop to do the deed himself.

They took many spears and went to the youth. They threw them but he dodged them all, jumping farther and farther back. When the last spear came at him he was at the tip of the island, and he caught it and threw it at the men. He picked up one spear after another and kept throwing them until he came to the place where they had started. Some of the men died, and some were wounded, and the rest ran back to the village. They told the people that they could not kill him. A man with yaws all over his body was staying in the *metalefal*.²⁰ He told the men they had better not try to kill him because no one could come on the island except the son of Yolo-fāth. The men answered by telling him to be quiet, because they knew that Yolo-fāth's wife had never been pregnant. Rasim told the men he would go with them and they would try again.

They started fighting against him and the youth did the same as before, jumping back from the spears so they would not strike him. He took the last spear, and as Rasim came in front of the men, he threw it at him. Rasim was frightened and ran away. The men went back to the village and Rasim told the men they must trick the youth to kill him. The man who had yaws all over him told them, "You had better stop fighting him, because we know that only the son of Yolo-fāth can come here."

They did not listen to the man and tried again. They fought him and he kept jumping back and back until he reached the end of the beach. While they were fighting, Rasim hid behind a coconut trunk. When the youth caught the last spear he hurled it at the men, and they ran away, some having been killed. When he got near Rasim, he did not see him, and as he walked past the tree Rasim threw a spear at his back. He fell down dead and Rasim and the men took him and buried him.

Three days after they had buried him, Yolo-fāth, who knew what had been happening, came to the island looking for him. The old man with yaws said, "Now we are in trouble, because if Yolo-fāth comes what are we going to tell him?" The men were very angry at him and told him to stop saying that or else they would kill him, because they knew that Yolo-fāth's wife had never been pregnant and had no son. Yolo-fāth came and sat in front of the *metalefal*. The people did not talk to him [they knew who he was]. He sat until noontime and then he talked to them. He told them, "I have a man who came to my island before and he fought against people on my island and I tried to kill him but could not. And he ran away. I have come here to ask you if you have seen that man or not." Rasim smiled and said, "Do not worry, *tamōl*. The man you are worrying about we have already killed." Yolo-fāth told the men they should show him the place where they had buried him, and they showed him the spot. He told them to dig up the man and put him in a basket, but the youth had started to rot. Yolo-fāth took the basket and put it on a pole and put him on his back. He told the people, "This is my son." He took his son and went back to his island.

The men went to the *metalefal* and the old man with yaws told them, "Now you see what I had told you—not to kill the man and you did it." The men answered him, "We did not know that he was the son of a chief. Yolo-fāth is not angry with us because he knows we did not know."

Yolo-fāth reached home and took his son into his house and wrapped him in a mat. He told a

¹⁷I have used the word "deputy" as a tentative translation of *methangethang*, the word used by the narrator.

¹⁸In some of the Caroline Islands, Rasim is a feared god who takes the form of a rainbow. However, his character varies a good deal from place to place.

¹⁹Sōlal is a well-known Carolinian deity whose realm is the underworld. Often he is associated with fish.

²⁰The word *metalefal* is most conveniently translated as "men's clubhouse." Actually, however, it is a men's political assembly hall, dormitory, and lounging place, all rolled into one.

man named Machokhochokh to go and bring back breath to his son. The man asked him where he should go and find breath. Yolořāth told him to go down to Sólal. Machokhochokh went down to Sólal. He told him what Yolořāth had told him. Sólal told him, "You have come here now but I do not have anything to give you to eat. Go and take that sprouting coconut to eat." Machokhochokh took the coconut but did not have a husking stick, and he asked Sólal what he should do with the coconut. Sólal told him to go to the swordfish and use its mouth to husk the coconut. When he was through taking off the husk he asked Sólal, "What should I use to open the coconut shell?" He told him, "Go and break it on that turtle's back." The man ate the coconut meat and when he was finished he asked Sólal where he should go to put the shells. Sólal told him to put the two pieces together and place them in an *Alocasia* or *fōle* plant, and he told him to climb a certain coconut tree and hold his breath as he climbed. The coconut tree was very high, and he told him that when he reached the top and had climbed the *ubwoth*,²¹ or growing leaves, he should look to see which way the *ubwoth* pointed and to jump in that direction. "When you fall down to the ground, take the coconut shell and go back with it to Yolořāth. The youth's breath is in the shell." He did what he was told and climbed the tree and jumped in the direction in which the *ubwoth* pointed. When he fell and reached the bottom he took the shell and it [the breath] back to Yolořāth.

As he was returning, Yolořāth's son's body began gradually to be restored. He grew better and better. When he reached Yolořāth's house the body was as it had been before. He was alive again. The son got up from the mat and when he looked around him he saw some maggots around him on his body, and he asked his father why he had put him in the midst of all the maggots. His father told him they had put him there because he was not a strong man and then went and told him what had happened to him on the island. His son felt bad about this and wanted to go to the island sometime to fight again, but he did not tell his father how he felt.

One day early in the morning he went to the tip of the island and he took a bath there and did what he had done before—he took his stick and pointed it to the island, and the water became firm. He went to the island and took a coconut leaf and brushed his hair. The women said, "The handsome man has come back again!" The men had a meeting and said they should kill him again. The man with yaws said, "Why do you want to kill him? You know that Yolořāth told us it was his son. Why should you want to kill him again?" The men paid no attention to him. They wanted to fight the youth. They fought and Yolořāth knew that they were fighting. He turned himself into the fruit of a *Barringtonia* or *hul* and floated on the sea to the shore of the island and watched the men and his son fighting. They could not beat him, and Rasim hid behind a coconut tree as he had done before. While he was hiding, Yolořāth turned himself back into a man and stood up on the beach. He said to Rasim, "Do not hide! Come out and fight with me! The boy is too young for you. You and I are about the same age and skill." Rasim came out but he did not try to fight. He gave in, but Yolořāth did not forgive him. Yolořāth took a spear. He told Rasim that now he would throw it at him. "Even if you run away or turn your back to me my spear will strike you in the abdomen [just below the ensiform process]. He threw the spear at that place and Rasim died. Yolořāth then told his son, "Go ahead and do what you want. If you wish to kill all the people on the island, that will be all right. Do what you want because the men on the island are of the same age and skill as you. Except for the man with yaws."

The son went to the village and killed everyone in the village except the old man in the men's clubhouse. He went to see him and told him that from now on he was the chief of the island and that if anyone came to live there he was their chief. The youth then went back to his own island. He already knew that Yolořāth had adopted him and he told him he was going to visit his real mother and father. He went to visit them and he lived there for about half a month. While he was living with them he recalled what had happened to him when he was a little boy, and he went down to earth and killed his mother's sister.

Then he returned to Yolořāth and lived with him.

²¹*Ubwoth* are more than mere young, whitish coconut palm leaves that are just about to unfold. They are used as body ornaments, symbols of legal restraint, amulets and good luck charms, and sources of supernatural power if accompanied by the proper incantations during various kinds of rituals.

In this myth there are many familiar folkloristic motifs, but as they are not especially relevant to the understanding of the story they will not be pointed out. What is more notable is that the myth seems to be unique, for I have not come upon any cognates. It would be foolish, however, to say that related stories do not exist; it may merely be a matter of more intensive search, especially since three of the tale's major personae are the well-known deities Yolo-fäth, Rasim, and Sölal.

The appearance of Yolo-fäth in this story is almost discomfiting. He is remarkably changed from his original nature, that of a clever, brash, and sometimes mean trickster comparable to the Polynesian Maui. Now he is a sober and kindly chief whose mellowing in middle age is hard to adjust to, yet his metamorphosis was already being chronicled in such Ulithian tales as "Iolo-fäth and the Handsome Spouses" (Tale No. 3) and to a lesser extent "Iolofath and Khiou" (Tale No. 2), as well as the cognates of both these stories as found in other Carolinian atolls. We shall meet Yolo-fäth and his changed personality once again in Tale No. 27, which follows this one. I have elsewhere dealt extensively with this most fascinating of all Carolinian folkloristic characters (Lessa 1961a: 15-26, 81-97, 330-71, 393-402, 412-13, 414-33; 1966: 12-16).

Rasim, who tries to kill the hero, is often depicted in Carolinian oral tradition as a minor god associated with warfare (Lessa 1966a: 17-18). But in the Oedipus-type story, "Sikhalöl and His Mother" (Tale No. 10), Rasim is a kindly chief, comparable in role to the King of Corinth, who too raises an abandoned baby; however, to be sure, Rasim does teach the boy to defend himself against a murderous attack by his father (Lessa 1961a: 49-50). It may be that in some devious fashion Rasim is the rainbow who kills the woman in Tale No. 53, but if there is a connection it cannot be readily established.

As for Sölal, most Carolinians who know about him depict him as more than a deputy for Yolo-fäth. Ulithians compare his authority in the underworld with that of the great god Yälulep in the sky and believe that Sölal has much to do with releasing the supply of fish. Perhaps his importance stems from the fact that for ordinary mortals the sea is a real sphere of human activity, whereas the Sky World is experienced only through mythology. Yet, despite the lip service to Sölal's eminence, little is known about him. Ulithians say he is of male sex and benevolent. Other Carolinians describe him as half-fish and half-human, of undetermined sex. He has even been credited with having created heaven and earth by rolling a grain of sand from one hand to another—no mean feat, but one that has not been exploited in mythology (Lessa 1966a: 18). In the present story, Sölal's role in the restoration of life ought to be regarded as impressive, yet again it is treated in almost routine fashion.

In view of the fact that I have already subjected "Discoverer-of-the-Sun" to an intensive stylistic and content analysis (Lessa 1966a), our examination of this absorbing story must end here.

27. THE BEGINNING OF DISK "MONEY" ON YAP

A man on Yap quarrels with his wife and, apparently to work off a monumental rage, he makes a garden, builds a great council house, and embarks

with a navigator and his protesting passengers on a long meandering voyage. The itinerary has two phases:

(1) In the initial happenings, "the man" in the story and the navigator and his passengers set off in search of the Island of Bamboo, to which the man wants most ardently to go. En route they encounter a huge whale and later two hostile islands, finally reaching the Island of Bamboo. So far all personae are more or less together.

(2) At the Island of Bamboo there are two divergent paths and the two main actors part company: (a) The man takes the path to the Sky World, where he has experiences with Yolofäth, the demigod, and a group of men who keep taking him down with them to Yap in order to fish. Eventually, he is allowed to return to his home on Yap, only to be killed by the Sky people because of a trick he has played on Yolofäth. (b) The navigator and his party have in the meantime taken the path to the distant island of Ponape, where they steal necklaces called *lamalukh*, and they then proceed to Palau, where they make disk "money," after which they return presumably to Yap.

The narrator is Melchethal, who first heard the story on the islet of Sorlen when he was a boy but he cannot name the teller. He heard it several times later, once from a man named Ithei on Sorlen. He never heard it outside of Ulithi. Melchethal said that he had recently been reminded of the tale by his adopted daughter, Ithuechokh, who was only about twenty at that time, and he thinks that she heard it from some old people in Ulithi. Despite being split into two almost entirely separate parts about one-third the way through, Melchethal says that the story was told to him as a single story.

There were on Yap a man and a woman, who were married. Once they had a quarrel. The man left her and made a garden. He chopped down trees and planted food in the garden. After having finished doing this he was still irate and went and made another garden: he chopped down trees and cleaned up, and then planted some food in the garden. Even after he had finished doing that he was still angry. He built a big men's clubhouse. He finished the house except for the *thai*, or stone platform.

A canoe from a village of Yap was going to leave on a trip. The man saw it and called out to the people on the canoe, saying, "I am going with you!" The people on the canoe told the *pelü* or navigator of the canoe, "We don't want him to go with us. Let us go without him." The *pelü* answered, "No, we must wait for him." They waited for him while he went to his house and took a *chou* [a kind of rope basket]. He cut two bamboos about this long [from elbow to finger tip] and put them inside the *chou*, and also put in two coconut shell graters and several turtle shell bracelets. He returned to the canoe and took the bracelets and gave them to the *pelü*, saying, "This is *mepel*, religious offerings, for you, o *pelü*,²² because I would like us to go to Feliul Bwabwao, the Island of Bamboo."²³ The people who had boarded the canoe wanted to go to Palau, but the *pelü* changed the route after receiving the turtle shell bracelets. He said, "We are going to the Island of Bamboo."

After travelling for three months they saw a whale and the *pelü* informed the people, "If we go toward the tail or the head, that is good, but if we go toward the flank, that is bad." [On reaching the whale they had approached the flank.] The *pelü* told them, "Let us go the other way. Let us go this way and find the end of the tail, then we can get around it." They left the

²²The oblations were to be used by the navigator to propitiate a spirit.

²³The Island of Bamboo is imaginary and the narrator never heard mention of it in other stories.

flank but did not get to the end of the tail, so they came back to the same place and tried to go to the head but could not, so they returned. [The whale was too big.] The *pelü* told them that they had better cut out the back of the whale and ride over it. They cut the whale and passed over it.²⁴ They sailed for three more months.

They saw two islands close to one another. The islands had men's clubhouses on the sides of the islands that faced one another. The *pelü* said, "When we get close to the islands, take the yams and cut them into many pieces. We are going to divide into two groups. One group will stay on the other side. When we get close to the men's clubhouses we are going to throw these pieces of yams toward the clubhouses." When they got close to the two houses they threw the pieces of yams. In those houses the men were ready to fight against them. The people in the house had men with spears and they were ready to throw them at the canoe. Before they could hurl their spears the people in the canoe had thrown the pieces of yams, and the men with the spears said, "We cannot kill them because these are stones. If we go to fight them they may kill us because these are stones." So they let them continue on [in their canoe].

After they had left, the men in the [Yap] canoe went to a far away place where there was a little island, and they saw bamboo, lots of it. [This was the Island of Bamboo.] They came to the bamboo and tied their canoe to the bamboo. They then said, "Let us climb the highest bamboo." When they climbed up they saw two paths. One path went to *Läng*, the Sky World, and one path went down to Ponape. [They followed the path leading to Ponape.] But the wife of the *pelü* had forgotten the turtle shell bracelets; she had left them behind on the Island of Bamboo. [The *pelü* had given them to her.] Nobody wanted to go back, so the man who had built the big house [on Yap] said, "I will fetch the bracelets. Everyone wait here. When I return, we will then all continue on. If I go I will reach there in two days and come back in two more days. So wait four days in all, and if I am not back by then, it will perhaps be because something has happened to me." He climbed down the bamboo. When he got down to the bottom the bamboo sank into the earth. He got the bracelets.²⁵ Four [sic] days later it [the bamboo] rose up again. Then he climbed back to the path, but when he got there the people were gone. They had followed the path to Ponape. He thought that he would follow the path that went downward [to Ponape], but when he had gone half-way he changed his mind. He came back and took the path that went up.

When he got to the Sky World he heard sounds, and when he looked he saw that there were two groups of people fighting with one another. He hid and watched them. After they had separated they ate some food. The next morning they came back to fight again, leaving some food behind. The man stole some of the food. When the people returned someone said, "It seems that someone has stolen our food." But the other men said, "No. There is the same as yesterday." But after this had happened two or three times, the men knew that somebody was stealing their food. The third time that the man had stolen the food and run away, he saw a tridacna shell. He hid under the shell. The people decided to try to find whoever was stealing their food. They looked all over under the trees but they could not find him. When they came to the shell they lifted it and found him under it. Someone said, "Let us kill the man." Someone else said, "No, we must ask Yolofäth²⁶ if we should kill him or not." Some of the men went to see Yolofäth and told him that they had found a man, and Yolofäth told them not to kill the man but to bring him here. They got the man and brought him to Yolofäth. He ate with Yolofäth.

When nighttime came some men went fishing, and toward morning they brought back some

²⁴I am inclined to think, without having substantiation for my hunch, that the whale has symbolic significance in one of the mnemonic systems employed by navigators. An excellent article by Riesenberg (1972) on eleven navigational systems used on Puluwat is very suggestive in this connection, particularly his analysis of the metaphoric system called Aligning the Skids, in which use is made of the alignment of six whales in a row as a guide in sailing (p. 56).

²⁵The significance of the bracelets is not clear but the narrator suggested that they might be important to the woman in the event of her death, when she could wear them as grave goods. The narrator did not know if she might be apprehensive about dying but he suggested that she might not be taking any chances.

²⁶Yolofäth, or Olofat, is of course a major Micronesian demigod trickster. See the discussion following Tale No. 26.

fish for Yolořāth and hung them in his house. When Yolořāth and the man got up in the morning the fish were there. Before Yolořāth ate the fish he pounded them with a wooden pestle. The man watched Yolořāth. When he was through, they ate the fish [uncooked]. After four days of this the man said to Yolořāth, "Let me prepare your food." He took one of the bamboos from inside the *chou* basket which he had and used it [the bamboo] for a knife. He cut all the fish and after he had finished he said to Yolořāth, "Let us eat them." After Yolořāth had eaten he declared, "This is very good."

The man told Yolořāth that he would like to accompany the men going out fishing, and Yolořāth told him, "If you go with them you must take a fishnet with you, a fishnet that is called a *ierau*."²⁷ Also take a basket with you and hang it around your neck. Then when you go with them and they say that they are ready to go back, just follow them."

One night those men came and were talking near Yolořāth's house. Yolořāth overheard them and stopped them, saying, "Let this man go with you." Then they left to go to Yap to fish, and when they reached Yap the man did not know that it was Yap and that they were walking near the men's house that he had built. They went to catch fish and when they were through they said, "Let's go." They [and the man] flew up to the Sky World. After coming back they prepared some food for themselves. Yolořāth and the man too made some fish for themselves. After they were through eating and it was nighttime they [the men and the man] went to Yap to fish for a second time. The man then realized that they were on Yap, for he saw the house that he had built. They started fishing, and after they had finished the men said, "We are now ready to go. Anybody missing?" They said, "No." Then they flew back to the Sky World.

For a third time they left again for Yap, to go fishing. When they got there and were ready to fish, the man left them because he knew that he had a fish trap, a *hasüch*,²⁸ there. He went to his fish trap and removed a lot of fish from it. He went back to the beach near the men's house that he had built. He changed his mind and thought that he would stay here and not go with the men. He went inside the clubhouse and held on to one of the *hamkhre*²⁹ or big stones inside the house used for resting the back. When the men returned they asked, "Are we ready to go now?" Everyone answered, "Yes!" They then flew up to the Sky World, but he could not keep from going up with them.

For a fourth time they went down from the Sky World to catch fish, and when they got to Yap he went to see his *hasüch* trap. He caught a lot of fish. He then was the first to arrive in the men's house and when they came back they said the usual thing, "We are ready. Let's go!" He held on to the *ta* or wooden frame base supporting the walls of the house and tried not to go aloft with them, but he was unable to do so. He again returned with them.

The man said to Yolořāth, "I am very homesick. How can I go and not come back again? The island where we have been fishing is my island." Yolořāth said, "The next time you go with them I will give you this *tawi*, or triton shell horn. After you have reached the island of Yap and gone out to fish and returned and are ready to come back, when somebody says, "Let's go!" blow on your horn so that you will be left behind and will not ascend."

²⁷A *ierau* hand net, a sketch of which was drawn for my benefit, ranges in length from three to eight feet and has a wooden handle that angles back on the net. It is used in pairs, one net being used to chase the fish into the other net. *Ierau* nets are found in Yap but not Ulithi. Müller (1917-18: I, 79) makes brief reference to this kind of net on Yap.

²⁸The *hasüch*, which is said to be called a *iäch* on Yap, is a stone weir used formerly in Ulithi, too. For my benefit, two sketches of a *hasüch* were drawn and they indicated that the weir has no cover because the fish are trapped at low tide. Cf. the Ifaluk *gamei* illustrated by Burrows and Spiro (1953: 108). Müller (1917-18: I, 77 and fig. 124) supplies a description and an illustration of this kind of weir and refers to it by the same Yapese name (different orthography) given to me in Ulithi, and even gives the correct Ulithian name (again, different orthography).

²⁹The *hamkhre*, a simple sketch of which was drawn for me, is a stone slab with parallel sides and a rounded top and is partially sunk into the ground. It can be a few feet tall or as short as eighteen inches. The narrator says that only in the tale are they found inside the men's clubhouse. About this he is right. These backrests, called *magra* by the Yapese, are sometimes found in front of clubhouses or meeting places, and on hill passes (per. comm., Inez de Beauclair). They are illustrated in Beauclair (1967, plate 1).

Before they went fishing, Yoloŋāth said to him, "Before you return there, please leave your fish bamboo for cutting fish. I want to use it for my fish." The man said, "All right." Yoloŋāth asked him, "When I use it and it is not sharp, what should I do to make it sharp?" The man told Yoloŋāth a lie. He said, "You must make a fire and put it on the fire."

They went fishing again. When the men reached Yap, the man did not go with them to get fish; he waited for them in the house. After they had come back and said, "Let's go!" he used the horn. They flew away but he remained there. Two of the men were flying erratically because they were confused by the horn, and they fell into the sea.

In the morning the people of Yap went fishing and caught the two men with nets and put them in a *bwiou*,³⁰ or bamboo weir basket. They sent word all over Yap, saying, "There are two men whom we caught in the sea but we do not know what people they are and we do not know where they came from." The people of Yap looked at the two men. The man who blew the horn had heard what had been said and realized that perhaps the two men belonged with the men flying away and had fallen down. The two men were very hungry. They slept in the *bwiou* [on land]. He went and got some turmeric and sacred basil plants, and all kinds of other aromatic herbs, and brought them to the two men for food. They ate the plants. He said to them, "Here is the door of the fish trap. When people come to watch you, go to the other end. When the people move to watch you at that end of the trap, push out the door. Then you can ascend." When the people came to look at them they did what the man had told them and flew up to the Sky World.

Some time later Yoloŋāth was using the bamboo to cut his fish but it was not sharp enough, so he told those two men to make a fire and place the piece of bamboo on top of the fire. They placed it on the fire, but when they went to look for it, it was all gone. Yoloŋāth was angry with the man. He told Loliūr or Rainbow, Iehtebwoso or Hurricane, and Iangelkhūrul or Gale, to kill the man on Yap. They went down to Yap and took the man up. The people saw the man going up but they did not see who was taking him. When he was very high the two men dropped him. He fell to the ground and was killed.

In the meantime the *pelū* and the other people [from Yap] had followed the path that went down. They reached Ponape. They saw a big yam, or *teukh*,³¹ and thought it was a kind of tree. There was a rotted part of the yam and they went inside it for shelter. [The yam was growing entirely above ground.] They did not know it was a yam, and they took some pieces from it and cooked it for themselves. After they had eaten the food they talked about a tree that they were going to chop down to build a canoe for themselves. Then they went looking for a *khumar* tree,³² and saw a very big, tall tree. When they looked up they could not see the tip of the tree but they chopped it down. But it was not a tree, it was a *fōle*, or giant false taro. After they knew that it was a *fōle* and not a tree they went looking for a *fōtoi* [or Alexandrian laurel]. They found a *fōtoi* and chopped it down and built a canoe from it. When they were through they towed it to the village where the people of Ponape were living. They came to the village.

At night the men of the village danced in the men's clubhouse. They were wearing disk-shaped shell necklaces called *lamalukh*.³³ After they had finished dancing they hung the neck-

³⁰A model *bwiou* was made for the Museum of Cultural History at UCLA by an Ifaluk man living in Ulithi. Ordinarily a *bwiou* is made of bamboo and tied together with sennit, but bamboo does not grow on atolls, so in Ulithi *ngoi* wood (*Allophylus timorensis*) may be substituted, unless the bamboo has been imported from Yap. A *bwiou* has a door at one end and an opening at the other. This type of weir is the subject of a tale, "How Ulithi Got Fish Traps," in my earlier collection (Lessa 1961a: 44-45), and is mentioned also in Tale No. 45.

³¹This is the general term for yams on Yap, although it is spelled in various ways in the literature. There are several varieties there, whereas in Ulithi and other atolls yams are almost nonexistent, due to the nature of the soil.

³²I have not been able to identify the *khumar* tree, which is said to grow in Yap but not Ulithi. But note Ponapean *kīpar* is "pandanus."

³³*Lamalukh* is said to be a Ulithian word. I was told that the necklace is made of a coral-colored shell called *līmār* that is found on the reef. A sketch of a necklace was made for my benefit and shows a string of disk-shaped beads as well as an isolated bead. On Ulithi the shells do not have a good color; consequently the *lamalukh* necklace is not made there. Damm (1938: 305) mentions that the *lamalukh* necklaces in Ulithi are bought in Woleai, and he describes them as a string of fibers, with small red spondylus shells.

laces inside the clubhouse and went back to their houses. The people with the canoe slept that night in the village. The next night the men danced again, and the *pelü* and his people came to watch the dance in the men's clubhouse. When the dance was over, the men who were dancing asked the men from the yam "tree," "Would you like to have some *lamalukh*?" They answered, "No, we don't want any because there are many *lamalukh* on Yap." The people then went to sleep. Next morning they [the Yap people] started to prepare for a trip. Before leaving they cut down a large bamboo about three fathoms long. They cut it lengthwise into two pieces and removed the *bwukhiel bwöbwao*, or partitions. They put the long parts together again and took the bamboo to the canoe. They waited for night and when it was nighttime they watched the dance again. After the men had finished dancing and had hung the *lamalukh* and gone home, they stole the *lamalukh*. They took all the *lamalukh* and put them inside the bamboo that they had made. The next morning the men came to the club house and saw that all the *lamalukh* were gone. They asked these people about them, and they answered, "We did not take your *lamalukh*, for we have many on Yap." But the men did not believe them, so they went on the canoe and looked all over, but they did not find the *lamalukh* because they were inside the bamboo. The [Yap] people then hauled the canoe to the water and left [Ponape] for Palau.

When they reached the island of Palau they lived there. They started to make some *palang*,³⁴ or stone "money," in the form of monitor lizards, fish, and other animal forms. But all of them broke as they made them, so they stopped. One night they saw the full moon rising in the east and said, "Let us make an image of the moon." The next day they started on this work and made images of the moon. Everyone liked the images when they were through, and none broke. They had made holes in the middle of the stones because they could put a stick through the holes and carry them on their shoulders. After they had carried them to the canoe they set sail for Yap. When they reached there and the people heard about the stones, they came to look at them. After that, people went to Palau to make these stones. That was the beginning of *palang* manufacture on Yap.

If only the narrator of this long and complex Ulithian myth had given the names of the angry husband who wanted so ardently to go to the Island of Bamboo and the *pelü* or navigator who took him there, the affinities of this story with certain well known Yapese accounts of the invention of stone disk "money" would have been apparent at once. The husband is Tielop or Alan and the captain is Anagumang, two names that are well known in Yapese folklore.

The sometimes combined and sometimes separate adventures of these two mythological characters have long been known through the publications of Christian (1899: 319) and Müller (1917-18: II, 793-802), and these have been recently augmented by the accounts of de Beauclair (1963c: 150-51) and Mitchell (1973: 194-98). Although each account differs in detail from the Ulithian version, they are basically related, even when treating the deeds of Tielop and Anagumang as separate stories.

There is no need to recapitulate these versions, or to point out where they agree or disagree with the Ulithian story, which strangely enough is lengthier than any one of them; but it is good to have them available for comparison because of the considerable light they can throw on some puzzling aspects of the Ulithian version.

But before proceeding to see what can be learned from these versions I must

³⁴*Balang* is the Palauan word for "Yapese stone money" (McManus and Josephs 1977: 5) and is the term (*Pālan*) used by Kubary (1889) in his early article on Yapese and Palauan money. On Yap, however, the stone disks are called *rai* in the northern and northeastern regions, and *fei* in the southern and south-central regions. The people of Ulithi call the disks *hokhsiel*.

clarify my use of quotation marks in discussing Yapese stone "money." It is true that most writers, including virtually all laymen and many anthropologists, such as Kubary (1889), Müller (1917-18: I, 129-32), E. W. and D. S. Gifford (1959: 193-94), and de Beauclair (1963c), regard *rai* or *fei* as money, or at least passively refer to it as such. I do not. My argument is simple and can best be summed up by a question: Do we regard diamonds as money? No, they are things of value but not a standard denomination of value that may be used to express the worth of something else in uniform terms. Schneider (1976), in a letter vigorously protesting Gilliland's (1975) treatment of *rai* as money, is just as opposed as I have always been to this loose use of the term. In the past, Herskovits (1940: 215-16), even though favoring a broad and elastic definition of money, rejected the applicability of the term to the perforated Yapese stone disks. Even Einzig (1949), an economist who has written a whole book on the subject of primitive money, gives only hesitant approval of the term for the stone disks (pp. 48-52), which in my opinion do not really fit even his liberal definition of the word (p. 326). Despite my protestations and those of Schneider, I fear that use of the term "money" is deeply ingrained when referring to the disks and will not disappear, but in all good conscience I cannot yield to such usage and know that many economists would support my position.

It is now time to see what clarification of the Ulithian myth can be extracted from the Yapese versions. This can be approached through a series of questions.

There is, first of all, the matter of the Island of Bamboo. What is its significance? Why does the man (Tielop) have so compelling a desire to go to it? He already had bamboos when he left Yap. The place he reached is referred to by Müller as "the well-known bamboo grove," but this does not supply an answer to our questions, especially since neither Christian, de Beauclair, nor Mitchell mention the grove or island. In any event, it is not the final destination of the canoe captain. Suggestions have been made that the journey of the Yapese was a purposeful one for acquiring a valued mineral. De Beauclair (1963c: 151), for instance, asks if the voyages of the legendary Anaguman and his crew cannot be likened to the sailings of the Polynesians in search of jade. E. Grey (1951: II, 94-97) gives us an account, not necessarily in the form of a fictional tale, in which the chiefs of Yap deliberately send out an expedition of canoes to find something round like the moon that could be used for money, and after the party was wiped out in Palau a second expedition arrived and had to settle for taking back not an already existent product but some hard limestone that the Yapese carved into money that was large and round like the moon—in short, the large stone disks of today. In Grey's story, which she obtained from a Yapese informant, no names such as Tielop and Anagumang are mentioned. But to return to the significance of the Island of Bamboo, it should be kept in mind that it must have a special meaning, for two paths led from it, one to the Sky World and the other to Ponape and eventually Palau.

What interpretation is there for the equating of pieces of yam with stones? Unfortunately, I did not attempt to have this question answered in the field, nor have I found cognate versions of the tale to be of any help. However we do

know that Ulithians make a symbolic connection between food and battle, as will be seen in Tale No. 65, "Kosrae's Expedition against Ponape."

What is the significance of the turtle shell bracelets accidentally left behind on the Island of Bamboo by the navigator's wife? It will be recalled that these bracelets, together with the bamboo knives and shell coconut scrapers, had in the Ulithian story been put in the canoe by the man who wanted to sail to the Island of Bamboo, and he had given them to the navigator as oblations. This may be their only significance, for their role is not equivalent to that of the knives and the scrapers. Perhaps they are a dramatic device to separate the man from the rest of the canoe party and cause him to go to Läng while they go to Ponape. Comparison with Yapese cognates of the tale type are of no help, for they do not even mention the bracelets.

Why did the man decide to take the path leading to Läng instead of going to Ponape and Palau as the other voyagers had done? This choice removes him from any participation in the acquisition of *lamalukh* necklaces and perforated stone disks. Thus, in Mitchell's account of this mythical figure, Tilap (as he is called) starts out for the Sky World from the outset and has essentially the same adventures as the man in the Ulithian tale; but he becomes involved with reviving dead warriors through a life-giving medicine given to him by the chief of the celestial spirits (Yolofäth?) in exchange for the bamboo knife and shell grater. He plays the fire trick with both the bamboo and the grater on the chief of the spirits, who in retaliation takes away the medicinal plants he has given to Tilap, who dies sometime later, after having lost the power to bring the dead back to life. The subject of Mitchell's story is not beads or stone disks, which are not even mentioned, but the life-giving medicine.

What is the significance of the bamboo knife and the embarrassing trick played on Yolofäth, who asked how to sharpen it? It will be recalled that when the man left Yap with the navigator he placed two pieces of bamboo, two shell coconut graters, and several turtle shell bracelets in the canoe. Most of the Yapese stories mention the pieces of bamboo and the graters and agree that the man displayed their effectiveness by preparing fish and coconut meat with them, thereby gaining the admiration of the sky dwellers. The spirits had nothing to compare with these implements and coveted them sufficiently to steal them from the man. Some Yapese stories have the human build a fiery kite that he uses to frighten the spirit beings, who repair to Yolofäth in panic. He orders them to return the knife and scrapers. The man is still angry but bides his time and eventually gains revenge when the spirits foolishly follow his instructions for sharpening the knife by placing it in a fire. Yolofäth, who after all had been the man's protector and benefactor and had had no part in the theft, does not in the Yapese versions appear to have been the object of the man's vengeance but he nevertheless seems to have taken such umbrage at the man's deceit as to order him to be killed. It is not gratifying to find oneself the tricked rather than the trickster.

Do the shell graters have some significance beyond anything expressed in the Ulithian tale? Hints as to the answer of this question have already been provided by the comparative accounts, for the graters, too, greatly facilitated the

preparation of food, much to the astonishment and delight of the sky people. The Ulithian tale probably omitted this information through oversight. Most likely the graters should be given equal rank with the bamboo knives in this strange reversal of the flow of useful cultural artifacts, which customarily originate with spirit beings rather than mortals.

Why are the man and the sky dwellers so preoccupied with fishing and fish traps? Both of these are given as much attention in Müller's collection as in the Ulithian myth. A possible explanation is that a mythic charter is given to certain artifacts important in the economic life of the people, but this is not a very convincing interpretation.

Why is so much attention paid to the shell necklaces known as *lamalukh*? The solution to this matter is a simple one, if one concedes, as one must, that these beads bear the Ulithian name for the well-known and highly prestigious strings of reddish spondylus shell beads known on Yap as *gau*. De Beauclair (1963: 150) has summed up our knowledge regarding *gau*. She says that they are an important form of money on Yap, but not a native product of those islands. Similar disks, she says, have been found in the ancient graves of Ponape and were once the medium of exchange within the Carolines and the Marianas. Strings of *gau*, which are very long and interspersed with pendants of sperm whale teeth (Beauclair 1963: Plate 1), are spoken of as "Anagumang," after the navigator who is said to have brought them from Mapia, or St. David's Island, south of the Palaus (near the coast of New Guinea), prior to his discovery of the limestone caves of Palau. Müller tells briefly how Anagumang acquired *gau* on Ganat (Mapia), but in a different account collected by de Beauclair, Anagumang steals the precious ornaments from the women of the island [Ganat] by the use of magic. What is highly significant here is the idea of theft, not mentioned by Müller but seen in the Ulithian myth. I have no doubt that *lamalukh* are *gau*, which in ancient times outranked in importance the now more famous stone disks, which were never prolific or the object of a craze until Captain Tetens and especially Captain O'Keefe began transporting them in their ships from Palau to Yap in the 1860s.

A final question concerns the great stone disks or *rai* themselves. Do the Yapese versions support the Ulithian assertion that the aragonite was first shaped into various other forms? According to Christian, this is indeed what happened. Working in some islets where he had discovered the limestone, Anagumang first fashioned it into the form of fishes about a yard long, while some of his men, for the sake of variety, worked some fragments into the form of a crescent moon. They fashioned other pieces into wheels of different sizes, round like the orb of the full moon, and when they bored a big hole in the middle, Anagumang was satisfied and returned to Yap with his canoe loaded with *rai*. Another explanation has been given by Francis Defngin, an educated Yapese who once served as district anthropologist for the Trust Territory of Micronesia. He says that a member of the crew of a torch-fishing canoe, which had been blown to Palau many centuries ago by a tropical storm, found a piece of stalactite similar in shape to a whale. Feeling that it would be good luck for the survivors to take it back to Yap as a gift for their king instead of

the traditional gift of fish, he did so. The king was pleased and before long, teams of Yapese were voyaging to Palau to quarry the stalactite. At first the workers could quarry the stone in any shape they chose, but in time the round shape evolved as the best shape, with a hole in the center. The discus shape is reputed to have been developed, says Defngin, by a man from Rull in Yap and a man from Ulithi (Defngin 1961: 16).

"The Beginning of Disk 'Money' on Yap" seems to reflect by its lengthiness and attention to detail a great preoccupation by Ulithians with the stone disks. Defngin (1961: 17) has asserted that when the first discus-shaped piece of stone was quarried many centuries ago, the Ulithian in the group called it *fei*, meaning, he said tactfully, "full moon," but actually meaning "sexual intercourse," the word *fei* being the one used by some in Yap for the disks. This explanation for the origin of the term is one that has long been accepted in the literature and has the ring of authenticity, in view of the hole through which men thrust a pole when carrying the weighty artifacts; but more importantly it helps to verify an ancient Ulithian involvement with the disks. Holding a low-caste position vis-a-vis the Yapese, Ulithians could be expected to be impressed into hard labor by their overlords, in addition to which we know that until recently they were often employed in making long canoe voyages for the Yapese. In passing, I wish to remark that in 1947 I photographed a small-sized *rai* at the foot of a cross on a grave in a Mogmog cemetery, but did not ascertain the significance of the presence of the stone disk in such an unaccustomed habitat. Undoubtedly the deceased had an important connection with Yap, and was a Christian. There may be some significance to the fact that the conventional hole in the stone was plugged up with what seemed to me at the time to be lead. Censorship?

28. THE FLOOD

The son of a chief on Yap captures a "swan maiden" and marries her. They go to see her mother, who is an eel on Yap. The young man dies accidentally as he runs away in fear of a storm. His young wife places him under a rock and goes to live under it herself. Some people on Yap catch her in a net, and the son of a chief marries her. They have a boy. One day the eel comes to visit the couple. She eats all the coconuts that they can find for her on the island. The eel goes away, and turning herself into a rat eats all the sugarcane that her son-in-law had planted for his son. Ignorant of the identity of the rat, the man traps and kills her. The couple then move to a high mountain because the sea is about to inundate the island. Their little boy dies, together with most of the people of the island. His parents bury him in the vicinity of the pot where the rat had been buried. A certain man sees that the storm has created a new part of Yap and he lays claim to the land by sticking some leaves of dstraint on the land. Another man sees the leaves and through trickery succeeds in acquiring the land for himself by implanting his own but older leaves. The people believe him when he claims to have been the first to arrive. That is why Tomil district is the owner of that part of Yap, except for a small part retained by the man who had been tricked.

The narrator is Melchethal, who first heard this version of the story (he knew others that I did not record) only three weeks before telling it to me. His informant was Habwungomar, a man from Falalop islet who was about sixty-seven years old at the time and had spent some time on Yap. Habwungomar had in turn been told the story only the previous year, by two Yapese men on Falalop named Felag and Hakhur. These two Yapese had probably learned the story on Yap, and it is said that as they narrated it they helped and prompted each other.

There is a place on Yap called Talekhu [Talguw in Rull district?] and the son of a chief lived there. The men of Talekhu used to hold their dances there. Two women from Läng, the Sky World, came down to watch the dancing at night. They would take off their wings and hide them. The son of the *tamôl*, or chief, saw them, and one night when they descended, the son of the *tamôl* stole the wings of one of the women. After they had finished watching the dance and returned to look for their wings, one of them could not find her pair. They searched some more but it was late, so one of them said she would have to leave and she left the other one there. The young man took her and asked her if she wanted to marry him, and she consented. They lived together.

One day the girl told the young man, "Someday we are going to visit my mother." They went to see her in Takheren.³⁵ They reached that place and waited for her. While they were living there a storm came up and smashed trees. The young man tried to run away because he was afraid, but the girl said, "Do not go, for that is only my mother." He did not believe her and ran away. He fell down and hit a big rock between his eyes and died. The girl had followed him as he ran, and when he died she put him under the rock that he had struck. She too went to live under the rock.³⁶

People from Tomil [a district on Gagil-Tomil Island] used to go and walk about there, and as they approached the rock they saw the girl near it. They chased her but she went underneath the rock and they could not catch her. So they made a fish net. One time the people took the net and hid and watched for the girl to come out. When they saw her emerge they took the net and placed it in the hole underneath the rock. When she returned and tried to go inside, she got caught in the net. They took her to Tomil and a young man, the son of a *tamôl*, married her.

They had a child, Rokokh. They nourished the child and when it got big enough to walk the girl said to her husband, "Some day our mother will come to see us." The husband asked her where her mother would live if she were to come there, and she [the girl] said that it would be best to let her [the mother] live in the *metalefal* or men's clubhouse, called Bwulebwu.³⁷ One day she came to see them, and they let her live in the *metalefal*. She was an eel and some parts of her were in one place in the house, other parts in another place, and her head in the doorway. The husband asked his wife what kind of food they should bring her. She told her husband that she [her mother] could eat any kind of food. So they [the men of the village] brought some old coconuts and drinking coconuts on a pole and carried them to her. They left the pole with the coconuts. The son of the *tamôl* went to tell his wife that the coconuts were there, and she told him to just leave them there, for she knew that soon the eel would eat them. At night the eel ate all the coconuts and also the pole. The next morning when the people of the village arose they saw that the coconuts and the pole were gone. The next day the son of the chief sent word to the people of the village to collect some more coconuts for her. The people brought some more

³⁵Undoubtedly Takheren is associated with the area where the Tageren canal was dug in 1910 by the Germans. It separates the largest island of Yap, likewise called Yap, from the smaller island of Gagil-Tomil.

³⁶That kind of rock is called *fas chòl*, or black rock. See Tale No. 25, note 9, for mention of another *fas chòl*.

³⁷Bwulebwu is said by Ulithians to be in Teiap village. I assume that Teiap is the same as Teb or Teap, "the capital of Tomil" (Jensen et al. 1977: 67). Sacred sites in Teb were excavated by the Giffords (1959: 152-54, 195) in connection with the myth.

coconuts and the same thing happened: at nighttime she ate all the coconuts and the pole, too. The next morning they saw that she had eaten everything. [This happened about three times.] The husband asked, "What kind of food shall we take to her? There are no more coconuts on the island." The girl said to her husband, "That is all right. We will not deliver any more."

The next morning when the husband and wife went to see her the eel was no longer there at the *metalefal*. She had gone away and made herself into a rat. Some time afterward the husband planted some sugarcane near their house for their child. One day the rat came and ate the sugarcane. When he came out of his house to look at the sugarcane the man saw that the rat had eaten it. He went to their house and told his wife that their sugarcane had been eaten by a rat. She did not answer. After the same thing had happened two or three times the wife went to the taro patch and while she was there her husband made a *habungbwung* trap³⁸ and placed it near the sugarcane. The rat came and again ate the cane, and the trap struck her and she died. The girl came from the taro patch and the man told her that he had caught the rat that had been eating the sugarcane. She told him that they were going to die because that was their *silei*, or mother. She told him to bury the rat, so they dug a hole and put her inside. They placed a clay pot over her and covered it with earth. The woman said, "Let us move from here to that high mountain, Tabwewal [near Gillifitz village in Gillifitz or Fanif district] because the waves will be coming up over the island."

After they had gone to the mountain the waves came up from the sea and covered the island. Most of the people died, but after the waves had subsided some people were still left alive. Their boy then died, and they buried him in the vicinity of the pot where the rat had been buried.

A man from Onean (Wonean) village [in Gagil district] looked to the west and saw parts of Yap that had been formed by the waves. He went to that place. He took half of a coconut frond and tied it to a stick, which he stuck into the ground as a sign of his ownership. This is called a *harmechung*,³⁹ a kind of distraint. He then returned to Onean.

One day the man from Tomil saw the place and went there. He noticed the *harmechung* and realized that it was new. He took the leaflets of an old coconut frond that had fallen to the ground and made his own *harmechung* out of it. He placed it under some stones and went back.

Some people went one day to the place to look at it and when they arrived the man from Onean said, "I am the first one to be here." The man from Tomil said, "No, I am the first man." They quarreled and the man from Tomil went to get his *harmechung* [from under the stones] and showed it to the first man. The people thought that he was indeed the first man because his *harmechung* was older than the other. That is why Tomil is the overlord of that place, which is called Sülemegel by Ulithians.⁴⁰ The man from Onean got only a small part of Sülemegel [because he was the second man].

An American anthropologist was virtually woven into the present tale by the narrator, Melchethal. He said that the anthropologist is said to have come looking for a place in Tomil district called a *teliu* (Yapese *taliu*, a taboo or sacred place). Some Yapese men showed him the *telu*. He had a stick and pointed it at the spot and said, "Dig here." They dug and took up some of the bones of a skull. The skull was very big, bigger than any. The eye orbits were as big as a coconut shell, Melchethal was told. The Yapese men also dug up two tibiae that were as long as a full leg. The anthropologist positioned his stick about and told the men to dig at another place, and they saw a pot. When they turned it over there was no rat there. He told the men from Yap

³⁸The *habungbwung* was described to me as a type of trap that is baited and has a stone-weighted platform that falls when the bait is nibbled.

³⁹For a discussion of the *harmechung* see Lessa 1966b: 45-47.

⁴⁰"That place," known to Ulithians and central Carolinians as Sülemegel or Silomegil, is called Numegil (Numigil, Limegil) by the Yapese, and is in the south of Yap. It includes Kanifay, Giliman, and south Rull (Müller 1917-18: I, 234, 242; Jensen et al. 1977: 48).

that the rat was a *iälus*, spirit, and that was why it was not there anymore. He told them also that the bones of the man were those of a human being because they were still there. He put back all the bones except the skull, which he took with him and told the Yapese men that he would show it to the American people because he had never seen such large bones. The bones were believed (erroneously) to be those of Rokokh. Such was Melchethal's account of some excavations he had learned about at second hand.

The anthropologist was, of course, Edward W. Gifford of the University of California at Berkeley, and the year was 1956. He was assisted by his wife, Delila S. Gifford. He was well aware of the "world flood" myth with its Rat Woman and her son-in-law, Rugog (cf. Ulithian Rokokh, the name of the boy), whom he refers to as the "Yapese Noah." The *teliu* or *taliu* were located in Tomil, just as asserted by my informant, who aside from reporting exaggerations was basically right in his facts. The Giffords published their findings, which covered other excavations on Yap, in a monograph that supplies details of their work (Gifford and Gifford 1959: 152-54, 195). They excavated three sacred sites at the village of Teb (Teiap?), Tomil municipality, that were connected with the myth of the world flood, as they call it. These places were: the grave of the Rat Woman, the place of refuge from the rising waters, and the grave of Rugog, who here is the husband of the young woman. They found the (alleged) Rat Woman's burial mound to be covered with stones; the (alleged) place of refuge to be studded with a dozen heavy stone pillars aligned in two rows about twenty or thirty feet apart; and Rugog's (alleged) grave to be strewn with potsherds, charcoal, skull fragments, and other bones that had crumbled to meal. Radiocarbon dating gave Rugog's grave a date of A.D. 1756. The Giffords do not comment on Rugog's historicity.

I had good reason to suppose that there must be a better balanced original that forms the basis from which Melchethal's story was imperfectly derived. Melchethal himself told me that he knew another version of the tale, which in my opinion makes more sense, although I was too pressed for time to record it. In this story the Tomil man on the mountain and his celestial wife were the first to discover the new land, and it was they who first erected a *harmechung* there. They do not resort to deceit. I cannot say with certainty but it is my impression that in the version known to Melchethal the man on the mountain wins out over the man from Onean in Gagil district, and he does this by legitimately showing that his own *harmechung* is actually older because the leaves are brown. In this way justice triumphs. Melchethal told me that in his unrecorded version the mother-in-law was from the beginning a rat, never originally an eel—another more rational situation.

Interest in knowing if there were other published versions of the flood myth, especially if they might prove to be better constructed and integrated than the one I had collected, led me to the discovery of several. One of these was collected by Walleser (1913: 616-22; cf. Dixon 1916: 256-57), and it was known to the Giffords, although it differs from theirs. In it the sugarcane-eating rodent is the woman's father, not her mother, and the husband's name is Kitimil, not Rugog, as in the Gifford version. Walleser's myth does have the dispute over the land, whereas the Giffords' brief synopsis fails to mention it.

Walleser's version is long, detailed, cohesive, and splendidly dramatized. It goes a long way toward giving reason and consistency to the version that I collected in 1960, even at the expense of revealing the latter's fragmentary character. I feel that it is thoroughly worthwhile to outline it, to show as much as anything else how markedly a narrative can decline in the retelling.

The Walleser version begins with the same sort of "swan maiden" motif, in which two women come down one night to watch the men of a Yapese village (Alog in Weloy district) dance. One of the women is captured. Her name is given—Margigi, and so is that of the chief who marries her, but it is irrelevant for us. They have a daughter, whose name is also not germane for our purposes and who plays no further part in the myth. Margigi warns that her father will soon come in the midst of a storm wind. When he does so her husband is frightened by a flash of lightning, loses his courage, and runs away, falling and hitting his nose on a stone. He dies and his wife stays with him at her father's orders.

A man from Dewod (Deboch, a caste III, class 7 village in Tomil district?) approaches Margigi but she takes refuge beneath a stone in a very small hole. The people of the village catch her in a net, and the man, whose name is Kitimil, marries her.

Margigi's father arrives one day and he is put up in the great communal house, which he completely fills so as to leave no free space. His appetite is more than voracious; it simply cannot be satisfied. The people bring him old coconuts and young drinking coconuts on a carrying pole—as in my version—and he eats not only the nuts but the pole, too. Indeed, he eats all the coconuts that there are in all the villages, and then turning himself into a mouse he eats all the sugarcane that is in a field behind Kitimil's house. His son-in-law catches him in a bamboo snare that leaves him hanging and choked. Margigi tells Kitimil that it is her father whom he has killed. They bury him.

Margigi warns her husband that a great storm will come, and that the sea will overflow and all the inhabitants of Yap will be wiped out, and that they must climb up the highest mountain and build themselves a house on piles with seven stories. They do so and the storm arrives. To escape the rising waters they ascend from one story to another, and when they reach the seventh story Margigi causes the water to recede and the storm to cease. They believe that no one else but themselves has survived on Yap.

But a man, who had clung to the outrigger of a canoe which he had tied to a large rock, has survived. Kitimil, who had been wandering through Yap, finds the man, who is from Lewinau (Lebinau in Gagil district). This takes place, however, at Numigil, the southern part of Yap. The man from Tomil, Kitimil, tells the man from Lewinau (Gagil) that the land belongs to him, but the man from Lewinau (whose name is never given) disputes this, saying that he found it first. That is why Numigil must pay a tribute of coconuts as food for the people of Lewinau. (No trickery is mentioned in the dispute.)

Margigi takes a ripe coconut, pours water into it, closes it up, and then opens it, whereupon she sees that there are many worms in it. A totem originates. There are as many totems on Yap, according to Walleser's myth, as the number of worms that crawled in that coconut.

Afterwards, Margigi bears seven children, of whom the second is a boy named Yanalab (cf. Ulithian Yongolap!). Later Yanalab goes to Gadapar (Gachapar, in Gagil district), where he remains.

Despite the obvious differences between Walleser's and my version, the basic resemblances are there and even some of the small details are the same: the death of the heavenly woman's first husband by falling on a stone that strikes him on the nose or thereabouts; the filling up of the great house by the voracious parent; the presentation of both old and young coconuts and the devouring of these and the carrying sticks; the sugarcane; the ensnaring of the cane eater by a trap equipped with a noose, and so on.

Other published versions of the flood include several by Müller (1917-18: I, 321-22, 619-45). The husband sometimes bears a name, such as Rigog or Thinirigog, which is apparently a cognate of the Ulithian Rokokh and Gifford's Rugog. Müller's myths have distinctive features of their own, nevertheless.

A greatly detailed version of the flood is unpublished but briefly alluded to by its collector, Inez de Beauclair (1967: 33).

Yanalap (Yongolap), even though only barely mentioned here, is of great importance to Ulithians and is a member of the popular cult. He will be discussed further in Tale No. 35, "Why Ulithians Take Offerings to Yap," and Tale No. 36, "Why Turtles Are Taken to Mogmog."

A less colorful but nonetheless important Yapese version of the myth was published by Senfft (1905: 139-40). The beautiful girl (unnamed) comes from Debotsch (Deboch) and is espied by a man from that place who reports his find to his chieftain (unnamed) in Tomil. The man captures her in a net and takes her to Tomil, where she is well cared for in the chieftain's house. The two set out for the northern coast of Yap to visit her mother (unnamed) and on the way the chieftain seduces the girl. On reaching the coast the chieftain sees that her mother is of gigantic size. They flee. The mother (who has human form) finds them in that part of Yap where the Tageren canal is today and threatens to punish the entire island of Yap for their unchaste behavior. The chieftain and the girl return to Tomil, where he marries her (her only marriage), and they are later visited by the mother, who is so huge that there is room only for her head in the community house. Later, the couple have a son (unnamed). One day the husband kills a large rat that he sees playing with the child. The daughter arrives and sadly informs her husband that he has killed her mother. The wife divines magically that a huge storm will strike the island within seven days. The two take their child and some food to the highest mountain (unnamed) in Tomil. Only the chieftain's family and a man from Onean with his wife survive the ensuing storm, which sweeps over Yap. The Onean man lays claim to a large piece of land that he notices had not been there before. This is the district of Nimigil, with Ngof on the eastern coast and Nif on the western. He sticks a pole in the ground to signify that he had discovered it and claims it for his own. The chieftain of Tomil, not noticing the pole, puts an ax in the ground to claim the land (he is second; there is no trickery). The two men finally agree that each is to own half the land. After the passage of some

time the couple from Onean have a child and the couple from Tomil have six more children, one of whom is Jengelap (Yongolap), who settles in Gatschabar.

A brief summary of the flood myth is given by Labby (1976: 105), who identifies the surviving couple as Labiring and Rigog, and one of their seven spirit children as Yangalob.

A few words are appropriate regarding the *harmechung* and similar methods of claiming property. Thus, in a major Ulithian myth a woman arrives on Yap and plants two fruits that grow into two *fötöi* trees (*Calophyllum inophyllum*), and under each fruit she places a shell. As her two boys are chopping down the trees to build two canoes, a man interrupts and says that the trees are his because he planted them. The boys consult their mother and return to refute his claim. Upon questioning, he says that he had not planted anything with his fruits (Lessa 1961a: 31). These methods for laying claim to property are not precisely identical, but they are similar, as is a method used on distant Pulo Anna. This method is described in a colonizing tale in which a Ulithian named Saugepit leaves Yap in search of new land, and arriving on Pul (Pulo Anna) takes possession of the island by burying old coconut leaves in a hole. But a Ulithian named Maretaisai soon arrives, digs up the hole, and places a very old coconut leaf under Saugepit's leaves. This trick enables Maretaisai to force Saugepit to sail away in search of some other new land, and he comes upon Merir (Eilers 1935: 204-5). In the flood myth above, collected by Senfft, we saw how the man from Onean claims the new land by sticking a pole in the ground and how the chieftain from Tomil stakes his claim by doing the same with an ax.

The well-known motif, D361.1: A swan transforms herself at will into a maiden, is clearly discernible in "The Flood," despite differences. While I have no intention of expanding upon this motif here, having gone into it in great depth elsewhere (Lessa 1961: 120-67), I do want to emphasize that "swan maidens" are very special beings because they are supernaturals who mate with mortals and found great lines of gods or chiefs, as in this tale. Along these lines I have had pointed out to me a most intriguing myth of a "swan man," and although the motif is set in an entirely different context than that in "The Flood," the motif nevertheless conforms to what I have said about the importance of these supernaturals. The motif occurs in a myth from Ponape and describes how two men fly down nightly from the sky with birds and eat the ripened bananas on a certain ruler's plantation. Some workers hide and discover who is eating the fruit. Later an ambush party captures one of the two men, Japualu, by tying his hair to the trees so he cannot fly away. They tame him to be just like a person, after having destroyed his wings, and he marries the ruler's daughter. The couple have a child, who is the great god Luk (Fischer, Riesenbergh, and Whiting 1977a: 50-57). Although this myth does not belong to the same tale-type as "The Flood," it illustrates the very special nature of the swan person—man or woman—and his role as a founding ancestor.

III

ORIGINS

THE WORLD of pseudo-history may be approached through a familiar gateway, the etiological tale. While not all the stories in this chapter are pure examples, all have in common an explanation as to how this or that custom, art, ritual, or practice came into being.

29. HOW THE PEOPLE OF FAIS CAME TO EAT SHARK

A man from Mogmog islet by the name of Yól kills a shark that has been eating Ulithian men one by one whenever they journey to Fais in canoes. He gives the shark to the people of Fais, who reward him with a gift of tobacco. Here is an explanation of why the people of the island of Fais eat shark, whereas we know that the inhabitants of Ulithi and the long string of islands to the east known as The Woleai, of which Fais is not a part, do not.

The narrator is Taleguethep, who first heard the story on Mogmog from Rolmei, a chief on that islet. She was a girl of eleven or twelve at that time, and she recalls that other children too were present. She heard the story several more times from Rolmei but never from anyone else. Rolmei is said to have been a frequent storyteller for children.

Yól lived on Mogmog. The people there used to go traveling to Fais. About four or five times when they went there a big shark broke up their canoe and ate them. They never returned, so people stopped going there any more. Yól called together some men to go to Fais with him. He also took some old coconuts and a spear he had made from the wood of a coconut tree. When they were halfway to Fais the shark appeared, and he sang a song:

Yól-o! Yól-o! Sa seithi,

sa seithakh,

Ngo ngang sa rurokhi iachokh

Semele chāle wale wóm.

Le chimal chimal paho,

Pachal pachal paho,

Hapere wa io,

Hapere wa io.

Yól-o! Yól-o! Going and
coming back,

And I have been taking

One of the helpers on your canoe.

My head is a shark,

My tail is a shark,

I am going to jump,

I am going to jump.

As he sang he jumped up and seized the man sitting in the rear. He ate him. Then he sang the song again and jumped up and seized another man. He did this over and over until only Yól was left. When the shark sang his song and tried to seize Yól, Yól jumped from the leeward platform to the weather platform of the canoe, back and forth. He took an old coconut and threw it into the water and the shark ate it. He did this again and the shark ate the second coconut. He kept throwing coconuts into the water until he reached Fais.

When he got to the island he took the spear and struck the shark in the ear, and it died. He towed it to Fais and gave it to the people. He said to the people of Fais, "Now you need not worry about the shark, because I have killed him." The people of Fais collected some tobacco and gave it to him [Yól].

After his return he told the people of Ulithi that they could now travel to Fais because the shark was dead.

Ulithians travel frequently to Fais, a fertile high island that is the nearest of any to the atoll, being only about forty-eight sea miles to the east. The main purpose of the trips is to trade for tobacco, which grows much better there than on coralline Ulithi. Tobacco is of course mentioned in the tale.

Although the narrative does not explicitly say so, it is used to explain why the people of Fais eat shark. I was told that when the inhabitants of that island go for a few months without eating the fish they feel a craving for it.

Generally speaking, and this includes Fais, there was no cult of the shark in the Carolines, excepting such places as Ant and Ponape (Christian 1899: 214). In various parts of Polynesia, such as Hawaii, Tahiti, and Mangaia, and in such islands of Melanesia as Fiji, the Laus, and San Cristoval, there existed a shark worship of individual family guardians (Beckwith 1940: 128-31).

30. HOW PULAP ACQUIRED THE ART OF NAVIGATION

A man-eating golden plover lives on the island of Ponape, and after eating all the people there he flies to Truk and then to Namonuito, devouring all the people in those places, too. But the god Pälülop repeatedly prevents him from sighting the island of Pulap. In time, Pälülop magically enables the plover to see Pulap and when the plover arrives Pälülop's daughter is awaiting him. She gives him some food, which is constantly replenished as he eats it. Out of gratitude the plover teaches the girl the art of navigation. Before he leaves her, she hangs some baskets of food from his neck, and when he tries to fly to Truk he tires, falls into the sea, and drowns. That is how the people of Pulap became the lords of navigation.

The narrator is Melchethal, who says that he heard the story only once from a man from Pulap named Mägör, after the latter had arrived in Ulithi about 1957 or 1958 from having been lost at sea. Melchethal says that Mägör told the story while teaching four or five Ulithian men some things about navigation.

There was a bird, a *kulung* or golden plover, living on the island of Ponape. He was very big and a *legaselep*, or man-eating spirit.

After eating all the people on Ponape he went to Truk and ate all the people on Truk, too. After eating all the people on Truk he went to Wölül [Ulul Island in Namonuito Atoll] and did the same thing there—he killed all the people. He left Wölül and tried to reach Pulap but was unable to get there and reached Pulusuk instead. The reason that he did not get to Pulap was that Pälülop was there and caused the island not to be seen by the bird. He tried and tried to get to the island but did not succeed. From Pulusuk he tried again to find Pulap. He returned. Then he again tried but could not find it.

Once while he [the plover] was flying to Pulusuk, Pälülop said to his daughter, "You must prepare some food for the *legaselep* and take it to the end of the island of Pulap and leave it there. Wait for the *legaselep* and when he comes give him the food." Pälülop made *felsü*, or magic, for the *legaselep* so he could find the island of Pulap. The *legaselep* came and he saw the island as well as the girl near the food. She saw the *legaselep* and said to him, "Here is your food," and he looked at the food and said, "I am not satisfied with this food." She told him to try it and see what happened. He ate the food but after putting it in his mouth, other food took its place. As he ate, the food was replenished. He ate like that and was satisfied with the food, but the food was still there. He said to the girl, "I am very satisfied with this food and I thank you

very much. But I will teach you something. I will teach you the art of navigation." He started teaching the girl how to be a navigator.

After she knew what navigation was she asked the *legaselep*, "How can I see the islands?" and the *legaselep* told the girl, "You must climb that coconut tree, then look over and see all these islands." She climbed the tree and while she was nearing the top of the tree, the tree went up a little bit more. She climbed again and the coconut tree got still taller. She was very high up and looked at all the islands. The girl knew, by calculating from the tree, the direction of this island and that, and she climbed down from the tree. The plover said to her, "Now I know that you know all these things, so I will leave you." The girl said, "No, you must stay and I will collect some food for you." So she made a lot of baskets and filled them with food. She hung the baskets on the bird and the plover flew toward Truk, but he did not succeed in reaching the island because he was tired and fell into the water and drowned.

That is why the people of Pulap are the lords of navigation.

It is surprising to me that Pälülop's daughter should learn the art of navigation from the plover. In a major myth from Ulithi it is her father who is depicted as the one who imparts the art to mankind through two of his many sons, Fúrabwai and Thibwóch. He is also characterized as the father of Yäluluwe, the patron god of navigators, who himself learned to be a navigator by eavesdropping while in his mother's womb as she sat near Pälülop during the course of his instructions on navigation to her two sons (Lessa 1961a: 27-34). In a comparative study that I made of this long and complex myth I found that cognates occurred elsewhere only in Yap (two versions) and Lamotrek (Lessa 1961a: 98-105); I did not find it on Pulap.

In discussing with my narrator, Melchethal, the paradox of the daughter teaching navigation to the very patron god of the art, he said that although Pälülop is thought of as the fountainhead of navigation in Yap and Ulithi, as well as most of the vast eastern area known as The Woleai, he is probably not so viewed on Pulap. Melchethal offered the guarded suggestion that for Pulap, Pälülop may indeed have learned the art from his daughter, who of course according to the present story learned it from the man-devouring plover.

Similar paradoxes occur in a cognate myth from Ifaluk, "How the Lore of Seamanship Spread among the Islands" (Burrows and Spiro 1953: 89-90; Burrows 1963: 94-95). The story is basically the same as that from Ulithi. There are some differences, of course, the first one being that the art is imparted not by a plover but by three mild patron gods. The father of the girl is the god Aluluei (cf. Ulithian Yäluluwe) rather than Pälülop. The girl does not really understand the information given to her by the trio of teachers and has to go to her father, Aluluei, for clarification, but even though he is himself a great navigator he must in turn go to the famous navigator, Paluelap or Pälülop, for explication. In the Ulithian (Pulap) story the girl is taught navigation in conjunction with a tree that the plover has her climb, whereas in the Ifalukan story she must learn from a chart that the three gods spread before her, and she cannot really deal with the occasion. In the Ifaluk story it is Paluelap who teaches people the art of seamanship, and from Bwennap (Pulap) the art spread to Puluwat, Palusuk, Satawan, Lamotrek, Ifaluk, Woleai, and Faraulap. But the plot is basically the same as that of the Ulithian story, as is obvious. There are some minor details that complete the connection: the girl's food in both stories is at first rejected, then accepted and relished by the eventual

teachers; the food is inexhaustible—it is constantly replenished. Obviously, however, in both tales it is difficult to understand how two great navigator gods such as Yäluluwe (Aluluwei) and Pälülop (Paluelap) should appear in an inferior light to a plover or three obscure patron gods.

The paradox is avoided, however, in another cognate from Pulap itself by not even mentioning Pälülop's name. Again, the *kuling* or golden plover is the voracious man-eater who flies from island to island, and it is he who teaches navigation to mankind, but this time his instrument is a boy, not a girl, and his name is Eekman. No mention is made of his father, and his mother, Emotilom, seems to be no more than an undistinguished mortal. Again we see the ever-replenished food and drink, but without any mention of their previous rejection. The *kuling* teaches the boy by spreading out a mat and laying on it some small pebbles designating all the places, distances, stars, winds, and currents needed to know the art of navigation. Having completed his instruction the *kuling* leaves without incident for another place called Ataf (the home of the spirits on Ponape). That is why Pulap first knew about navigation and is best in it (Krämer 1935: 280-82).

In the present Ulithian (Pulap) story the sudden demise of the plover seems incongruent, but a partial explanation for this denouement may be found elsewhere in the sudden introduction into the Lamotrek version of the Pälülop myth of a *kuling* who flies from island to island eating everybody and everything in sight. Here, the god's daughter, named Inesavo, gorges the bird with inexhaustible food and drink, and as it flies over the water laden with two hundred baskets of taros, Pälülop causes the bird to plunge into the sea and drown (Lessa 1961a: 104). This episode seems as unexpected in the Lamotrek myth as it does in the Ulithian (Pulap) tale under discussion. It is of interest that the name Inesavo does not appear in the major Yapese and Ulithian myths, where Pälülop's daughter is variously called Ligafas, Ligafas, and Nagafas, and she has little relationship to the unnamed girl in our present tale.

The locale of the present story helps link it to the great Pälülop myths of Yap and Ulithi. In the Ulithian (Pulap) story the plover lives on Ponape, although Pälülop and his daughter live on Pulap. In the great myths to the west it is Pälülop who lives on Ponape, more specifically the island of Mal (Ulithian Mal, Yapese Mal) in Metalanim Bay. In the aforementioned Lamotrek story the residence of the god is Pulap.

Not much need be said of the occurrences in the present story of Motif D1652: Inexhaustible object, which is also to be found in the major myths of Pälülop occurring in Ulithi, Yap, and Lamotrek. Noncognate forms of the motif are world-wide in distribution and are found throughout Malaysia, Melanesia, Polynesia, and of course much of Micronesia (Lessa 1961a: 356-68).

31. THE ORIGIN OF THE MONGOLFACH CLAN

The totemic ancestress of the Mongolfach clan is a certain kind of shellfish that left the sea and went to live on land, where she begat a baby girl who founded the kinship line.

The narrator is Melchethal, who first heard the story when he was about

fourteen years of age, on Sorlen islet from an old man named Ithei. Melchethal never heard it again. He acknowledged that his narrative is severely shortened but could not recall the details of the full version. He had previously given me some of the bare ingredients of the story in 1948 in the course of a discussion on clans and lineages in Ulithi.

An *ung*¹ came out of the sea to the shore of Pügelu island.² She lived there under a pandanus tree. She used to eat the fruit of the pandanus trees. She gave birth to a baby girl. She fed the child pandanus fruit and the child grew up. One day some people from Satawal came over to the island and saw the young girl. They took her to Satawal with them. She married a man and had a baby girl. This girl had a baby girl, too, and this started the Mongolfach clan.

There are far more important implications to this story than would seem to be justified by its great brevity. Most of the comments that follow will also serve to throw light on the significance of Tale No. 33, "Why the Machekhiu Is Taboo," and Tale No. 6, "The Porpoise Girl" (the latter appeared in my earlier folklore monograph, Lessa 1961a: 38-40), for all three tales are totemic in nature.

Broadly defined, totemism is an association between a limited group of human beings, or even an individual, and any class of objects. What is involved is not worship of the totem but affiliation with it. When totemism is defined in a narrow or classical sense, it only exists when the totemites (the members of the totemic group) are organized into clans. By such criteria the Mongolfach or "Pandanus eater" descent group is classically totemic.

The Mongolfach clan is what I recognize as a macro-clan because its members are to be found over a wide area of the Carolines, including Ulithi, where its few mates in the atoll are intrusive and without corporate rights. In 1949 there were fifteen members of the clan in Ulithi, all of them the progeny of exogamous marriage with other lineal descent groups. I was told that the Mongolfach people of Ulithi came from Sorol in the early part of the twentieth century, when their homeland was devastated by the great typhoon of 1907. I have not been able to verify the presence of the clan on Sorol, an atoll of tiny population, but Burrows and Spiro (1953: 126-31) have reported the prevalence of the Mongolfach or Mangaulevar clan on Faraulep, Ifaluk, Elato, and Lamotrek atolls. These anthropologists found that in 1947 there were fifty-four members of the clan in Ifaluk, the largest of the eight clans there. The Mongolfach membership in Lamotrek in 1962-1963 numbered 102, or half the population of that atoll, and the clan ranked highest of Lamotrek's eight clans by virtue of having resided there for the longest period of time (Alkire 1965: 29). Looking further to the east we find that the Mwögunufac or Mogunufac

¹An *ung* is a prosobranchia, an edible long-coned shellfish. It is encircled by a spiral with raised nubs at the top and sides. It is about four inches long. Despite this description I have not been able to identify the species.

²Called Pigailoe in the anthropological literature but known as West Fayu to mapmakers and gazeteers. The considerable confusion surrounding the name of this island and nearby Pikelot and Gaferut has recently been resolved by Riesenbergs (1975). The island is uninhabited but visited frequently by natives of Satawal.

clan was one of the forty-two clans present in Truk in 1947 (Goodenough 1951: 81).

Apart from all these islands the Mongolfach or Monolifal macro-clan was reported to be present in the first decade of the century in Puluwat, Hok (Pulusuk), and Satawal (Damm, Hambruch, and Sarfert 1935: 156, 158, 159), and also nearby Pulap (Krämer 1935: 269).

In some islands the original home of the clan is said to have been Puluwat, but on Puluwat itself there is a tradition that this descent group set out originally from Yap, and later stopped at Ulithi, Fais, Woleai, Ifaluk, Elato, Lamotrek, Satawal, and Puluwat (Damm, Hambruch, and Sarfert 1935: 156-57, 158). On Truk, where the macro-clan is also known as Mongulufadj, the members on the island of Tol are said to have come originally from Lamotrek or Puluwat (Krämer 1932: 61, 88), but this does not preclude an earlier homeland in Yap.

The Mongolfach is not unique as a macro-clan. True, some islands of the Carolines have clans that are highly localized, but others have some that have migrated well beyond their original homelands. In addition to the Mongolfach, Ulithi has other totemic macro-clans represented by small numbers of people who are there because of immigration. One such macro-clan is the Hofalü, whose totem is the *hafi*, or fresh water eel, which is said to have swum from its home in Yap to the atoll of Pulap, where it gave birth to human beings who spread out to all the eastern Carolines. In Ifaluk it is known as Kovalu (Burrows and Spiro 1953: 127-28). Another macro-clan is the Soflachikh, whose members are said to have come to Ulithi several generations ago from an unknown place in the east, but its totem was not known to my informants. In Ifaluk it is known as Sauvelarik (Burrows and Spiro 1953: 127-28) or Saufalasik (Damm 1938: 78). It is found also on Woleai and Faraulep (Damm, Hambruch, and Sarfert 1935: table foll. p. 160). Still another macro-clan is the Sawöl, whose totem is the *hui* or porpoise. In Ifaluk it is known as Sauwel (Burrows and Spiro 1953: 127, 129) or Sauwol (Damm 1938: 78). Usually all three of these macro-clans are also found in Woleai, Lamotrek, Faraulep, Elato, and Satawal (Burrows and Spiro 1953: 126).

Ulithi has members of two other intrusive clans, which are not, however, macro-clans. One is the Hamakhrang from Fais, whose ancestress is the *hech*, or rat, and the other the Üspath clan from Yap, whose ancestress is also the *hui* or porpoise (like that of Sawöl, but not necessarily related).

In the light of my findings on Ulithi it is puzzling to find it said that on Ifaluk, "No trace of totemism appears. . . . Nor were any myths found about descent from non-human creatures, supernatural help from them, or any traditional relationship" (Burrows and Spiro 1953: 130).

There is no doubt that totemism, never strong in the Carolines, has declined greatly over the past century, but it is surprising that Ulithi would have knowledge of totemic clan affiliations while Ifaluk, an atoll that held on longer to its traditional way of life, would not. Ulithi's greater proximity to Yap may have something to do with it, for although matrilineal clans appear to have been originally alien to Ulithi they were not to Yap, where we know that they existed

in totemic form early in the twentieth century. One observer writes that the Yapese believe man to be descended from animals and plants, and that each man's ancestress was begotten from a specimen of his totem. According to this observer, every person bears the name of his totem, which in the vast majority of instances is a fish, a marine or land animal, or a plant or tree. It is forbidden for an individual to kill or eat a specimen of his totem if it consists of an animal, or if it consists of a tree to eat its fruits or burn its wood, and whoever would disregard this prohibition would be publicly branded as a cannibal (Walleser 1931: 609). Much the same thing has been reported by a trained anthropologist, who not only provides a long list of animal and plant totems but often some narrative materials as well (Müller 1917-18: I, 216-22, II, 618-19).

The problem of clan totemism among the Trukese has been taken up by W. Goodenough (1951: 84-85), who dismisses the claims made by Krämer and Bollig, two earlier German writers; but he nevertheless concludes that in the past, such totemism did exist. Fischer (1957) takes up the matter in greater detail and, while similarly discounting the present existence of classical clan totemism, notes "some suggestions that classical totemism did once exist in Truk" (p. 251).

Incidentally, he finds classical clan totemism to be present on Ponape, giving further testimony to its once great prevalence in the Carolines. His assertion is supported by references in *The Book of Luelen* to the great eel, the sea bass, and the sea cucumber as clan totems (Fischer, Riesenberg, and Whiting 1977a: 67-70, 76 n. 4, 101, 103 n. 3, 127-8, 156-7). This work was originally compiled by a native belonging to a prominent Ponapean family, for his relatives and children, and was translated and edited by three American scholars.

Finally, from the nearby island of Kosrae comes a story collected in 1970 which establishes some lingering memory of clan totemism there, the narrator being an elderly man. It tells of a beautiful rat girl who married a king and originated the Rat clan on Kusaie (Mitchell 1973: 71-73).

32. WHEN PEOPLE FIRST ATE FISH

The setting of the story is Ulithi. A huge eel has four mullet children, who are killed and eaten by ten men. In retaliation she kills nine of the men but spares the tenth when he turns over the bones of her children. This was the first time that people had ever eaten fish. Their act earned the enduring anger of eels toward mankind.

The narrator is Lefohamal, who first heard the story when she was a young girl in her 'teens. It was told to her on Mogmog by her adoptive father, Thigueliel, who was born on Mogmog. She later heard it from her husband, Ienefel, also from that islet.

An eel lived in Thowälü channel [in Ulithi].³ She had four children that were a kind of fish,

³Thowälü (H. O. Rowaryu), the home of the eel, is situated between the small uninhabited islands of Thoroleng (H. O. Sorenlang) and Pogeth (H. O. Pogel) in the northwestern part of the atoll. It has evocative significance, being the object of much taboo and folklore, as well as a major fishing rite (Lessa 1950a: 133-39 *passim*).

iōi or mullet. She told the children that they must stay there and not go on the islets of Asor, Falalop, Pigelelel, and the other islets of the atoll. "There are people on those islands and they might kill you."

One day they did not heed what their mother said and went out to play on all those islands. When they reached Falalop someone saw them and killed them. The eel waited for a day but they did not come back. She looked all over for them and called out their names: "Likhaiiōi!"⁴

Likhaiiōi-ol

Likkhaiiōi-ol

Ra worukh ra he siukh ho.

They saw you and took you.

Ra hang?

Did they eat you?

Thaafam ho?

What part did they eat?

The children answered her:

Ra hang chimwe,

They ate my head,

Ra hang pachai,

They ate my tail,

Sa fe subwulokh rui bwulokh,

Only the body is left,

Ngeresilie thakh ulufangil.

They smoked me on a grid.

And she asked,

Itei?

Who?

The children answered,

Malthiluere, Sethiluere, Särisupe, Supelaho, Lahopungu,

Pungumere, Malmo, Ngufelium, Fahoium, Ngulumere.

She went from Thowälü channel to Falalop. She was a big eel and only her head reached Falalop, her body was still at Thowälü. She went to the men's clubhouse at Falalop and saw the men who had killed her children, and she killed all those men except one. He ran away and climbed a tall coconut tree. He stayed there. His name was Lumere [the last one in the song but here given in nonsong form]. She came out of the men's clubhouse and saw the man up in the coconut tree. She said, "You are one of the men who killed my children. Stay there and you will see what I am going to do with you."

Before leaving the clubhouse she had collected all the bones of her children, except for one bone that she did not find. The man knew where it was, so she climbed up the tree and said to him, "I am now going to kill you!" The man said, "Don't kill me and I will give you the bone of your child." He took a *talengelowal*⁵ and gave it to her, and she took it and placed it together with the bones and it was just about the right bone [in appearance]. So she said to him, "Now I don't want to kill you because you gave me the bones." She took her children with her. They went back to Thowälü.

That is how people began to eat fish. Moreover, that is why the eel is angry with us so that when we go out it bites us.

I imagine that only purists or geneticists would carp at the logic of an eel having mullet children, but the narrator seemed to be permitted a considerable amount of license. For instance, the correct word for mullet is *iai*, not *iōi* as in the story. As for the words of the songs, they were so distorted that I could not recognize them as being Ulithian, but I was assured that they were.

However, I cannot say the same for the names of the ten men who ate the mullets. They are neither distorted cardinals nor ordinals nor anything else

⁴All four had the same name, which seems to be constituted of two parts: (1) *likh*, which may or may not be the same as *likh*, an unidentified fish appearing in my list of vernacular terms, but which may be the same prefix as the *lik*, *lig*, and *nik* that I have present in the names of several other Carolinian fish listed in the dictionaries; and (2) *iōi* (more properly *iai*), the Ulithian word for mullet.

⁵In the course of the narration I was merely told that a *talengelowal* is something from a tree. I did not pursue the matter but I can now identify it as the first few leaves close to the base of the coconut frond (cf. definition of *talengeliyol* given in their Woleaian dictionary by Sohn and Tawerilmang [1976: 210], for which Sohn has made a clarification in a personal communication, using a drawing). This seems plausible because the pinnate leaflets of the prominent midrib are suggestive of fish ribs.

that I can recognize, and I suggest that they are nonsense word, such as one encounters in many Ulithian oral formulas, magic ones especially.

33. WHY THE MACHEKHIU IS TABOO

Angered by their father, two girls walk to the reef on Palau, where one of them turns herself into a fish. A taboo on the eating of that kind of fish by a certain clan grew out of the incident.

Melchethal first heard this story on Angaur in the Palau group of islands from a man of that island by the name of Hatharthei. He was about thirty years old or more at the time. He never heard it again. He said that the narrative is as it was told to him, but that probably the original story was a long one.

There were a man and a woman who were married and had two female children. Once the father became angry with the children, but before he became angry he had told them how to become fish. After he had become angry, the girls themselves became angry and walked on the reef, where they saw a big rock and sat upon it. The older one told the other girl, "I am going to make myself into a fish." The younger one said to her, "You must not do that because it would make our father and mother sad." But the older one paid no attention and said she was going to turn herself into a fish. She turned herself into a *machekhiu*⁶ and jumped into the water. The younger one cried and ran back to their home. She told her father and mother what her sister had done.

Every so often the younger one would go to the rock and sit there waiting for the *machekhiu*. The fish would come and the sister would greet her and talk to her, but the fish could not talk back in return.

That is why a certain clan does not eat this fish.

Earlier we treated the Mongolfach clan as being totemic in the more narrow sense, but there are anthropologists, yielding to the situation in Australia and elsewhere, who hold a much wider view of totemism. This view, among other things, does not insist that descent must be traced by the totemites back to an animal, plant, or other object. Instead of the idea of descent, they argue, there may merely be one of relationship. There are many anthropologists who go even further, saying that the totem may or may not be taboo against being eaten, killed, or touched; that the totemic group may or may not be named after the totem; that rituals may or may not be performed by the totemites to increase the supply of the totem; and so on, as long as three crucial elements exist: exogamy, social units, and a relationship between man and the totem. Obviously, by these more liberal criteria, the *machekhiu* is a totem and Tale No. 33 is a totemic myth, probably reflecting the deterioration of totemism that has taken place in the Carolines. It perhaps may be laid down that the original story depicted the girl as an ancestress of the unnamed clan mentioned in the account.

Support for my speculation comes from anthropological findings. Palauans have matrilineal clans called *geblil*, all of whose members were identified in the past in some mystic fashion with a particular species of animal. It was taboo to injure, kill, eat, or touch their totemic animal. Warning was given to

⁶Probably a dugong. See post-narrative discussion.

children to avoid contact with their clan totem as this would bring on sickness or death. The notion of tabooed totemic clans was persistent throughout most of the Palauan islands until rather recently (Barnett 1949: 21-24). One investigator believes that he found remnants of a former two-class totemism among those Palauans who were descended from Melanesians (Krämer 1917-29: III, 287).

As for the *machekhiu*, it is probably a dugong and not a fish. I have consulted numerous dictionaries and word lists for Palauan fish (e.g., Krämer 1917-29: IV, 337-69; Helfman and Randall 1973; McManus and Josephs 1977: 378-79), as well as other Carolinian sources, and no cognates for *machekhiu* appear. The word does not exist in the extensive compilation I have made of Ulithian fish names. On the other hand the word *mesekiu* (*musague*, *misogiu*, *mesegiu*), or dugong, appears in many sources and the Ulithian word seems to be a cognate. Fish are most frequently depicted as clan ancestresses in Palauan mythology, but the dugong is occasionally mentioned. My advocacy of the dugong is strengthened by the fact that upon questioning, my narrator said that the *machekhiu* is black in color and about the size of a porpoise, and he admitted the possibility that it might be a sea mammal. Dugongs, as we know, are brown or grey in color and about seven to nine and a half feet long.

34. WHY LAM AND THOROLENG HAVE MUCH WATER

The islets of Lam and Thoroleng (H. O. Soroleng) are said to have an abundance of fresh ground water because of the kind acts of two celestial women who befriended two small girls.

The narrator is Lefohamal, who first heard the tale from her adoptive father, Thiguliel. She never heard it again, but another informant, Talegue-thep, said she knew bits of it.

There were a man and a woman who were married and lived on the islet of Mogmog. They had two girls. The mother and father told them to go out to look for water. They went to trees and gathered water where it had collected in the hollows of trunks. They took the water to their parents.

One day when they had gone again to look for water two women from the Sky World looked down and saw the girls. They descended and asked them what they were doing. The girls told them that they had gone to collect some water. The women from the Sky World told them to fetch some containers. The girls brought two coconut shells and gave them to them [the women], and the women flew with the shells to the island of Angaur [in Palau]. They filled the shells with water and brought the water back to them [the girls]. The girls took the shells and brought them to their parents. The mother and father tasted the water and found that it was better than the other that they were used to.

The women from the Sky World had said to the girls, "When sometime you need water just let us know so we can help you." The girls used to go out and wait for the two women from the Sky World to come and help them bring water from Angaur. One day while they were waiting, the two women from the Sky World descended and took the coconut shells from the children. They flew to Angaur and got some water, and came back. While they were returning, the cord used to carry the shells broke and the shells fell down on the islets of Lam and Thoroleng. The two women tried to fly down to recover the shells but they were afraid of the people there because they had come to look at the coconut shells. So they flew to Mogmog and cried. They went to the

girls and told them that they had lost their coconut shells. The women from the Sky World took two other shells from the girls and again flew to Angaur to collect some water. They came back to Mogmog. They said to the two girls there, "This is the last time we are going to get water for you, because the two coconut shells on Lam and Thoroleng have water in them, so now you can go there and get water from them."

The people on Lam and Thoroleng dug two holes and poured the water [in the shells] into the holes. That is why these two islands have a lot of water in the ground, and also why we can dig in the sand and water comes up. The girls used to go there and get water from those islands. That is why the two islands are different from all the other islands of the atoll.

Designation of the island of Angaur in the Palau archipelago as the place from which the celestial women fetched the water is not fortuitous. According to Ulithian belief, when the soul leaves the body it pauses at Angaur to take a bath before ascending to the Sky World. An alternative belief has it that the soul goes first to the Sky World and later descends to Angaur whenever it wishes to bathe (Lessa 1950a: 246). But as we shall see in Tale No. 54, "The Dead Woman and the Isle of Souls," the place to which some souls of the dead repair is not Angaur.

The narrator asserted that her adoptive father told her this story because formerly the places on Lam and Thoroleng where water is so abundant were taboo to menstruating women. This may be the main point to the story, told in an effort to provide a sacred explanation for a phenomenon which such people as geologists with their Ghyben-Herzberg lenses might explain more prosaically.

35. WHY ULITHIANS TAKE OFFERINGS TO YAP

Filtei leaves Yap because she is cross at being given the flippers of green turtles whenever the men portion out the parts. She creates the islands of Ulithi by strewing sand on the sea. Her brother, Yongolap, living on Yap, visits her briefly at her home on Mogmog islet and before he returns announces to her that henceforth all the turtles killed in Ulithi belong to her. Filtei gives birth to a boy, who later reaches Yap in pursuit of his toy canoe. Yongolap is kind to the boy and sends him back to Ulithi when he becomes homesick, with instructions to return every so often with *mepel*, or religious offerings for him.

The narrator is Melchethal. He heard the story many times, both in Ulithi and Yap. The first to relate it to him in Ulithi was a man named Uwas, Melchethal being a young man at the time; the last to tell it to him in the atoll was Mälisou, chief of the second-ranking Hofalü lineage. On Yap he heard it two times, during the Japanese administration. One narrator was a Yapese named Ruopong, the other a Yapese named Ieil, both being no more than friends. In all the recountings he was always the sole listener.

Yongolap and Filtei were brother and sister and they lived on Yap [where they were chiefs]. While they were living on Yap whenever the people used to kill turtles [*Chelonia mydas*, green turtles] they would give only the flippers to Yongolap's sister, and she did not want them. [Yongolap was getting the good portions but did not know that his sister was getting the bad.] They always gave her only the flippers and she became so irate that she left Yap. She took a coconut shell and put some sand inside and walked on the sea from Yap to the east. She took

some of the sand and poured it all over and created the atoll of Ulithi. She lived here on Mogmog.

While she was living on Mogmog her brother came from Yap and talked to her in the Yapese language but she did not understand him. She answered in the Ulithian language. Her brother talked to her in the Yapese language and said, "Why do you answer me in this language? Talk to me in the language of Yap." So she talked to him in the Yap language. Yongolap said to his sister, "I know that you are angry because of the turtles that the people killed on Yap, but now all the turtles that people kill on Ulithi belong to you." He left her and went back to Yap.

While living on Mogmog she had a child, a boy. She made a small canoe for him of the kind used by children. He used to sail back and forth on the reef. One day he lost hold of the canoe and he tried to catch it. He kept going after it but did not catch it. While trying to catch the canoe he and the canoe reached Yap. When he reached Yap some children there were also sailing their own canoes, and he went up to them and played with them in that place. They raced their canoes but his canoe was always faster, so they beat him up and broke his canoe.

Some of the boys asked, "Where does this boy come from? Who is he?" He cried and called out Yongolap's name, saying, "*Tōmai Yongolap! Father Yongolap!*" Some of the boys went running to the place where Yongolap lived and told Yongolap that a child was calling his name. Yongolap came from his residence on Yap called Lamrui [Numrui] and took the boy to Lamrui. Yongolap fed him. He made a small *lep*⁷ basket and put some food in the basket, and told him that wherever he went he should take the basket always with him. He did what Yongolap said and they stayed there for many days. He spoke to Yongolap and told him that he was now very homesick and wanted to return to Ulithi to see his mother.

Yongolap said to him, "When you go there make me some *hapekhep* or coconut oil [used as an offering], and a *ho* or loincloth, and bring them here." Every so often he would go to Yap from Ulithi and take *ho* and *hapekhep*. In return, Yongolap would give the boy foodstuffs and *rang* or powdered turmeric, *makal* or combs, *hagech* or "purses" used to keep flints and tobacco, and *lūkhūkh* or trochus shell bracelets.

That is why the people of Ulithi must take *mepel* or oblations to Yap, and why they acquire gifts in return.

Although the thrust of this story is not to depict Filtei as a culture heroine but to account for a certain important religious practice, her creation of the islands of Ulithi by sand strewn on the sea deserves some attention. It is an example of a motif (A814: Earth from object thrown on primeval water) that is common in Oceania, especially Melanesia and Micronesia (Lessa 1961a: 275-89). Of the numerous Micronesian examples, several involve the creation of Ulithi by a Yapese woman who strews sand on the sea, but her name is sometimes Liomaror, sometimes Laeman, and sometimes Bagau. Usually she is piqued over being given turtles' flippers (Lessa 1961a: 281-82). The motif is sometimes associated, too, with the Pälūlop cycle, wherein the young Yälūlwe, the patron spirit of all navigators, creates an island that is sometimes mentioned in Carolinian folklore (Lessa 1961a: 98, 102, 104, 276). Obviously, the importance of Filtei's accomplishment is diminished by these similar deeds, especially by the three other Yapese women.

Filtei is given only indirect credit for another accomplishment, the creation of the Ulithian language, which is very distinct from that of Yap. This accomplishment is merely inferred in the byplay between her and her brother, Yon-

⁷A *lep* basket is made up of coconut palm leaves and its edge is secured by strips of pandanus sewed over it (Müller 1917-18: I, 107 and plate 29, no. 10). It is common on Yap but seldom used in Ulithi.

golap, but my narrator asserted it directly in his discussion of the episode. To the best of my recollection, this is the only folkloristic reference to the origin of the language. From the point of view of cultural history and anthropological linguistics it is a vulnerable one indeed.

As for Yongolap, his greater importance than Filtei's in Ulithian life derives from his membership in the class of lineage ghosts called *tùthùp pàling*, or great ancestral ghosts, to which only he and that other great ghost, Marespa, belong (Lessa 1976: 61-81). Ulithians like to think of Yongolap as one of their own, but he has enormous importance in the Gagil district of Yap, which is the overlord of all Ulithi and a long string of islands extending east almost to Truk. The Yapese can counter claims of Ulithian birth with their own mythological justification of his Yapese origins, and they demand that *mepel*, or religious offerings, be brought annually to Gagil, along with *pitigil tamol*, or political tribute, and *sawei*, or a kind of "rent" (Lessa 1950b; 1950c: 27-52; 1966b: 36-39; Lingenfelter 1975: 147-54).

From the point of view of Yap little of Ulithi's fantasizing about Yongolap makes sense, and the Yapese would have to regard Ulithians as heretics if not worse, should they care to pay serious attention to Ulithi's relegation of a god to almost human status, special though it may be. A peek into Yapese mythology easily establishes that for Yap this god is of local origin and the dominant figure in Gagil's relations with its subordinate islands to the east.

It all begins with the great flood that forms the subject of our earlier story (No. 28). It will be recalled that in my presentation of Walleser's account of the great inundation, almost as an afterthought it is mentioned that the celestial woman, after having survived the catastrophe with her husband, bears seven children, of whom one is Yanalab.

Inez de Beauclair has taken a great interest in the flood myths and it is her contention that Yanalab, or Yanglav, as she calls him, was the historical founder of the island empire under the domain of Gagil district in Yap, and that he and his brothers may have been linked to the story of the great flood in order to make them sons of a spirit woman who had descended from the sky (Beauclair 1967: 35). According to her reasoning, the deluge on Yap marked the introduction of a new religion that existed independently of the belief in the sky gods. Yanglav's mythological parents had seven children, whom the father dispatched to certain parts of the island of Yap, where they settled and became the founders of taboo places, called *taliu*, at which their spirits remained. The sites were presided over by hereditary priests, who alone with their assistants were allowed to enter the sacred groves. A calendar of twelve lunar months regulated the festivals at which the people of each of the districts concerned brought their offerings of fish, bananas, and coconuts (Beauclair 1967: 33-34). These *taliu* and their functioning have been described in great detail by two Germans, Sixtus Walleser (1913: 616-29, 1044-55) and Wilhelm Müller (1917-18: I, 320-60), who were on the scene when they were still flourishing.

In addition to the seven original *taliu*, several branch *taliu* sprang up in the course of time, but the one of highest importance was that of Yanglav, near

the village of Gatsapar (Gachpar) in Gagil district. This particular sacred place was called Numrui and it is still respected today (see Beauclair 1967, plate III, for a photograph of the house at Namrui). It is interesting that the Rolong, the site of the long-demolished great council house of Ulithi Atoll, is said to have been one of Yanglav's (Yongolap's) *taliu* (Müller 1917-18: I, 325).

A story collected by de Beauclair in Yap is in further contradiction to any proprietary fantasies that Ulithi may have built up regarding Yanglav, or Yongolap. De Beauclair apparently has never published the full narrative but gives brief highlights, whereby we learn that Yanglav settled near the present village of Gatsapar at Numrui, the site that became his *taliu*. When his sons grew up he divided the land among them and sent out Tschig-Tschig, the husband of his daughter Liomar (cf. Liomaror), throughout the island world, to report back to him, Yanglav. Later, Liomar and Tschig-Tschig went to live in Ulithi but returned each year to Yap. The people of all the eastern islands that they had inspected were ordered to bring religious offerings and presents to Yap, or to hand them over to Liomar. Eight branch *taliu* were established in the various eastern islands [the Rolang on Mogmog being one (Müller 1917-18: I, 325)]. Certain lands of Gatsapar were granted the ownership of these islands, and for the people of Yap those islands were considered, like the landless people of Yap, to belong to the low caste, but seventh in their own scale of the nine village ranks. Such islanders were generally called *pimathao*, "the many of the sea," by the Yapese (Beauclair 1967: 34).

If we accept the Yapese mythology, then, it explains why Ulithi and the other eastern islands go all the way to Gagil to present oblations, or *mepel*, to Yongolap. Over the years these islands have displayed an almost compulsive behavior in this respect. The offerings have persisted until very recent years, and for all we know may be carried on clandestinely by a determined few. The need to do so cannot be explained either by myths or the *túthúp palíng* theory alone, however precious they may be to Ulithian sentiments, which are entwined with the sand-strewing origin of the atoll and the visits to it by Yongolap to see his sister.

But if Walleser is right in his broad characterization of the Yapese *taliu* cult as a national religion which is basically nothing but ancestor worship (1913: 1055), the people of Ulithi are justified in regarding Yongolap as a *túthúp palíng*. The only real question that remains is whether they may also claim him as one of their own, or whether he has been foisted on them by a Yapese ideology growing out of forceful domination. Ulithi itself has the same dual religion as Yap—a somewhat remote cult of the gods and a more down to earth worship of lineage ghosts. It has fitted one of its own "great ghosts," Marespa, into its lineage system (Lessa 1976), but has not tried to do so with Yongolap, whose genealogical ties with the living have never been specifically asserted, as with Marespa.

As for Yongolap's association with green turtles, this is made evident in at least two myths known to Ulithians, the present story being one of them. A second tale, "Why Turtles Are Taken to Mogmog," follows this one and relates the migration of a woman named Melehau from Yap to Ulithi, where she gives

birth to Yongolap (note Yongolap's Ulithian origin!). Yongolap advises the people of Ulithi to take any turtles they might catch to him and his mother on the isle of Mogmog. Then he goes to Yap and prays for Ulithi.

We must not overlook the third actor in the present tale, the boy without a name, who seems to be a composite of certain other folkloristic lads. Thus, like the Yongolap born to Melehau in Tale No. 36 which follows, he is born of a Yapese woman on Mogmog rather than Yap. He resembles other boy heroes who find themselves in the midst of xenophobic people and then proceed to join their "fathers," the most notable example being that of the trickster Yolo-fāth after his ascent to the Sky World in search of his father, Lugeilāng; but Haluwai also fits into this category, as does Thilefiäl or "Discoverer-of-the-Sun."

Incestuous significance should not be imputed to the boy's cry, "*Tōmai Yongolap! Father Yongolap!*" The term *tōmai* means "my father" in both a specific and classificatory sense, including not only a real father but also any male lineage mate of an ascending generation. Yongolap was a member of Filtei's lineage and therefore of the boy's, too. This matter came up in a post-narration discussion with Melchethal about the true father of the boy. It is not surprising that in this or many another story of its kind there is no explanation, not even a virgin birth. Melchethal believes that when Filtei created Ulithi, plants and trees later grew, but he did not know whence the people who obviously peopled the atoll came. They might have been created by Filtei herself, or come from some other place.

36. WHY TURTLES ARE TAKEN TO MOGMOG

A Yapese woman named Melehau leaves Yap and settles down on the isle of Mogmog in Ulithi, where she gives birth to a boy, Yongolap. Yongolap instructs the people of Ulithi to take any turtles they might kill to him and his mother on Mogmog. After that Yongolap goes to Yap.

The narrator, Melchethal, heard this story twice on Yap and never elsewhere. He heard it once from Ruopong and once from Ieil, whose names are recognizable as the very same men who narrated to him the previous story, "Why Ulithians Take Offerings to Yap," a tale which is linked with this one.

There were some brothers and a sister, Melehau, on Yap. One brother lived at the village of Sumōph, another at Siutemel, and another at Marebwa.⁸ The brother living at Siutemel was named Mahorohoi. The woman was older than her brothers.

She left them on Yap and went to Ulithi. She lived on Losiep [an islet in the third element of the Ulithi group]. She built a fire and looked to see in which direction the smoke went. It went to the isle of Mangejang. She followed the smoke to Mangejang and lived there. She made another fire because she did not like Mangejang, and she observed the smoke, which was going to Mogmog. She followed it to Mogmog and liked it there, so she remained and had a child, Yongolap. After having given birth to the child she said to him, "We are the *tamōl*, or chiefs, of Yap.

⁸Sumōph, Siutemel, and Marebwa are the Ulithian and central Carolinian names for Map district, Tomil district, and the combined Morava districts (Weloy, Rull, and Dalipebinau), respectively (cf. Müller 1917-18: I, 241-42).

When you go there, all the *tāliu* [temples] that are on Yap belong to us. When you go there, pray to the spirits to make fruits grow on Ulithi, and [to provide] nice coconuts, many fish, and breadfruit."

Yongolap told the people of Ulithi that whenever they went someplace and saw turtles they should take them to Mogmog to him and his mother. After that he went to Yap and prayed for Ulithi.

The assertion made in the story that Yongolap was born in Ulithi of course is contrary to the claims of the Yapese. We have already seen this in the Walliser, Senfft, de Beauclair, and Labby versions of the flood myth, where Yongolap is one of seven children born to the couple who survived the catastrophe. In Yap, furthermore, Hambruch was told that Yongolap was born near Gachapar in Yap and had eleven sisters, their parents being Maralaugh and Maregeigi (Damm 1938: 352). However, in Ulithi he was told that Bagau left Yap and gave birth to Yongolap in Ulithi (Damm 1938: 353).

Further clarification needs to be made of the connection between Yongolap and the presentation of turtles on Mogmog. Wherever and whenever turtles are captured in the atoll, they must be brought to the king at a spot, the Rolong, that is very sacred to Yongolap, being one of his *tāliu* (Müller 1917-18: I, 325). Presumably, the king is acting as a surrogate for Yongolap and his mother. The Rolong is the site of the former atoll-wide council house that was destroyed forever in a typhoon during the last century. New kings were always "coronated" there. The plot of land is taboo against trespass by anyone, except during the ritual wherein the giant chelonians are killed and their flesh distributed according to a very specific and complex plan. Before the performance of the main ritual, the king and the second highest ranking chief of the atoll must placate Yongolap with public apologies and prayers, for Yongolap is the *tūthūp bwol*, or "ancestor of the turtles" (Lessa 1962).

The political significance of the green turtle ritual is vastly greater than anything implied in either the tale itself or any of the above statements, and forms the subject of a recent article that I have written on the subject (Lessa 1980). Amidst the social and cultural upheavals being experienced presently on the atoll, the ritual and the rights attendant upon it have remained a bastion of conservatism that will soon crumble when the last great champion of the past, the aged Tahachilibwe, passes on and a new atoll-wide chief succeeds him. The turtle ritual symbolizes the power of the chief, and through it he has weathered some stormy challenges to his authority and that of Mogmog, the "capital" of the atoll. But change is inevitable, and with it the atoll must face the possible loss of all its green turtles, for hunting the chelonians and their eggs will not be guarded against any longer, as they are by the present system of taboos.

37. TWO CREATIVE GIRLS AND THEIR LAZY SISTER

The parents of three young girls ask them to ascertain what kinds of work they can carry out to help their parents. One girl, with the advice of a spirit, dries out pandanus leaves and plaits them into mats, or *chòp*. The second girl (with

no one's help) weaves *ho*, or fine mat clothing, from hibiscus bast and banana leaf fibers. The third girl, Furtäl, is lazy and finds no kind of craft for herself, to the disapprobation of all.

The narrator, Lefohamal, first heard the story on Mogmog, when she was a young girl, from a woman named Bungulior, who recounted it to her many times afterward.

There was a man and there was a woman, and they lived on Mogmog. They had three children, all girls. The girls' names were Lichühülmang, Limartapokh, and Furtäl. They grew up and their parents thought that they could do a little work for them. They started cooking food for them.⁹

One day the mother said to them, "Go out and see what sort of work you can find to do." Lichühülmang went to the woods and a spirit, Lichü,¹⁰ spoke to her, saying, "Go cut some leaves of the pandanus tree and dry them in the sun because that is the kind of work that is good for you."

Limartapokh too went into the woods and tried to find a new craft for herself, and she chopped down some hibiscus trees and banana plants. The two girls now had their skills, one cutting pandanus leaves and the other chopping down hibiscus trees and banana plants.

The other girl, Furtäl, never did any work and never found a skill.

They returned to their home and their mother and father asked them what skills they had found. The two girls presented the things that they had done. Thus, Lichühülmang brought a mat made from the pandanus leaves and showed it to her parents. Limartapokh brought a *ho*, or woven clothing mat, that she had made from the hibiscus and banana fibers, and showed it to her parents. Furtäl. They asked her what work she had done and she said, "I do not have a skill." That was because she always played and was lazy.

The father and mother called together all the people of the island and showed them what their two children had done. They taught the women how to make *chòp*, or pandanus mats, and *ho*, or clothing mats. The people made the father and mother of the children the chiefs of the island because they had done so much to help the people of the island.

Limartapokh was jealous of the sister who had made the mats. She said to the people, "This girl's work is one that we do not see." [Mats are kept in houses and not seen much. *Ho* are always visible.]

Lichühülmang heard about this and went into the woods to talk to the spirit who had taught her. She asked him, "How can people see my work?" The spirit taught her how to make sail mats. That is why people see mats all over when they sail canoes. The spirit had said to her, "When you finish making the sails of canoes, tell your sister that your work will be seen by people."

Limartapokh heard that her sister told people that her work would be seen a lot, and Limartapokh told the people to take a lot of *ho* clothing mats and a lot of sails and put them side by side to see which was better. People came and looked at them and everyone shouted and said that Lichühülmang's [fine plaited pandanus] work was nicer than her sister's. Limartapokh told the people and her sister, "Your work is good when we are far away from it. It looks nice. But my work, *ho*, is better looking than yours when we are close to it and look at it."

The mother and the father of the girls liked both of the girls, but they did not like the other one, Furtäl, so much. That is why the people of Ulithi say, when somebody is lazy, "You are lazy just like Furtäl."

⁹It was only after leaving the field that I realized the ambiguity of this statement. Was it the parents who cooked for the girls, or did the girls begin their "little work" by doing some cooking? I cannot decide.

¹⁰Lichü is apparently a shortened form of the name of the girl. Whether she acquired her name from him, or he from her, I do not know.

My narrator says that the story is told to illustrate the origin of mat plaiting from pandanus leaves, and *ho* weaving from hibiscus and banana fibers, but even more the deprecation of laziness by Ulithians. She has often heard people say, "Do this or do that, or else you will be like Furtäl." Out of curiosity I asked two informants if Furtäl's name is mentioned in a good-natured song of derision that I sometimes heard directed against women who join their work parties late, but they could not tell me and I must assume that it is not.

While we must disapprove of the jealousy of one sister over another's handiwork, the truth of the matter is that the *ho* she describes are indeed much more attractive than the plaited matwork, requiring great skill on the loom and producing a finely textured mat with various kinds of designs. Women's wraparound skirts are made either entirely of hibiscus or a mixture of hibiscus and banana fibers, whereas men's loincloths are made wholly of banana fibers and are more attractive. In the narrative as originally recorded, mention was made only of hibiscus fibers, but in a later discussion with the informant she asserted that through an oversight she had forgotten to mention the banana fibers. I took the liberty of incorporating this information into the story, as it thus makes much more sense to anyone knowledgeable about Carolinian clothing.

38. HOW KNOT DIVINATION CAME TO ULITHI

A man's repeated prayers to learn *bwe*, or knot divination, are finally answered when a canoe with *bwe* people appears at Mogmog and the beings teach him the divinatory art. He observes the several taboos connected with the art. He teaches others how to perform *bwe*, and that is how the knowledge of knot divination came to Ulithi.

The narrator is Melchethal, who although not a *rebwe*, or knot diviner, was fairly familiar with the art. He maintained that this story is not considered a *fiüng*, or legend, but an account of a real happening. He learned the story during the German administration from a man named Huiör, who at that time was the second highest chief of the atoll. He never heard it from anyone else.

There was a man on Mogmog named Yumòch who wanted to know how to perform *bwe*, or knot divination, because no one on the island knew how. All those who had known were dead. Every morning he went to pray near the beach and wonder how he could learn how to perform *bwe*. One day he went there again and while he was praying a canoe of the *bwe* came and the people in the canoe told him about *bwe*, saying, "Come near this canoe and look at the men on the canoe and you will know what combinations of numbers they represent." They added, "You have to know the days [?] of these knots." So they taught him how to do that. They said to him, "Now that you know these things we are going to leave you." Also they told him that he was taboo if he were to perform these things. After that he went back to the village.

He went home and was taboo to walk near the menstrual hut, to eat with menstruating women or any women at all, including women who had just begun to menstruate for the first time, or to sleep with women; also, to touch food that was going to be taken to the menstrual hut; to enter a house where someone has just died; and to touch green turtles [*Chelonia mydas*] when they are killed at a certain place here.

So it came about that after that he himself taught people *bwe* and that is how it is that we have *bwe* today.

There is much more in this story than meets the eye.

In an article that I once wrote, "Divining by Knots in the Carolines," I assembled a number of myths concerning the origin of *bwe* (Lessa 1959), but none of them emanated from Ulithi. Instead they came from Yap, Ngulu, Namoluk, and Truk. Their basic plot is this: An outrigger canoe containing sixteen *bwe* spirits descends to earth from the Sky World on a teaching mission. Each spirit has a name, and each name represents a combination of knots. The spirits are seated in a definite part of the canoe hull, as well as its lee and weather platforms. By knowing the place occupied by each spirit, one knows both his name and his combination of knots. This "canoe of destiny" comes to an island, e.g., Ifaluk, Lamotrek, or Faraulep, where the celestial passengers meet a man whom they proceed to teach *bwe*. They then move on to another island, and then another, teaching as they go. Having done this they ascend forever to the Sky World. The myths advance the candidacy of various islands as the place of origin of *bwe* but none of them have empirical backing.

The mechanics of the oracle are complicated and involve the tying of knots at random in the whitish young leaflets of a coconut frond. The leaflets are tossed into a pile, usually by the client who has sought out the diviner, and four of them are pulled from the rest at random. The diviner places a knotted leaflet between the four spaces of his five fingers. From the total number of knots for a given leaflet he then subtracts multiples of four, the residual number for a leaflet being one, two, three, or four. The two leaflets are paired with one another, resulting in any one of sixteen possible combinations, and another two leaflets are paired in the same way (4×4 , 4×4). But when the two pairs are permuted with one another, 256 possible combinations result (16×16).

Different systems of interpretation are used by the *rebwe*, or diviner, for each of the 256 possible combinations, and within each system there is some flexibility. The interpretations enable him to answer his client's questions regarding matters about which he feels apprehension, indecision, or curiosity. The *rebwe* is able to do a certain amount of hedging.

The diviner has a very high nonpolitical status in the community. He shares first place with the navigator, or *pelü*, who is himself well trained in both empirical and magico-religious skills. In Ulithi he is invariably a man, and he must observe various sexual, food, and other taboos. His sacredness is attested to by the fact that no one may touch his head, face, or back, or walk erect in his presence while he himself is seated, or trespass upon his cooking quarters. He may eat only with other magicians of primary rank, namely, fellow diviners, typhoon specialists, navigators, and doctors.

The role of the *bwe* oracle cannot be exaggerated. It enters into judgments regarding sickness, travel, sinister beings, affairs of the heart, and other matters of both great and lesser import. It is usually performed for private clients but may be pressed into public service.

I am convinced that *bwe* is genetically related to the combinations described in the I Ching of ancient China, and I believe that the Carolinian forms have an ultimate origin in China itself. My position is based on a detailed comparison of both the Micronesian and Sinitic systems and was not arrived at lightly (Lessa 1969).

Turning specifically to "How Knot Divination Came to Ulithi," I think it must now be agreed that the Ulithian tale hardly does justice to the whole *bwe* complex. It is obviously a skeletal rendition of what must have been a fuller myth on the order of those alluded to above. It does not even indicate that the people who taught Yumôch knot divination were spirits, although upon questioning the narrator admitted that they were. Perhaps in his desire to lend historical truth to the narrative and remove it from legend he subconsciously omitted this information.

This Ulithian narrative, with its vague references to a canoe, the men on it, and the combinations of numbers that they represent, becomes intelligible only if one takes to it the wealth of lore that can be gleaned from other islands nearby. Without the proper briefing the story is jejune. It is at its best, perhaps, in reciting the taboos to be observed by the practitioner, even though it omits many. I was surprised to see the inclusion of a reference to the ritualistic killing of green turtles on Mogmog, a matter that I have already discussed in connection with Tale No. 36.

A weakness of the story as historical fact is that it asks us to believe that the way for the ambitious Yomûch to learn divination was by beseeching some unnamed spiritual entity for help. If the action of the story takes place in the real world, why could not the man have found his solution in a mundane fashion? To learn the art he need have done no more than seek out a teacher on one of the nearby islands. My records show that in 1948, of the eight men who knew how to practice the art on Ulithi, two had learned it on Ngulu Atoll and the rest on Ifaluk Atoll—none on Ulithi.

39. THE OVERGROWN BOY

The people of Mangejang islet enlist the aid of an Ifaluk magician residing among them to stop a huge, overgrown youth from killing people on their island. They cast him into the sea and he becomes a big reef, to which people approaching Mangejang in a canoe must go to recite the customary courtesy greeting required of visitors.

The narrator, Feluechokh, heard this story on Fassarai islet just a few years before, from an old woman from Mogmog named Ragimethau, whose mother was born on Mangejang itself. Feluechokh never heard it again.

There was a woman living on Mangejang [Ulithi]. She had a child, a boy. He grew very, very fast and soon was a youth. He lived all the time in the men's clubhouse. Once some children came to the clubhouse and shouted, "*Turugapei!*"¹¹ He looked to see if there were a canoe but there was none, so he beat them. He grew some more and became a very large youth. When he was in the clubhouse, if men made jokes or laughed, or children played about and hollered, he would kill them. Everyone feared him.

¹¹The shout is to indicate that a canoe is arriving from some other island.

A man from Ifaluk [Atoll] lived with the people on Mangejang. The people collected some valuables and gave them to this man from Ifaluk for him to think of some way to stop the big youth from killing people. He [the man from Ifaluk] performed magic against him¹² and after he was through, when the big youth got up the next day it was around eight o'clock. The day after that he got up still later in the morning, and the following day even later. Then he finally did not get up until afternoon. The man from Ifaluk told the people of Mangejang, "If you want to kill him you had better do it now while he is drowsy." The next morning they came and took some of his hair—he had long hair—and tied it to a post in the clubhouse. Then they started to beat the boy. He tried to get up but could do nothing because his hair was tied to the post. He died.

They took and threw him into the water. His head pointed back to the island and his legs toward the sea. They came back to the village and told his mother that they had killed the boy, and his mother replied, "It is all right because we were afraid of him." The boy became a big reef, and whenever people come from some other island near Mangejang they first go to the reef and say, "*Tor kaptal wai!*"¹³

This story is told to explain why people arriving at Mangejang used to say their *Tor kaptal wai* ritual at the reef before proceeding to the island itself, where they would have to say it all over again at the men's clubhouse. Mangejang has been uninhabited since the Japanese administration, so the courtesy no longer has to be practiced. I do not know the actual reason why the recitation of the formula at the reef came into being. It seems paradoxical that an obnoxious and dangerous youth would be the object of the rite. Perhaps he was feared in death as he had been in life.

Essentially the same story, despite differences in detail, is told on Palau and is contained in *Legends of Micronesia*, a collection of readings for use in the public schools of the Trust Territory. The locale is Angaur. The part about the tying of the boy's hair to a post (roof) is there, and although the boy does not become a reef his body parts become the various islands of Palau (E. Grey 1951: I, 53-57). The bit about the ritual is lacking.

¹²Ifaluk sorcerers were considered by the natives of this region of the Carolines to be especially prolific in their art (Lessa 1961b and Beauclair 1963a). I was told that they were rivalled only by the sorcerers of "Satawan-itu," which I presume is Satawan Atoll.

¹³This ritualistic greeting, addressed to the men in the clubhouse by a representative of any arriving canoe, is discussed in connection with Tale No. 44, note 1, concerning the rounds made by Feces Girl, who uses the phrase in utterly ridiculous fashion.

IV

LOVERS AND SPOUSES

THE WORRISOME PROBLEMS and bittersweet joys of romantic love and marriage are explored in these eight tales. Together they manifest a wide range of imagination and subject matter. Some of the stories are deeply moving, with overtones of Victorian plots; others are intended simply to amuse. Only one of them addresses itself to respect for the aged, but it sufficiently reflects the deep compassion within the society for those who have reached decrepitude.

40. THE SEPARATED LOVERS

Two sweethearts face the hostility of the girl's mother, and matters are worsened when the man is ordered by the chief to make a voyage from Ulithi to the island of Fais. Each grieves inconsolably for the other. In a dream the man is told that his inamorata has died and is soon to be buried. He hurries back to Ulithi, only to learn that his sweetheart has indeed died, as has her remorseful mother. The man languishes beside her grave and despite the efforts of the women of the island to make him forget her, he cannot be distracted and he too dies.

The narrator, Taiethau, heard this story when he was about twelve or thirteen years of age from a woman named Leüng. Leüng was about fifty-eight years old at the time and a member of his lineage, the Hofalü. Taiethau does not recall ever hearing the tale again.

There was a man on Ulithi. He was a *pelü*, navigator. He lived on an island and the island had a beautiful girl whom he wanted to marry. The girl's mother was always angry about little things. One day the man went to the girl to arrange for some *koküm*, or amusement, and because she liked him she went with him. They used to go out together frequently. He asked her if she wanted to be his spouse, and she said that she would like to. But every time that she went out with the man her mother would beat her on her return. The girl did not care because she loved the man.

Once when she came back home she asked her mother if she could marry the man, and the mother shouted at her and said, "No!" The girl felt sad but she continued anyway to go with the man. Her mother tried to confine her to the house and gave her much work to do, but when the girl had a chance to go out to see the man she would leave the house and go to him. The man was aware that her mother was doing these things to her and felt sorry for her. He wondered what he could give his sweetheart to present to her mother in order to win her friendship, but whenever he gave something to the girl and she took it home, the mother did not change her attitude. He tried many times. He thought and thought about what he might do about the mother of the girl but could not decide on a course of action. He became distracted.

One day the chief of the island asked the man to undertake a voyage to Fais. The man was reluctant to tell the chief that he did not want to go, for he wanted to be near the girl all the time, and he knew that the girl felt the same way about him. He hid his feelings and did not let

the chief know. He and the girl were supposed to meet one night, and when they met he told her that he had to go on a trip the next day and wanted her to go to the canoe to say farewell to him. The news that he was going to Fais traveled throughout the island. His sweetheart's mother knew that he was going on the voyage and wondered what chores she should give her to keep her from going to see her friend off.

The next morning the mother, having decided what to do, said to her daughter, "Let us go to the giant taro [*Cyrtosperma chamissonis*] patch and do some work there." They went there in the morning and the mother looked around for the biggest taros for the girl to pull up. She ordered her, "Pull up this one!" and she pulled up that one. She would find another one and have her pull up that one, too. The girl pulled up many big taros. She told the girl that she must now replant the taro tops. The girl worked hard until noontime. When the mother knew that the man was already gone she said to her daughter, "Let us go back home." She told the girl that she must carry the taros, which filled two baskets. The girl carried them and they returned home. The mother said, "You must remove the skins from the taros." The girl, however, had her sweetheart on her mind and was wondering how she could get away to see him. When her mother told her what to do she paid no attention and ran off to the beach. When she reached it the canoe was already gone.

The girl stood on the shore and was greatly disturbed by the events that had come to pass. A wind came and blew on her and she fell down. Some people saw her and came and took her to her house. She cried out for her sweetheart, calling his name, and she had aches in her stomach and her head. As she was crying her mother felt sorry for her and asked, "Are you going to die?" Her daughter answered, "Yes, I am going to die because you have made me ill with all the things that you have done." And she died.

Her mother remembered all the things that had happened and felt sorry for her daughter. She knew that it was all her fault and such was the remorse that she felt that she too died.

The man reached Fais on his voyage, and the people there saw his canoe and shouted, "This canoe has come from someplace!" All the women on Fais went to bathe and make themselves pretty because they thought that there would be a dance for the men on the canoe. They also planned to prepare some food for them. The men pulled up their canoe onto the beach. They ate and after that there was a dance. The man, however, stayed in the men's clubhouse and did not watch the dance. When it got dark and the sun had gone down, the moon came up. The men from the canoe took some coconut mats and placed them in front of the clubhouse and slept there. Before they fell asleep they talked, but the man was already fast asleep. As he slept he had a dream and in it he saw the moon come up. The face of his sweetheart was in the moon. He continued dreaming and when the moon was at its height in the sky his sweetheart came down from it and awakened him, saying, "Wake up, for if you do not return immediately you will be too late to see me buried." When he awoke he saw that it was a dream and nobody was beside him. He was sure that his sweetheart was dead.

That same night he said to all the men, "Let us go back quickly!" They started to sail back but the wind was unfavorable and they reached Ulithi too late, they had already buried the girl. The man went to the grave and sat there constantly. The women on the island tried to make him forget the girl. They rubbed turmeric on themselves and put on leis and prettied themselves, and came and walked near him. But he paid no attention to them; he could not be distracted. Then he died.

The mother's adamant opposition to the marriage may have been prompted by something more than a nasty disposition, as the tale implies. One other possibility is that she may have felt that there was too great a disparity in the ages of the lovers. The girl was obviously very young. The man could have been middle-aged, for as a *pelü* he would have had to spend many years mastering a difficult and highly specialized art that was as much magico-religious as secular. The hazards of the sea being as great as they are in this part of the Pacific, passengers would not entrust their lives to anyone but an older and experi-

enced seaman with an intimate knowledge of the stars, wave movements, flights of birds, and so on. The *pelü* is surrounded with numerous taboos, many of which are in effect throughout his whole lifetime, thus restricting his freedom of social intercourse (Lessa 1950a: 141-43; 1966b: 66-67).

If in view of all this the reader might have wondered about the marital status of the *pelü* in the story, it should be borne in mind that while almost no Ulithian men remain bachelors they do become widowed or divorced, at least in preChristian times, when divorce was extremely commonplace.

We could continue sedulously to inquire into other such matters through logic and speculation, but by doing so we would stray from the spirit of the narrative. It is a deeply poignant story that is intended to be encountered by the heart, not the mind. Its tragic events tell us something about the universality of certain human emotions.

41. THE TARO GIRL

A childless couple plant an elephant's ear and pretend that it is their child. Some women descend from the Sky World to disport themselves with song and dance, and seeing the taro they turn it into a real girl. The girl marries the son of a chief but divorces him and takes their two children to the Sky World with her because he has discussed her with some meddling women from the island.

The story has two narrators and is therefore divided into two parts, i and ii. Melchethal is the narrator of the first part, which he first heard when he was a young boy. He said that it was widely known among the older people and he had just heard it again the previous week from Taleguethap.

Taleguethap was enlisted to discuss the tale further and added a long sequel, here presented as the second part. She first heard the story as a young woman from Mäthup (the Mathaupwilimel of my records?). She subsequently heard it many times on Mogmog, the last time being very recently. I imagine that she and Melchethal, knowing that I was gathering new folklore, had been stimulated to compare notes.

i

There were a man and a woman, Yöl and Yath.¹ They were married and living on an island. They had no children, so they planted a *föle* [*Alocasia macrorrhiza*, or elephant's ear] and pretended it was their child.

Three young women from the Sky World used to fly down to the *föle* and dance. One day when they had come down from the Sky World to that place, they danced and sang a song near the *föle* plant.

Mararo molü-o,
Lol le Yöl-o, Yath-o,
I pikhethakh.

The sitting down *molui*,²
Child of Yöl, Yath,
Rise up.

The *föle* plant jumped up from the soil and became a *tar fefel*, or young girl. Before the women

¹We have already encountered the name Yöl in Tale No. 29, "How the People of Fais Came to Eat Shark," and we shall encounter it many more times, together with Yath. The pair appear often in my collections of tales, but sometimes not as husband and wife. They are probably no more than prototypes and are found in other Carolinian folktales, too. For a discussion of this pair see Lessa 1961a: 64-65; 1966a: 32.

²*Molui* is one of the five local cultivars of *Alocasia macrorrhiza*.

had arrived that day from the Sky World, Yòl had gone fishing and Yath had gone to the taro patch. After springing forth, the girl called the three women from the Sky World and told them to go ahead and dance and wait there for her while she went to cook some food for Yòl and Yath. After she had finished cooking the food she went to the three women and the women flew away, leaving her there. She became a *fòle* again. When Yòl and Yath came back and saw the food they wondered who had come and cooked for them.

The next day when Yòl and Yath were away at work the women returned from the Sky World and danced, and they sang the same song.

Mararo molü-o,	The sitting down <i>molui</i> ,
Lol le Yòl-o, Yath-o,	Child of Yòl, Yath,
I pikhethakh.	Rise up.

And the *fòle* became a girl again. She said the same thing again to the women from the Sky World, "Dance here while I go to cook some food for Yòl and Yath." After she was through she returned to the women, who flew to the Sky World and she became a *fòle* again. When Yòl and Yath returned from work they saw the food already prepared and asked each other who had cooked the food, but neither of them knew. Yòl said to his wife, "Let us watch to see who is cooking for us."

The next day Yòl went fishing, leaving instructions to his wife to watch and see who was cooking for them. His wife hid and watched the house. The three women came from the Sky World and they danced and sang, and the *fòle* became a girl again. Then the girl told them the same thing and left them to cook for Yòl and Yath. While she was cooking, Yath came inside and saw her. She said to her, "I want to thank you for the food you have been cooking. We did not know you were a girl. We thought you were a *fòle*." While they were talking to one another the three women from the Sky World flew away.

Yath and the girl waited for Yòl to return from fishing and when he returned his wife told him all about the girl coming from *fòle*. Yòl and Yath were happy to have a girl.

ii

They let their daughter sleep and rest and they prepared food for her.

She used to go to the sea in the hours before daybreak and bathe, and the son of a chief saw her. He asked her to marry him, and she said that she would not go with him because she was afraid. He said, "Let us go and ask your father and mother and see what they say." They went to the mother and father, who said that they did not want him to marry their daughter because this was the only child that they had. The man pleaded, "I would like to marry her and I will take care of you." So they let him marry the girl. He took her with him to his house, and they lived together and had a baby, a boy. They nourished the baby and he grew up.

She became pregnant again and while she was in the menstrual house the women of the island came to the husband and asked, "What woman is this? Where does she come from?" He told them that he had discovered her at the beach when she went to take a bath, and that his wife was half-spirit and half-human.

While they were visiting her husband she knew they talked about her and later she said to her husband, "When I go away from here do not talk about me in front of people because I know what you are talking about." The next time she returned to the menstrual house the women of the island went to the husband and asked him, "What is wrong with her?" He told them, "Nothing. She is a beautiful woman." They tried and tried to find out if she were a bad woman and if anything were wrong with her body, and he told them that everything was all right except that the smell of her hair was odd. She knew that they were discussing her.

When she came back from the menstrual house she said to her husband, "From now on we are going to divorce. I shall now leave you. Choose one of the women on the island that you would like to marry." She took their two children and went to the Sky World and lived with the four [sic] women.

This is undoubtedly a distorted form of the "swan maiden" tale type discussed elsewhere in this monograph, and includes a typical marital spat that

induces the wife to leave her husband and go with her children to the Sky World. Other resemblances are unmistakable. The main difference is that the girl does not come from the Sky World, but she is nevertheless the creation of women from that world. The bathing episode is typical.

The comings and goings at the menstrual house are erratic and need clarification. A woman stays at such an isolated house for either of two reasons: to deliver her baby or to wait out her menses, at which time she is taboo. In either instance a husband would not be able to talk to a wife, except to shout from a distance. More crucial to us is understanding why a pregnant woman would be returning repeatedly to the house. I think the answer is simple. The narrator mentioned a second pregnancy but failed to declare that a child was subsequently born. I assume that it was, and that the later visits of the Taro Girl to the menstrual house were not because of her pregnancy but her menses.

42. THE VERY OLD WIVES

Two young men are assigned two very old women as wives, after all the young women of the island have been paired off with the other men. One young man has a strange but highly felicitous outcome to his marriage, for upon carrying out his wife's persistent order for him to cut off her head, she turns into a young beauty. The other young man, in trying to emulate the first, ends up worse than ever.

Taithau was in his early 'teens when he first heard this story on Mogmog from an old woman named Leüng, a relative, already mentioned in conjunction with his narration of "The Separated Lovers." She told it as an amusing story, with many children present, and he himself has recounted it to numerous children.

All the young men of Mogmog had a meeting at the men's clubhouse. They talked about which would be the first among them to get married.

One day a woman named Filtei³ asked the young men in the clubhouse if one of them would go and climb a coconut tree to get coconuts for her and some other women in the menstrual house. She said that the coconuts were around the menstrual house. One of the men went there and climbed the coconut tree and dropped coconuts to the ground. He climbed down and started to go back to the men's clubhouse. Filtei called one of the women and told her to go with the man and be his wife because he had got coconuts for them. The young men in the clubhouse knew what had happened and each man waited for Filtei to summon someone to fetch some coconuts for the women in the menstrual house. The men would race to see who would get the coconuts first. Each time a man received a wife.

Two men were left without wives because all the young girls were now married and only some old women were left in the menstrual house.⁴ The two young men did not know that all the young girls were now married, so one day when Filtei called for someone, one of the two men went to the house and collected some coconuts for the women. He turned around to leave and Filtei asked the women in the house whom to send with the man because, as she said, "We are all old women." She pointed to one old woman and told her to go anyway with the man. But she was white-haired and ugly with age. As the man was walking he was wondering which woman would follow him, and when he looked back he saw that an old woman with a walking staff was trailing behind him. He was embarrassed and walked away from her as fast as he could because

³It will be recalled that in Tale No. 35, "Why Ulithians Take Offerings to Yap," Filtei is Yon-golap's sister and the creator of Ulithi Atoll.

⁴Post-menopausal women often use menstrual houses as lounges and dormitories.

he did not want the young men to see the old woman. He did not go to the clubhouse. He went to his house and sat down there, and the woman also came and sat down beside him. He was angry with her and told her to go away from his house. She was disturbed by the things that the man said to her, but she had to stay with him because Filtei had commanded it. All the people on the island knew about them, that the two were married.

The other unmarried man thought hard about the matter and wondered whether he would be lucky or unlucky when Filtei called the next man. He was younger than any of the men who had got married. He was a fine man, honest and kind to people, and furthermore was handsome. The man who had married the old woman was having trouble all the time; they were always fighting and he would beat her, although he was afraid to tell her to go away.

One day Filtei called for somebody to go and collect some coconuts and the men in the men's clubhouse told the young man to go ahead because he was the only one left who was not married. The men tried to hide their laughter from him but he did not pay any attention to them. He rose and went to the menstrual house area. He climbed the coconut tree but it did not have as many nuts as the other trees, so he climbed several more. He cleaned up all the debris that had fallen from the trees that he had climbed and took the coconuts and removed the husks before taking them to the women in the menstrual house. He took some *howal* or coconut spathes for the women to build a fire when they got cold. He knew that there were nothing but old women inside the house and that is why he brought the *howal* for them. When he was through with his work he walked back.

Filtei had watched all the things that he had done. She looked at the women in the house and pointed to a very, very old woman who had long hair and no teeth. She told her to go along with the man and marry him. As he was walking, the man heard the men in the clubhouse and the other people in the village laughing at him. When he looked back the old woman was holding a staff and hobbling after him. He turned back and taking her by the arm assisted her to his house. He let her live in his house.

Once he made some materials, hooks, for fishing and then went to fish. After he came back he put the fish down. When the woman tried to make a move to prepare the fish for cooking he would not let her do so; he did it himself. Every day he helped her very much as if he thought that she were the finest of all women. He did everything that made people think he was in love with her. He almost treated her as if she were his own mother and obeyed everything that she asked. She stayed with him and began to feel sorry for him for the things he did for her. She told him that the following morning he should take a coconut and remove the husk and go with her to take a bath on the other side of the island. They slept that night. He was anxious to do what she said.

The next morning before daybreak they got up and he took an old coconut and removed the husk from it. He took along a knife. He helped her to get to the other side of the island. When they arrived there he helped her to bathe and put coconut oil on her after she had taken her first dip. When she was through she stood up and told him to cut off her head! The young man told her that he could not do so because she would die, but she replied, "No, I will not die." They quarreled. She kept telling him to cut off her head and he kept refusing. She said it so many times that finally he did it. Just as he did so the sun came up. The skin of the old woman fell off and there was a beautiful woman standing there beside him. He called her and took her home, and as they were going home some people of the village came to watch them because she was more beautiful than any woman on the island. She was more beautiful when the sun rose and fell upon her. They told everyone to spread the good news.

The man who had married the other old woman and was always quarreling with her heard the news about the young man. He sharpened his knife and that night when he went to sleep he kept waiting anxiously for morning to come. But his wife had not told him to take her for a bath. So when he arose early in the morning and awakened her, saying, "Let us get up and take a bath," she answered, "No, I am too cold." He said, "Let us go!" and pulled her by the arm. He gave her a bath and tried to do everything that he heard the other man had done. Then he told his wife to stand up, and she stood up. He took his knife and cut off her head. Her skin fell off and she became a very much older woman who could not even walk. He carried her on his back and was greatly agitated. As he approached the village and neared their house all the people laughed at them. He took her to his house and had to live there with her.

As much as anything else a tale of this sort serves to inculcate in the young the sentiments of deference toward the aged and acceptance of higher authority, yet its value as pure entertainment cannot be overlooked. The plot holds one's interest throughout and takes some unexpected turns, with a gratifying *finis*.

43. REI AND THE EEL

A girl named Rei nourishes a piece of red coral, which later turns into an eel who befriends her by enabling her to acquire a man to work for her. She can do this because he has given her a blank piece of paper and some money, as well as a gun to shoot into the air to frighten the man, who then has to deny that he is a chief.

The narrator is Feluechokh, who first heard this story on Mogmog from her Faraulep Atoll father. She also heard the story from Iakhomai, an old woman born on Ulithi who died in 1948.

Yòl and Yath lived on Mogmog and they had a daughter named Rei. She used to go and play on the beach. One day she found a red coral, *halebwakh*, and took it home. She put it in a coconut shell and put some water in the shell, and would go out and collect food for the coral. The coral grew bigger and bigger and soon did not have enough room inside the coconut shell, so she took the coral and placed it in a *tapi lu wòl*, or large wooden turtle-flesh dish, where she would feed it. Her mother and father told her that she had better throw away the coral because it was a kind of spirit. She did not obey them and continued to feed the coral.

One day she came to see the coral and the "rock" had become an eel. The eel said, "Take me and throw me into the sea because your parents are angry at me." She replied, "No, I will not throw you into the sea." The eel said to her, "You had better throw me into the sea. I am sorry to leave you here but I do not want your parents to be angry with me." She did what the eel said. She took the eel and put it under a coral slab of the reef. The eel told her to leave and to come back to see him after the next day had passed.

On the morning of the day that she had promised to come to see him, she went there and the eel said to her, "Go to the end of the island and look and see what is there, then come back and tell me." She went there and saw many large dangerous animals, so she went back and told the eel that she had gone there and that there were many dangerous animals. The eel said to her, "In three days come to meet me at that place and I will be there."

When the day for the meeting arrived she walked along the shore to the end of the island. When she got there the eel was lying on the beach and said to her, "Come here, I wish to talk to you." She went to him and he told her to look and see what happened. When she looked she saw many nice houses, a very clean place. The eel told her to come and he would give her some clothes to wear. He gave her some clothes and told her that the next day she should get her father and mother and bring them to this house and they should live there. "Tomorrow wait for someone to come and get you. You will wait for them and they will take you to a chief called Makhalai, chief of an island."

That day some people came and took her to an island, and they had a paper without any writing on it and some money. They went to see the chief. She asked Makhalai, "Who are you?" and he said, "I am chief of this island and my name is Makhalai." He asked her her name and she replied, "Rei." She asked him if he were sure that he was a chief, and he said, "Yes." She asked him to show what he had, and he showed her a loincloth of the kind made on Satawal. She took the money she had and the paper and showed it to the chief. He told her that he now had lost to her because she had more than he, and that he would go to work for her. He went with her back to her island and lived with the girl in her house and worked for her.

One day the eel came to see her and told her that sometime she should ask the man if he were really a chief. If he were to say that he was, she should take a gun and shoot upwards to see if he

were frightened or not. She took the gun and asked the man if he were a chief and he answered, "No, I am not a chief. I am going to stay and work for you."

The placement of this story in the "Lovers and Spouses" group is dubious, for the eel is not the girl's lover, even though he gives her a house and clothes as gifts, and Makhalai is not her husband, even though he lives with her. For reasons of expediency, however, this hasty categorization will be allowed to stand.

The point of the story, with its "paper," "money," and "gun," was not spelled out for me, so I have formed my own interpretation, which is that the eel was so grateful to the girl for her kindness in nurturing him that he rewarded her with a man who would spend his life working for her. The paper and the money, probably prestigious and powerful because they were European, were apparently the means whereby he enabled the girl to gain ascendancy over the alleged chief. But why she should have to expose him is not clear to me, unless it was a further means of gaining power over him.

Yöl and Yath, it will be noted, make an appearance here, but as is usual with them they are a fairly colorless couple who do not play much of a role in the scheme of things.

44. THE FECES GIRL

For some inexplicable reason the son of a chief chooses the ugly and foul-smelling Feces Girl over all the beautiful and fragrant-smelling girls of an island to be his bride. She unwittingly slights a small child's excrement and reaps the consequences. She herself slowly turns into ordure.

The narrator is Taiethau. He first heard the story in his early 'teens from the old woman, Leung, a relative on Mogmog, and subsequently heard it often.

There was a man who was the son of a chief. He lived on an island. He wanted to go to another island and find a wife for himself. There were some beautiful girls there, named Yethel Hiop or Crinum Blossom [*Crinum asiaticum*], Yethel Warong or Sacred Basil Blossom [*Ocimum sanctum*], and all the other flowers and herbs with fragrance. One of the girls on the island was called Lasul Pakh (Piakh) or Feces. When she walked all the flies followed her.

The son of the chief had some men with him from his island and they went there together, and as they approached the island they shouted, "The reason we have come here is to get a woman to be the wife of the chief's son." One of the men on the canoe told the women, "Come to the beach one at a time so that the chief's son can choose the one he wants."

They watched the first girl come down to the beach. Her name was Yethel Warong. As she walked the men said to the chief's son, "This is the one! This is the one! She is the best." The chief's son did not say anything to summon her but the men called out to her, "Come! Come!" The chief's son shouted to her to go back. She returned to the other girls and said that she was not the one and that another girl should go. Yethol Hiop then went to the beach and the men on the canoes urged her to come on, but the chief's son sent her back. She, like the other girl, was very beautiful. The same thing happened to all the beautiful girls who went. They were sent back because the son of the chief did not like them.

Lasul Pakh said, "Let us try me. Let me go and see what they say to me." The girls replied, "Keep quiet! You are the ugliest girl of all." She answered, "We do not really know. Let me try." The girls laughed at her but she went anyway to the beach. As she walked all the flies followed her. When she reached the beach the men shouted to her, "Go away! We do not like you. You are ugly." But the chief's son said, "Come ahead!" and he chose her to be his wife. She said, "Wait a moment for me. I am going to get my things and come back."

She went to get her wraparound skirt, that was all. She came back and as she went she said farewell to each pile of feces on the island. She went to one pile after another, saying, "Good bye, feces," to one and "Good bye, feces," to another, and so on.

When she was through with her farewells she went to the canoe. They started sailing back to the island whence the men came, and the men on the canoe did not like her because she stank. They avoided going near her. When they reached the island she went to all the piles of feces and said, "*Tor kaptal wai, ho piakh le* . . ."⁸ She visited all the piles of feces except that of a child that she did not see because it was under a coconut leaf stem. So she did not say, "*Tor kaptal wai, ho piakh le*" to it. She followed her husband home and when they reached there this pile of feces was angry with her.

The girl lived with her husband in his house, and when the time came for *chelif*⁹ his relatives brought her loincloths and put turmeric on her, and beads, and leis on her head, and bracelets on her wrist. As they were putting these things on her the child's feces jumped out from underneath the stem and sang a song:

Lasul Pakh! Lasul Pakh!	Lasul Pakh! Lasul Pakh!
Labwele mo khala	Become rotten
Ngo lapete mo khala,	And become flat there,
Labwele mo khala	Become rotten
Ngo lapete mo khala,	And become flat there,
Nge pete, pete, pete, pet.	And flat, flat, flat, flat.

The girl started to become a pile of excrement, starting with her legs. The child's pile kept singing and singing until the girl's whole body had turned to feces. All the leis, skirts, bracelets and other things were in the pile.

This story is told to amuse children. It is not narrated in mixed company except for children. The word *piakh* is a strong one but does not have a circumlocution or a euphemism, as do many words that are avoided in mixed company or before elders. For a people who are sensitive to delicate matters involving sex and elimination and have ways of avoiding offensive language (Lessa 1950a: 163-68), it comes as a surprise to see the word *piakh* thrown about so unrestrainedly. Ordinarily, a person violating the restrictions on offensive words is met with silent disapproval, and a repeated violator is thought of as foul-mouthed and improperly reared. He may even be scolded by his elders or the village chief. But in this instance there seems to be an unexplained laxity.

45. THE WOODEN BIRD

The wife of a man disappears while he is underwater putting a fish trap into position. She has been taken away by Sawöp, who marries her. But the rightful husband builds a frigate bird out of a tree that he has felled and, entering the

⁸Whenever a canoe arrives at an inhabited island the crew checks in, through a representative, to the *metalefal*, always located on the shore. He states the number of people in the party, the purpose of the trip, and any special news that the passengers may have picked up. This is done even when the canoe is making a return home to its own village. The speaker always opens up with a set phrase, "*Tor kaptal wai*," or "My canoe has no news." Then in contradiction to this opening statement he gives forth all the information required. There is more to this strictly obligatory ritual than I have indicated (see Lessa 1950a: 91, 1961a: 59), but enough has been said to show that Feces Girl was going through a ludicrous enactment of the rite.

⁹In Ulithi the *chelif* is a ritualistic presentation by a groom's nearest relatives to the bride at her new home. A few weeks after the marriage these relatives give the kinds of gifts mentioned in the story, the object being to make the girl "happy." Men and children are excluded from the occasion.

inside of the bird, flies to Sawöp's island to retrieve her. Sawöp's mortification is disastrous. Seeing that she has entered the wooden bird, which is being fed with fish that some fishermen throw up to it as it flies hither and yon, he strikes his penis with a paddle and dies.

Melchethal first heard this story when he was a small boy, from a woman named Fahol on the isle of Sorlen in Ulithi, and heard it again later from people he does not remember.

There were a woman and a man. They were married. The name of the wife was Seucha and that of the husband Mahölbüle. They went fishing with a *bwiou*⁷ fish weir and each time the man pulled up the trap he placed all the fish that he had caught inside the canoe. He told his wife that whenever he dove into the water to place the trap, if she hurt her hand with the fish she should not put her hand in the water. After they had finished fishing they went back to their island. The next day they went out again and he told his wife the same thing, not to put her hand in the water if she should cut her hand. He pulled up the trap and put the fish they had caught inside the canoe, and the man took the trap and dove again into the water, placing a stone on top of it (to keep it from rising). While he was still underneath the water she cut her finger with a fish but forgot that her husband had told her that if she were hurt she must not put her hand in the water.

A stain appeared on the water and spread to the island of a man called Sawöp. He saw the stain and got into a canoe and paddled until he came to the canoe whence the stain came. After arriving there he talked to the woman but her husband was still underneath the water. When her husband came up from under the water his wife was no longer there, and he paddled back to his home island. Mahölbüle ate some of the fish. When he was through eating he chopped down a tree. The tree was very big and all the birds used to sleep on that tree. After he had chopped it down the birds returned in the evening and saw that the tree was fallen, and they chanted a kind of *bwongbwong*, magic, over the tree:

Humar, hamar, kumomol	Khumar, khumar, knit together!
Suthak he pellahol	Stand up and be light!
Humroli, kulung ngo lil	This khumar, this plover!
Kulung, kulung!	Plover, plover! ⁸

Having uttered this *bwongbwong* chant the tree rose up and was just as it had been before, so they [the birds] slept in the tree. The next morning they left the tree and when Mahölbüle came to see the tree he saw that it was sound and just as it had been before being cut down. He chopped it down once more. After the tree had been felled he cut a section about three outstretched arm spans (fathoms) long. From the section he built a bird like a frigate bird. After having finished making the frigate bird he put some feathers [of wood] all over the bird. He also made a door under the wing of the bird. Then he went to his house and took some coconut oil that he and his wife had been using. He entered the frigate bird and flew away.

Mahölbüle flew to Sawöp's island. He flew all over the island looking for his wife and saw her under a house. She was weaving on a loom. When he saw her he flew down and, taking the oil, threw some of it on her. She felt something on her and smelled it. She thought that the coconut oil was that which she and her husband had been using. The man said to his wife, "I am here

⁷The *bwiou* is a basketry weir mentioned in Tale No. 27, "The Beginning of Disk 'Money' on Yap." See note 30 of that tale.

⁸This is a magical incantation and its translation was the best that my knowledgeable informant, Melchethal, and my assistant, Yamalmal, as well as myself, could come up with. My earlier experience in the field with magical incantations showed that their vocabulary and meaning are very obscure most of the time, often being purposely garbled. As for the word *khumar*, encountered previously in Tale No. 27, note 31, I am assuming that this is the name of a kind of breadfruit tree but I have been unable to positively identify it, possibly because the word is distorted or the tree does not grow on Ulithi, about which I have done considerable botanical research (Lessa 1977).

now. Come with me!" She took the loom and put it inside the bird, and they rowed to the place where some men were fishing. Her second husband, Sawöp, was there. They flew from one canoe to another, and as they did so the men who were fishing would throw fish up to the bird.

After they had finished throwing up all the fish the woman opened the door under the wing of the bird. She called out, "Sawöp! Goodbye, I am leaving." Sawöp looked up and saw her. He felt so much remorse that he took his penis and struck it with a paddle and killed himself. Mahölbule and Seucha flew away in the bird.

Close to the Ulithian tale, but with a change in the names of the husband and wife and the omission of any mutilation of the kidnapper's sexual organs, is a tale from Puluwat collected in 1909. Jol was a spirit who went to Puluwat and there married a woman named Jat. When the people of Puluwat, who thought that he was a human, stopped giving his wife fish, he decided to go fishing himself and made highly successful catches with his trap and with hooks tied to his hair. One day before submerging under the water to place his trap he gave his wife a coconut and ordered her to eat it but not to spit any of it out into the sea. After he had dived into the water she ate the coconut but spit some of it into the sea. A spirit came and took her away to Yap. When Jol was through fishing he surfaced and looked about for his wife but she did not answer his calls. He paddled to land, felled a breadfruit tree, and fashioned a frigate bird from it. He got into it and flew away, first to all the islands east as far as Ponape and then to Hok (Pulusuk) and all the islands west of Puluwat, but although he searched for his wife he did not see her. However, when he flew over Yap he saw her. The spirit who had taken his wife to Yap to live there with him was called Haujap. The women told Haujap that she craved fish and pestered him to catch some for her, even though he said he did not know how to fish. Haujap took a fish and set out to sea to catch bonito. The frigate bird espied the woman, swept down, and flew up with her. When Haujap saw the frigate bird, he had already caught hundreds of fish. He tossed first one fish then another into the air and each time the bird swept down and caught them. Then Jol, who sat in the frigate bird with his wife, told her that all the fish were gone and that she should now tell Haujap that she was going away to Puluwat. The woman leaned out of the frigate bird, which was like a canoe, and cried out, "Haujap! I am leaving you to go to Puluwat!" Haujap looked up and saw his wife and was so startled that he collapsed and died. As Jol and Jat flew towards Puluwat the spirit told her that when they got to Puluwat she should remain there and that he would betake himself to his homeland. "Do you know at all who I am? I am a spirit!" The woman remained in Puluwat, but Jol went into the sea and became a red *neinjol* fish (Damm, Hambruch, and Sarfert 1935: 240-41). The names Jol and Jat are obviously cognates of personal names often encountered in Ulithian and other Carolinian stories (see Tale No. 41, n. 1), but they certainly differ from the husband and wife, Mahölbule and Seucha, in the present Ulithian tale. However, the name of the Puluwat kidnapper spirit, Haujap, is apparently a cognate for the Ulithian Sawöp.

A very short cognate comes from Ngulu, and here again there is no self-mutilation, the half-human half-spirit kidnapper being killed on the beach by

people who have been summoned by the husband, after he had rescued his wife in a wooden bird, built without incident (Müller 1917-18: II, 484-85).

A close variant of both the Ulithian and the aforementioned Puluwat tale is one collected in 1971 on Ponape, and here too there is no genital mutilation. However, there is the idea of the restored tree made into a wooden bird. A different twist is that the kidnapped woman is rescued not by her husband but two boys who volunteer their services in exchange for being given a cooked dog to eat (Mitchell 1973: 147-52).

The notion of two rescuing boys is not unique, occurring as it does in a story collected on Kosrae in 1910. The boys are the seemingly carefree sons of the woman, and they are goaded into action by their father. They diligently seek out a very light tree and cut it down. Out of it they build a wooden bird, cover it with feathers, and set out to capture their mother from Nikon, her kidnapper, who has been aided right along by his *pala*, or navigator. (The mother seems to show a certain reluctance to leave Nikon, just as in the Ulithian tale Seucha seems to show some hesitation about leaving Sawöp.) The frustrated Nikon is left alone, but he does not mutilate himself (Sarfert 1910-20: 473-75).

Two rescuers again appear in a cognate from the Marshall Islands but they seem to have a love interest in the woman rather than being two volunteers or two sons, as in the Ponapean and Kosraean versions. According to the tale, two men (brothers) take the woman along with them while they dive for clams from their canoe. A chief from another atoll is attracted by pandanus fruits that she has disobediently dropped into the water and he takes her to his own island (apparently accompanied by another man). When the two clam fishers discover that the woman is missing they are deeply disturbed. Their father goads them into building a wooden bird with wings and feathers. The two sons get inside the bird and fly all over, until they espy the woman, who then instructs the people to go catch fish for the bird. The men in the bird tell the woman to fetch her handbag and to procure a basket full of preserved bread-fruit from each and every hut, and to bring the chief's pandanus sleeping mat and her own sennit cord from the hut. The bird "swallows" each of these, as well as the woman, and flies away until it reaches the men fishing, who thereupon throw fish up to the bird. The chief watches as the bird then flies away with the woman and he is so overcome with lovesickness that he collapses and dies (Erdland 1914: 271-74). Nowhere is it said that the two rescuers are the woman's sons. They seem to be the equivalent of the two volunteer boys in the Ponapean story cited above, and even more the two seemingly carefree sons of the Kosrae woman, for here too they have to be goaded by their father into building the bird. A slight rearrangement in the details of both stories would show that basically the two brothers in each of the three stories are the same personae. But only in the Marshallese tale do the brothers (one at least) seem to be in love with the woman, the precise relationship being vague because the story itself has many unclear elements.

A detailed version from Ponape is remarkably close to the Ulithian and Puluwatese stories and does not have two rescuers but the wronged husband himself, who builds a "flying bag" (German *Fliegebeutel*) out of very light

wood from a certain tree. (The flying vehicle is recognized by the people as a bird.) The frustrated abductor does not commit suicide; he merely lies down in his canoe and does (Hambruch 1932-36: III, 296-99).

A more divergent variant comes from far away Pulo Anna (Eilers 1935: 215). A Woleaian husband goes to Sorol and retrieves his stolen wife, but he travels in a prosaic canoe, not a wondrous wooden bird. The rescued wife does not wave adieu to the kidnapper ghost, who meets his just reward not by mutilating himself but by being hacked to death by the inhabitants of the village after they find him hiding in a piece of driftwood at the shore. The husband's name is Idabadu, the wife's is Samari Saiside, and the ghost's Abisaseri, as compared with the Ulithian personae Mahölbüle, Seucha, and Sawöp, respectively.

Another variant, from Puluwat (?), again has a canoe instead of a wooden bird, but at least it flies. The spirit husband is Jol, the wife is Jat, and the kidnapping ghost-man is Haujap (E. Grey 1951: I, 70-75). However, one must be dubious of the integrity of this account as it seems to be simply a slightly reworked version of the Puluwat story collected by Hambruch (see above), appearing as it does in a collection of stories for Micronesian schoolchildren. What is puzzling is why the compiler would choose to adhere so closely to Hambruch in almost all respects except in the nature of the rescuing apparatus. Still, in a cognate from Nauru the rescuing husband and a creature who has offered to assist him enter into two great reed thrushes that they have caught (Hambruch 1914-15: I, 447-48).

If one is willing to stretch things a bit one can see in "Hina," a tale collected on Kapingamarangi, a variant that interests us because it comes from a Polynesian outlier in Micronesia. A priest shuts up one-legged Hina in a hovel on Tinirau Island. Her brother, Ruapongongo, building a wooden bird, flies away with it to the island. His sister enters the bird and they fly over the canoes where people are fishing to feed the bird. The priest becomes insane, and Hina and her brother treat him exactly as he had treated her (Elbert 1949: 243-44; cf. E. Grey 1951: 68-72).

Mitchell (1973: 257) singles out the reclaiming episode as the dominating part of these tales and has designated it Motif R169. + : Man rescues abducted wife in flying wooden bird. But, at least for the Ulithian variant of the tale, one could isolate out several other motifs, such as the restoration of felled trees (E30.1), inattention to warnings (J652), identification by ornaments [coconut oil] (H90), and self-mutilation (S160.1). I shall consider only the first of these.

Probably the idea of the restoration of the tree occurs in other Micronesian stories of the wooden bird (or canoe), but I have not encountered it, having noted it only in other contexts. The previously cited variant of the tale type from Ponape manages to deal with the tree episode without invoking the idea of a miraculous restoration, although the two boys who painstakingly build the bird for the grieving husband do spend considerable time and effort in finding exactly the right specimen (Mitchell 1973: 150). This is not enough to qualify. Neither is a special "bleeding tree" in a wooden bird cognate from Palau, wherein oddly enough the people of the frustrated kidnapper make a bird of

their own of the type used by the rescuing husband, and use it to follow him (Hambruch 1921: 164-70). In a Ponapean cognate a special tree characterized by its light wood is sought by a man who wants to retrieve his wife, and in a dream the tree itself shows the man its possibilities for being made into a flying machine (Hambruch 1921: 208-11).

Nevertheless, E30.1: Felled tree restored by assembling all cut parts, is a familiar motif in Oceania, being associated classically with the Rata (Laka) adventures in the Polynesian Tahaki cycle (G. Grey 1855: 111-14; Dixon 1916: 68 and n. 38; Buck 1938: 326; Beckwith 1940: 263, 265-71). But it also occurs in other tales and in other places (Beckwith 1940: 272-75). In Micronesia the characteristic expression of the motif occurs in the Pälülop cycle, a good example being the following episode from a Pulap Atoll myth: Liofas, wife of Paluelap, has two sons, Alokolap and Alokodjik, who cut down a breadfruit tree in order to make a canoe out of it. Having accomplished this the two boys return to their house with their mother, then go back to the tree in order to proceed with their work. But lo! the tree is standing again. They cut it down once more but again it stands up, and the same thing happens when they try again. Then they know that Aluluwei does not wish it (Krämer 1935: 276). Because it is customarily associated with myths of this sort, it is something of a comedown for it to appear in a secular story such as "The Wooden Bird." But it also occurs in Tale No. 52, "The Island in the Blood-Red Sea," which is somewhat more elevated in tone.

Among other lesser tales containing the motif is one told by a young native of Yap, wherein a bird named Bal' raises up his tree dwelling four times by singing a magical song, after which he becomes fast friends with the culprit, who was simply trying to fashion the wood into a "finish plank" for his house (Mitchell 1973: 63-64).

Regarding the idea of suicide by genital self-mutilation, I have no intention of tracing its occurrence in Micronesia, but from the outset I had been puzzled by its inclusion in "The Wooden Bird." It seemed like an aberrancy. Nowhere else in my search for variants of the tale type—although I did not look with intensity and may have overlooked examples—had I encountered Sawöp's novel way of disposing of his life. But I did find a story from Namonuito, collected in 1910 by Paul Hambruch, that shows distant affinities with the tale type, even though there is no wife, no kidnapping, and no tree restoration. Prominent are two ideas: a flying canoe and genital mutilation. According to the Namonuito tale, a man (?) who knew how to do many things built two canoes that did not sail in water but flew through the air so fast that he was able to get from Satawan to Truk in two hours after sunrise. Two people on Truk saw the canoe arriving and called out, "O! A canoe is coming!" People on Satawan desired to know from him how it was possible to sail so quickly through the air with a canoe. But the man, who alone was able to fly it, intended to keep the secret for himself and did not want to show them how. When they pressed him he fastened one end of a tabooed cord to the lower side of his canoe and the other one to his foot. Then he stretched his leg and tore

off his penis doing so. He died and did not have to divulge his secret to the people (Krämer 1935: 235). This dispelled my initial suspicion that the strange idea was a Ulithian invention.⁹

46. THE GIRL IN THE SWINGING BED

A youth marries a very beautiful girl who has descended to Mogmog in a swinging bed, but the chief of the island covets her and tries unsuccessfully through various ruses to be alone with her. As a last resort he sends her unwilling husband off to a place in the eastern islands to fetch some bird feathers not found in Ulithi. She thwarts the chief's intended advances by turning herself temporarily into a lizard just as he enters her house from underneath the roof. A friendly half-spirit takes the wife in her bamboo "vessel" to the island where her dejected husband is staying with his comrades, who have accompanied him in his quest. The wife enlists the aid of a friendly married woman and her cooperative lover to signal to the lovesick youth that his spouse is on the island. The two finally meet after some complicated maneuvering and are ecstatic in their rejoicing, but before returning home they send ahead the half-spirit woman to kill the conniving chief on Mogmog.

The narrator is young Taiethau. He does not remember who told him the story but says he was between twelve and fourteen years of age at the time. He thinks that he heard it again more than once, but is not sure. As far as he knows, there are probably other people in Ulithi who know the tale, but in different versions.

There was a man. He lived in the Sky World. He had an *ilul*.¹⁰ He used to put a lot of girls in the bed and hold the ropes suspending it, and let it down slowly to earth, swinging from side to side. He would let the girls look at all the islands.

One day as he was doing this he lost hold of the ropes, so the *ilul* together with the girls fell on the island of Mogmog at a *chel mal*, a place where men bathed.¹¹ Some men on Mogmog had seen it and went back to the village and called the others, who came to watch them. Each man took a girl for a wife.

But the most beautiful girl was left in the *ilul* and the men did not see her because she was covered with a cloth. She had been hurt in the fall and lay there recovering. All the men had gone back to the village except one who had never left the village to look at the girls. The men who had returned to the village teased him, saying, "You did not get a wife! We all got wives." He became angry and walked away from the village to the spot where the *ilul* was. He went up to it and pushed aside the cloth and saw the beautiful girl. He took her to be his wife and went to the village. The people looked at her and saw that she was the most beautiful girl of all.

⁹Perhaps the outstanding example of suicide by self-mutilation is not connected with the Wooden Bird tale type but involves Isokelekel, the Kosraean conqueror of Ponape (see Tale No. 65, "Kosrae's Expedition against Ponape"). Realizing that he has become an old man, he fastens one end of a cord to the top of a young palm tree and the other end to his penis, and then bending the tree over he lets it go, tearing off his penis and causing his death (Hambruch 1932-36: III, 83; Fischer, Riesenberger, and Whiting 1977b: 117, n. 6).

¹⁰The *ilul* is a suspended baby's crib. A model was made for me to turn over to the UCLA Museum of Cultural History.

¹¹The *chel mal* was a brackish well created by digging into the ground. The equivalent for women was the *chel fefel*. All the inhabited islands except Fassarai had one of each until World War II.

A young man who was the chief of the island saw her and fell in love with her. He told the people to arrange a dance on the island so that he would have a chance to meet her. All of the men danced and when they had finished the women then danced. When it was time for the men to dance again the man with the beautiful wife put her in his house and secured it so that no one could come inside. The chief was unable to get in.

The chief tried to find some other way of meeting the girl. He told the women to put on a dance but not to wear head and neck leis like the ones they had been using. He told them that they needed the feathers of the *horoi*, or reef heron, to wear on their heads, knowing that the feathers were hard to get.¹² He told the young man who had married the beautiful woman to call someone to go with him and fetch some of the feathers. The youth was perturbed because he knew that he would be leaving his wife behind. He went to his wife and told her what the chief had said, and his wife told him not to worry because there were many *horoi* birds on one of the islands. She informed him which island he should go to, and he went to that island. While he was gone the chief was feeling content because he thought that he would be able to meet the wife that night, but the young man got the feathers and came back that same day.

When the man returned the chief became very angry, so he tried to find some other way. He decided what bird would be hard to catch in the islands and sent the young man to fetch *hataf*, or frigate bird, feathers.¹³ The youth went to see his wife and told her what the chief had said to him, and his wife said that this would be hard to do because there were no *hataf* on the islands of Ulithi, only on the Woleai islands of the east.¹⁴ The youth was saddened and put some food in his house and made some barricades for all the doors so that no one could enter. He then went to the Woleai with some men, and when they reached there he remained always in one place, never walking around or playing about on the island. The young men with him would walk about and have fun. But he was thinking of his wife.

The chief of Mogmog felt happy because he knew that the youth had gone to the Woleai and that he would have time to go and meet his [the youth's] wife. At night he [the chief] went to her house and called out to her. She did not answer him. He tried to open the door but could not. He climbed up on the roof and came in under the roof. When he got in the house the girl changed herself into a lizard, so when he looked for her he could not find her. He became angry and broke up the house. Then he left.

The girl changed herself back into a human and went to the sea to take a bath. At the beach she saw a bamboo pole drifting to the shore and she tried to stand up on it. While she was doing this a woman inside the bamboo said, "Do not step on my dwelling." She asked her, "Who are you, a human being or a *iälus*, spirit?" The woman inside the bamboo replied, "I am half-human and half-*iälus*. Come inside, I would like to talk to you." She went inside and the spirit said to her, "Your husband is going to die in the Woleai."¹⁵ That is why I came here, to tell you that if you have something that you need to take with you, bring it here and go with me." She answered, "I will go with you." So she went to her house and took her bracelets, coconut oil, and wraparound skirt and returned to the spirit. They went away, inside the bamboo.

¹²The *horoi* (*Demigretta sacra sacra*) is actually not uncommon in Ulithi. It usually nests on uninhabited islands. It is exceedingly difficult to approach (Baker 1951: 86).

¹³The *hataf* (*Fregata ariel ariel*) remains all year round in Ulithi, mostly on uninhabited islands. The story errs in saying that the bird is lacking in the atoll. However, it is not common (Baker 1951: 81). I was told that the frigate bird sleeps on land at night and during the day swoops down over the sea to catch mostly flying fish and a kind of bait fish called *thil* (Namoluk *til*, Woleaian *tiil*, Puluwatese *tiil*). In reality the frigate bird's most usual way of securing fish is to intercept terns or boobies and force them to disgorge their own catch of fish, which the frigate bird deftly catches in the air.

¹⁴The islands are most of the ones that lie between Ulithi and Truk (Lessa 1950c: 27, 38-41). Treating them as a dialect area, Smith (1951: 16, 32) independently came to a similar but more exact grouping that includes Eaurapik, Woleai, Ifaluk, Gaferut, Faraulep, Pigailoe, Olimarao, Elato, Lamotrek, Satawal, and Pikelot. (Note, however, that Gaferut, Pigailoe, Olimarao, and Pikeot are uninhabited, although occasionally visited.) He excludes Fais and Sorol, which he places in a dialect area with Ulithi, and Pupal, Puluwat, and Pulusuk, which form a dialect area of their own.

¹⁵The reason for her prediction was that the husband was pining away and not eating.

They reached the island where the husband was and went to the end of the island, to the beach. There was a menstrual house there and only one menstruating woman in it. It was late when they reached the island, so they stayed there in the bamboo until the next morning.

The young woman in the menstrual house came down to the beach to take a bath and saw the bamboo and walked up to it. She tried to step on it. The spirit woman said, "Do not step on our boat!" She asked the woman inside the bamboo, "Who are you, a human being or a spirit?" She answered, "I am half-human and half-spirit." The spirit called her to come inside as she would like to speak to her. She went inside and the spirit said to her, "This young girl is my *lai*, child, and I brought her here. The youth visiting the island is her husband. She will go with you and let you know what she wants." The spirit told the woman from the Sky World, "When you go with her, let me know when you need something." She followed the woman from the menstrual house and they lived in the house.

The woman from the house had a husband and also a lover. The men and women on the island would dance in order to make the young man [from Mogmog] happy, and when the time came for the men to dance the woman's husband would go to the dance and her lover would stay with her in the menstrual house.¹⁶ Each night he would do the same thing. The lover was a friend of the husband [from Mogmog]. Once he said to the youth from Mogmog, "Why are you so sad and do not walk around and have fun? Is your wife that beautiful?" He replied, "She is not so beautiful, but I do not know what is the matter with me, except that I am lonesome for her."

One night the lover went to see the woman in the menstrual house and he asked his mistress, "Who is this woman here?" She told him that this was the wife of his friend. The girl from the Sky World said to him, "Do not tell my husband or the people of the island that I am here. But tomorrow when the people of the island bring food to the men's clubhouse for the visiting men, come get some food that I will prepare for them. Take the food and give it to your friend, my husband. Even if the people of the island have brought food for them, you must give him the food that I am going to prepare. When night falls and you know that this woman's husband has gone to the dance, come here and get a lei that I will make for my husband."

The man stayed a while with them, talking and waiting until he thought that the dance would be over. He looked at the woman from the Sky World and saw that she was very beautiful, and realized that this was why his friend kept thinking about his wife. He knew that soon the dance would be finished, so he went away. He went home to sleep.

Early in the morning the people brought food to the men's clubhouse, and he fetched the food that the woman from the Sky World had prepared. He brought it to his friend. The youth's companions were eating the food given to them by the people of the island but the youth was eating nothing and watching them. He gave his friend the food. When he placed it in front of him the youth looked at the food and was reminded of his wife because the food was exactly the same kind that his wife used to prepare for him. He did not say anything to anyone, but wondered who the woman was who prepared food like his wife used to make. He started eating the food and ate more than he had been eating. His body and his face became fuller and more attractive than it had been. When they all had finished eating and night had fallen, the youth's friend, knowing that his mistress's husband was not with his wife but had gone to the dance, went to the menstrual house and took the lei that the girl from the Sky World had made for her husband. He presented it to his friend. When his friend put the lei on his head he smelled it and thought that this was the kind of lei that his wife used to make for him. He wondered if his wife were here on the island.

The next morning he started to walk about and enjoy himself around the island with the young men. He went because he thought that he might find his wife. At first he did not find her, so he returned to the men's clubhouse with the youths [from Mogmog].

The next day the woman from the Woleai stopped menstruating and the woman from the Sky World said to her, "When you go to the village and the time comes to take food to the clubhouse, come and get the food that I am going to prepare."

¹⁶In actual life it would be a severe violation of taboo for a man to enter a menstrual house except in an emergency, and just as flagrant for him to have intercourse with a menstruating woman. Extramarital relations, however, are routine.

When the time came to take the food, the woman went there to get the food, but before she did so the girl from the Sky World gave her some bracelets and put them on her forearm. She also put some coconut oil on her and a lei on her head and gave her the wraparound—all the things that she had brought with her from Mogmog. She did this because she knew that when she took the food to the clubhouse her husband would know that they belonged to his wife. She told her that when she took the food to the clubhouse she should hold the food with both hands and set it down in front of her husband because, she said, "My husband will see the bracelets on your arm."¹⁷

The woman took the food to the clubhouse. As she was approaching the clubhouse the youth looked at her and wondered whence she had come, and thought that it might be his wife. She put the food in front of him and she knew that he would see the bracelets and the wraparound. She walked away from him towards the menstrual house, and the youth left the food and followed the woman.

The men in the clubhouse watched him and wondered where he was going, following the woman. The woman's husband stood up and watched the youth and his wife. The old men said, "Let him follow her and we will see what he does, because this is the first time we have seen him look happy and walk about." The woman went to the menstrual house where his wife was, and the youth followed her there. When he went inside the house he was surprised to find his wife there and he leaped toward her and kissed her by rubbing noses. Both of them wept because they had not seen one another for a long time.

After a while the girl went to the bamboo and told the woman in the bamboo to go back and kill the chief of Mogmog because of the things that he had done. "After you have killed him, come back and get us." The spirit returned and killed the chief, and then went back to the island and took the wife and husband to Mogmog. The young man's helpers returned in canoes. The husband and his wife and the men then stayed in Ulithi.

Depth psychologists undoubtedly would have interesting interpretations of the descent from the sky of a group of nubile girls—in a baby's cradle! But our heroine is certainly not a "baby doll." Nor is she a "swan maiden," despite an opening suggestion that she might be one. She lacks certain of the personality traits that I once assembled as being characteristic of such a damsel: hyperfemininity, shyness, submissiveness, delicacy, sensitivity, and patience, as well as a steadfast quality of otherworldliness and virginity that stamps her as slightly hebephrenic (Lessa 1961a: 142). Instead, she resolutely and cleverly goes about trying to save her husband, and in the course of doing so is willing to accept help from a demispirit and a pair of illicit lovers, whom she puts to use in her machinations. A strain of vindictiveness removes her still further from the helpless female stereotype.

The hanging baby's cradle, or *ilul*, was formerly common in Ulithi and nearby islands. It held but a single infant and was suspended from a beam by four cords attached to the corners of a rectangular frame made either of wood or bamboo. The cradle was about half a yard wide and a yard long. The baby's

¹⁷The narrator suggested that the reason why the wife did not reveal her presence to her husband was because she wanted to test his remembrance of and longing for her. However, a variant from Elato (Hambruch 1921: 188-94), which has numerous differences, says that she withheld from the seduction-minded chief the knowledge that she was a native of the island to which she had sent her husband, and she uses her familiarity with the place to give him crucial instructions to aid him there; however, she herself does not follow him to the island, which is known as Falueluegarar, whereas her husband's island is Fais. No light is shed on the problem of secrecy by a variant from Truk (Krämer 1932: 357-58). Here the heavenly woman, whose husband has been sent away by the covetous chief to obtain ornaments, and later the moon in the sky, prepares him with advice and protective objects but never follows him to his destinations, which apparently are several.

body was supported by a grid of sennit cords tied loosely across the bottom of the frame, and the grid was covered with pandanus mats. The child was protected from flies by *maruph* mats woven from hibiscus fiber. The mother would gently sway the *ilul* to lull the child to sleep, and then leave it. The bed was discontinued in Japanese times. A model was made for me to turn over to the Museum of Cultural History at UCLA. A sketch of such a cradle refers to a specimen collected by the Thilenius Expedition from Eauripik Atoll, where the word cognates, *aioloile* and *oloile*, have been recorded (Damm 1938: 138, 139).

A Ulithian variant of "The Girl in the Swinging Bed" was collected on Guam in 1970 from a young Ulithian woman by her student-husband, ten years after I had recorded my own version. A man in the Sky World accidentally lets fall to earth a bag full of beautiful celestial women. A young man marries one of them, but the chief of the island falls in love with her and in order to be accessible to her gives the husband some seemingly impossible chores, which he is able to complete only with her help. Finally the chief forces him to go away from the island in search of white feathers from the egret, and not return without them. The chief comes to the woman's house one night and enters through the roof, but she eludes him by changing herself into a lizard. She crawls into a bamboo stick and drifts to the distant island where her husband is tarrying, warned by the local people that he should not make the journey to the island where the feathers may be found because of the great danger. He tries to die by not eating. His wife emerges at the shore from the bamboo and is aided by a woman who sees her and has her stay at her house. The wife cooks food for her husband and takes it to him. They start to eat, and remain on that island (Mitchell 1973: 128-31). Although the tale lacks some of the dramatic elements of Taiethau's version, it is basically close.

Other variants of the story come from Truk (Krämer 1932: 357-58) and Elato (Hambruch 1921: 188-94).

It seems unnecessary to point out that here again Ulithi shares with the Carolines a well-known motif and some of its variants, namely, T111: Marriage of mortal and supernatural being, T111.1: Marriage of a mortal and a god, and T111.2: Woman from sky-world marries mortal man. Perhaps the classic examples are Lugeilång's mating with Thilpelap, resulting in the birth of the arch-trickster, Yolofäth (the details vary from place to place), and the marriage between the celestial maiden and the mortal in the Tale Type: *The Porpoise Girl (The Swan Maiden), both of which are dealt with extensively in my *Tales from Ulithi Atoll*. Even "The Taro Girl" (No. 41) could be fit into this general motif.

47. UGLY LOKHSEIEL

An ugly woman disturbs the sleep of the men in the nearby *metalefal* with her early matutinal chores around her house. They are contemptuous of her, but the son of the chief is set on marrying her. They do marry but at her insistence do not live together. The women of the island are so jealous of her that they come one night and cast her into the sea.

The narrator is Feluechokh. She first heard the tale on Mogmog, when

she was a young girl, from an old woman by the name of Iakhomai, who died in 1948. Feluechokh never heard it again.

There was a woman by the name of Lokhseiel. Every day when she awoke she would take a rake and clean up outside her house. She lived just behind the *metalefal* and used to do her chores that way at each crack of dawn. The men from the clubhouse who used to sleep there were talking about her one morning and asked why at every sunrise the woman made noise there. "She is a bad woman and she is ugly. She has only two hairs on her head."

The son of the chief heard what the men said about her and he felt sorry for her, so he went to her house. The woman told him that he had better leave her house because she was a poor and ugly woman and did not want the son of a chief to be staying with her; but he insisted that he wanted to stay. He brought some coconuts for her. He asked if they might marry. They got married and lived together.

One night she told him to go see his father and mother, and said that she herself was going somewhere and would return. She did not tell him where she was going. He went to his father and mother, and she walked to her parents. When she reached there she got some bananas and yams and other food from her parents. When the man returned he took the woman to his father and mother. She told him that they were now married but that they could not sleep together because she was an ugly woman and he would be repelled, and that he should sleep in the men's clubhouse. So this is what they did every night.

The women of the island knew that the son of the chief had married her and they were jealous. One night they came and took her and threw her into the sea. The next morning when he came from the clubhouse to see her, she was not at home. He looked all over for her but never found her.

Again, as in "The Feces Girl" (Tale No. 44), the son of a chief marries a very ugly woman—an unlikely pairing with a similarly infelicitous sequel. But whereas the one story is essentially humorous, the other is tragic. Neither can be compared with "The Very Old Wives" (Tale No. 42), for there the young man's wife is foisted on him, and in any event she turns out to be a stunning beauty.

Perhaps the point of the story is to remind us of the blind and inhuman passions of which people are capable, just as other stories depict the tenderness and compassion they manifest at the other pole of their emotions.

In listening to this story I could not suppress a smile at the indignation of the men in the clubhouse over being disturbed by the woman's noisemaking. Once, in the course of some earlier field work, I became engaged in a serious discussion of *etap*, or taboos. In listing such lofty and sacred prohibitions as those against walking on Yongolap's plot called the Rolong, cutting down a tree without first assuaging its resident demon, entering the swamp garden if one has eaten or defecated during the day, or washed a corpse or dug a grave, being touched by a menstruating woman if one is a community fish magician, there was suddenly injected an *etap* against shouting or making noise in the vicinity of the *metalefal*. It occurred to me at the time that Ulithian men were not above devising a sacred prohibition against interference with such mundane things as snoozes and their conversations.

V

OGRES AND EVIL SPIRITS

BOGEY MEN and man-eating spirits are the staples of children's tales throughout much of the world, but in Ulithi a few such characters find expression on a higher plane. Melanesia seems to be the inspiration of many of the total collection of Ulithian ogre stories, even when they have local origins. The common denominator in most such stories is: Do not do this or that, or go hither or thither, lest terrible things befall you. But there are dreadnaughts who will always defy such admonishments.

48. THE OGRE TRICKED WITH BANANA TRUNKS

Two young girls foil a man-eating spirit by leaving behind two banana trunks disguised to appear as the children. After eating the trunks he finally realizes that he has been duped and follows the girls as they make their way home on the reef between Potangeras and Mogmog. He tries to lure them back with a shell bracelet. They cannot be enticed. The girls reach home and tell their father, Yöl, that the spirit is chasing them. He seeks out the spirit and kills him with his spear.

The narrator is Feluechokh. She first heard the story on Mogmog during her preteen years from a woman named Iakhomai, who related to her the earlier tale, "Rei and the Eel" (No. 43). Iakhomai was Feluechokh's "mother's" mother. The narrator never heard the story again and is not aware if other people in the atoll know it.

There were Yöl and Yath and they lived here in this village [Mogmog]. They had two children, girls, whom they told not to go play at the [west] end of the island because there was a spirit living on [nearby] Potangeras islet. One day they left their house and ran away from their father and mother. They went to the reef so they could play on Potangeras. They walked all the way to Potangeras on the reef. When they got there a *legaselep* or man-eating spirit saw them and told them to come with him and they would have some food. When they were through eating, the *legaselep* told them to go ahead and take a rest and sleep while he went to look for some food for them. But he told them a lie. He went and made an *um*, or earth oven.

A woman came from the ashes of the fireplace while the girls were sleeping and awakened them, saying that the *legaselep* would come and kill them. Her name was *Tibwöl*. The two girls asked her what they should do. She told them to go out, cut down two banana trunks, cover them with their grass skirts,¹ put them on his sleeping mat, and run away. They went out, took the banana trunks, put their grass skirts on them, and placed them on his mats, which they covered with his blanket. They headed for Mogmog.

¹"Grass" skirts, made actually of shredded coconut palm leaves, are worn by prepubertal girls in Ulithi. After reaching the menarche, girls adopt a woven wraparound skirt. In Yap, women wear only the "grass" skirt, even as adults.

The *legaselep* came back and his earth oven was now ready to put the girls in. He took the banana trunks and put them in the oven. When he thought that the trunks were ready he went there and took the trunks to his house and ate them. The woman, Tibwöl, watched him eating, and while he was eating he saw the woman and sang this to her:

Thulal metharar hochai-io.

I have eaten some strange food.

She answered him:

Tirtire mo hochöchö.

That was banana you ate.

He started to eat another trunk and then realized that it was not a person. He said to Tibwöl, "Did you cause those two girls to go away from here?" She said, "I did not," and he answered, "You did." She said, "Yes, I did make them go away to Mogmog." He went into his house and took a bracelet made from a trochus shell. He pursued the girls and when he saw them they had almost reached the island. He chased after them and when he got close he called them to come back. They said to him, "No, we will not come back because we are going to Mogmog." Then he sang:

Mei hasi lakhelakhem.

Come and get this bracelet.

They answered:

Ite wai lakhelakhhe

I do not want the bracelet

Bwò silei mo tomái

Because my mother and father

Rekhā lakhelakhe iai.

Already have given me a bracelet.

The *legaselep* answered:

Bwai i thu pechere

Your nose has yaws, and yet

ngasi lakhelakher?

they gave you a bracelet?

When they got here the girls started to run and they ran to their home and told Yól that the spirit was chasing after them. Yól took his spear and went to the end of the island and killed the spirit.

An ogre tale such as this is not exactly new either in premise or accoutrements but that does not necessarily diminish its appeal to the young. Like many ogre tales its function is to warn children of certain perils—in this instance that of a reef leading to an uninhabited island.

The ogre is typical: easily fooled but dangerous.

We do not learn anything about the identity of the kind woman, Tibwöl, who the informant suggests might have been the spirit's wife or a spirit living in the ashes of the *um*.

The ruse whereby banana plant trunks are substituted for bodies is an example of a common motif, K525.1: Substituted object left in bed while intended victim escapes. It is found in a variety of forms in the Tuamotus, the Societies, Hawaii, and New Zealand (Kirtley 1971: 384). There are also Icelandic, French Canadian, Italian, Indian (Asia), Chinese, Australian, African (Kaffir, Ekoi), and American Negro examples (Thompson 1955-58: IV, 309). I claim no genetic connections but inquiry into the Oceanic occurrences may reveal that they exist.

49. ROLA AND THE TWO SISTERS

A man-eating spirit named Rola (accent on the last syllable) tries to capture two sisters. One escapes up a tree, the younger becomes his drudge. The girls communicate with one another through songs, which the ogre imitates. Finally, he eats both the little girls but wonders why he is then beset with severe stomach pains. Before being swallowed, one of the girls had placed two barnacle shells under her tongue. Each armed with a shell, they cut through the

spirit's stomach and escape. He dies. The girls then report the event to the people of Mogmog and become the chiefs of that island.

Taleguethep is the narrator. She heard this story on Mogmog only once, from Iuth, her father's sister. She was a young girl at the time.

There were two sisters living on Mogmog. A *legaselep*, or man-eating spirit, also lived on Mogmog and his name was Rola. He used to go about catching people to eat. He killed all the people on the island except these two girls. One day he performed some *bwe*, or knot divination, and discovered that two more people were on the island. He searched for them and they hid in the woods. They found a big *kell*, or tropical almond tree [*Terminalia catappa*], and tried to climb it but the younger one could not. The older one climbed it and as she went up she kept taking the bark off the tree until she reached the highest part. Then she took some coconut oil and applied it to the trunk so that if the *legaselep* came and saw her he would not be able to climb up.

Rola came looking around and saw the younger one. He took her to his place. She was too small for him to eat so he fed her. After she was about twelve years old she used to cook for both of them. One day when the *legaselep* went fishing the girl cooked some food for them and took some of it to her sister. She sang a song:

Ionama itinol

The older sister answered, "U-u-u!" The younger sister then sang:

Ionama itó lai talol

The older sister answered her with:

I tewe bwioibwioi
Bwó i metókh Rola, Rola.

I do not want to come
Because I am afraid of Rola, Rola.

The younger sister sang:

Ta meli Rola
Bwó elafitā
Tāliela, tāliela.

Rola is not here
Because he went fishing
For a fish meal, a fish meal.

Thereupon she [the older sister] came down and ate the food that the younger sister had brought her. She finished eating and they cried together. Then the younger sister went back to the *legaselep's* place.

Rola came back from fishing and asked her what was wrong with her eyes. She told him that it was because she looked in the smoke as she was cooking and it got in her eyes. Rola believed her. Next morning Rola went again to fish and she cooked some food and took some of it to her sister. The same thing happened as before. When Rola came back from fishing he asked her if she had been crying and she answered, "No, it is because the smoke got in my eyes while I was cooking." The same thing happened again, for a third time.

The fourth time Rola suspected that something had happened to her, so he told her he was going fishing, but instead of fishing he put a driftwood log on the canoe to make it look as if someone were on the canoe. Then he returned to the island. He watched her cook food and take some to her sister. Both the girls sang the same songs as before. The older sister came down and ate the food her sister had brought and when she was finished they both cried on one another. The younger girl then returned to Rola's house and the older sister climbed up the tree again.

The *legaselep* came and sang the song that the younger sister would sing, but his voice was a little different.

Ionama itinol [Sung low, like a man]

The girl knew that the sound was not like that of her sister, so she did not answer. The *legaselep* changed his pitch to be like that of the younger sister, and he sang like she:

Ionama itinol

The older sister answered him and she came down. He seized her and swallowed her. He went back to his house and the sister knew that he had eaten her sister.

She took two *khilikhil* or stalked barnacle shells [*Lepas anatifera?*] and placed them under her tongue. Rola came and demanded, "Bring me food!" and she answered, "Bring me food!" Rola said, "I told you to bring me my food because I want to eat," and the girl answered, "I told

you to bring me my food because I want to eat." He said, "I told you what to do but you are just saying the words I am saying. I am going to come and kill you." She repeated what he said. He said, "I told you these things but if you do not obey I will come and get you." She again repeated what he had said. Thereupon the *legaselep* seized her and swallowed her.

But both she and her sister were alive inside his stomach. The younger girl took out two shells from her mouth and gave one to her sister so that each had one. They started to cut his stomach. He felt his stomach hurting and he sang:

I mehoi ikh,	I eat fish,
Tei methakh sahai.	My stomach does not hurt.
I mehoi cho,	I eat coconut meat,
Tei methakh sahai.	My stomach does not hurt.
I ül hachi,	I drink palm toddy,
Tei methakh sahai.	My stomach does not hurt.
I hangì chökh seri pùkh,	I eat a baby,
Wel lai sa methäkh,	I eat my child,
Sahai.	My stomach hurts.

After he had finished singing his stomach broke open. The girls came out from his stomach and went to take a bath, and they went back to the *legaselep*'s house and lived there.

One day they went to Sorlen and Potangeras and told all the people that the *legaselep* was dead. They returned to Mogmog and became the chiefs of that island.

Writing in connection with a Hawaiian story about Ku-ilio-loa, the dog-man, Beckwith (1940: 347) says that he performs "the common folktale trick of allowing himself to be swallowed by a monster and then cutting his way out." She does not really illustrate this but what she undoubtedly seems to have in mind is what occurs in "Rola and the Two Sisters." I have not come upon other Micronesian instances, but I do not doubt that they exist. Thompson (1955-58: III, 234) has a number and a label for this sort of thing, Motif F912.2: Victim kills swallower from within by cutting. Kirtley (1971: 329) documents its Polynesian occurrences in the Marquesas, the Tuamotus, the Cooks, Savage I., Niue, New Zealand, and Fiji (the Lau Islands). In addition to these locales the motif is found among the Mono-Alu and the New Hebrideans of Melanesia, to say nothing of Ireland, east Brazil, the Cameroons, and Basutoland (Thompson 1955-58: III, 234). I am not at all suggesting that there is a genetic relationship among these instances, although proper study might reveal connections in limited parts of Oceania.

50. THE SPIRIT WHO GOUGED OUT EYES

Taking advantage of the absence of a man from his home, a spirit gouges out the eyes of each of the members of his family. When the man returns in the morning from a night of dancing he finds his eyeless wife and children and blows a triton shell horn to frighten away the spirit.

The narrator is Tarukh, a native of Fais living in Ulithi. He first heard the story as a child from a man on Fais named Khelmang, a distant relative.

There were a man and woman and they lived on Fais. The man was named Hatamaichifel and the woman's name was Yath. They had three children. They lived far from the village.

One day people from the village sent word to them to come to the village because they were going to have a dance. That night the man went to the men's clubhouse and joined the men in practicing the dance. The woman and her children remained in the house and a *iälus*, or spirit, came to them. The *iälus* asked them why they did not go to the village for the dance. He sang a song:

Semel ioiotiu,
Semel ioiotiu,
Khel hatomochel.
Ho bwe iatu,
Sapwiafúkh.

He leaped at the first child and the boy and his mother fought him off, so the *äalus* took out both the eyes of the child. The mother cried and called out her husband's name:

Hotemaichifell!
Hotemaichifell!
Homememel chokh
Lol le falewe falam.
Ielus we ie,
Sa thúlúng thúlúng
Lal imwe imum,
Hotemaichifell!

Some one went,
Some one went,
But you did not.
Should you go,
I will catch you.

Hotemaichifell!
Hotemaichifell!
Hotemaichifell!
You are staying
In your men's clubhouse.
A spirit is here,
Coming in, coming in,
Inside your house,
Hotemaichifell!

Then the *äalus* again sang:

Semel ioiotiu,
Semel ioiotiu,
Khel hatomechel.
Ho bwe iatu
Sapwiafúkh.

Some one went,
Some one went,
But you did not.
Should you go
I will catch you.

After he finished he leaped at the second child and tried to take her away from her mother and she tried to stop him, but the *äalus* took out both eyes from the child. The *äalus* put the child down, face down. He leaped at the last child and took out its eyes, too. He put it face down. Then he leaped at the mother and took out both her eyes. He put her face downward and then jumped up to the rafters of the house, and waited there [for the man].

When the dance ended it was morning and Hotemaichifel returned home. He sat in front of the house and called his wife's name, "Yath! Yath!" but no one answered him. He went inside the house and when he turned over his children and wife he saw that they had no eyes. He looked up at the cross beams and saw the *äalus* there. He took a *tawi* or triton shell horn and leaped outside the house, blowing the horn. As he blew the horn the spirit jumped all over inside the house, and then fell down. While the spirit was down he looked upward and saw a small hole in the roof and flew away through the hole.

This story is dominated to a large extent by its songs, which are repeated more than has been indicated. In a post-narrative discussion Tarukh said that the *äalus* sang his song each time that he was about to leap upon one of the three children, and that the mother sang her own song three times, too, each time that one of her children's eyes were taken out, and in fact sang it a fourth time when the spirit was about to attack her. The wording of the songs has some of the usual distortion, as when the husband is referred to as Hotemaichifel rather than Hatamaichifel. The language of the songs, I assume, is Ulithian, but inasmuch as the Fais dialect is close to that of Ulithi it may have been Faisan. The islanders of this region of the Carolines are multilingual, and most can even speak Yapese, which is more than dialectical in its difference, being vastly different even though classified as Micronesian.

The woman, Yath, is apparently the same as the one usually associated with Yöl, both names being common throughout Ulithian narratives.

51. THE DESERTED WOMAN AND THE MANY-HEADED OGRES

The people of Ulithi are beleaguered by ten man-eating spirits, each of whom except the first has more than one head. A pregnant woman seeking to escape with the people fleeing from Mogmog is rejected by them as she tries to board

their canoes, and is forced to remain behind. At long last a millipede for whom she has felt compassion shows her where she can hide in safety. It is in a big log. There she gives birth to a fearless young lad who goes to do battle against the ogres, who are thoroughly defiant and cocksure of their prowess. Ignoring his mother's fearful admonishments, the lad first kills One Head, then Two Head, then Three Head, and so on, and then wrenches off the heads of each of them. Out of gratitude the people of Ulithi make the boy and his mother the chiefs of the atoll.

The narrator is young Taiethau. He first heard the story on Yap when he was in the Japanese school there at about the age of fourteen. But his storyteller was a Ulithian, Mukhlemar, a very knowledgeable and skilled professional in the fields of knot divination, navigation, typhoon magic, and canoe carpentry, who served as one of my chief informants in the field of the supernatural.

Chemchem Seou, Chemchem Ruou, Chemchem Sölu, Chemchem Faou, Chemchem Limou, Chemchem Wölou, Chemchem Fösu, Chemchem Walu, Chemchem Theou, and Chemchem Seg were *legaselep* who devoured people from island to island in the west. Their mother used to follow them about everywhere they went. They killed all the people as far as the island of Lam [in Ulithi] and began to kill the people there, too. Some of the people of Lam ran away to other islands in the atoll. They told the people of those islands that they should do something to hide from the man-eating spirits. The spirits then went to Potangeras. The people of [adjacent] Mogmog fled to Sorlen and other islands.

While the spirits were on Potangeras and the canoes of Mogmog were making ready to sail away, there was a pregnant woman without any family on the island who was going to have a baby within a month. She went to a canoe and asked the people to take her with them but they would not let her go with them. There was a family on each canoe, and no one wanted to take outsiders. She went underneath a pandanus tree and cried. An ant approached her and told her that if she grated some coconut for it, it would tell her the best place to hide. She did as it told her, but the ant ate all the coconut and then ran away. A centipede came to her and said the same thing that the ant had told her. She gave it the coconut but it ran and left her. Various other little animals came and asked her for coconut but she would not give them any. She remained there and saw a millipede. She watched the millipede as it slowly went along. When it tired it would curl up and pause, and then start again. She felt sorry for it. The millipede asked her for the same thing, some coconut, and said that if she gave it to it, it would show her where to hide. So she gave it some coconut. The millipede ate the coconut and felt better. It told her to follow it and it would show her where to hide.

They reached the beach and the millipede showed the woman a big log. It told her that this was the place for her to hide. She asked how she could get inside, and the millipede told her that she should kick at the middle of the log and sing a song:

Siukhekh! Siukhekh!	Open! Open!
Imwel bwaro,	Trunk-house,
Siukhekh!	Open!

The log opened. The millipede told her that when she went inside her house and wished to close it, she should sing another song:

Peltakh! Peltakh!	Close! Close!
Imwel bwaro,	Trunk-house,
Peltakh!	Close!

If she were outside and wanted to open the house, she should sing the first song. She sang the first song and entered, then she sang the second song to close the dwelling. She looked about and saw that the log house was good and there was lots of food. She lived there.

The spirits finished killing the people on Potangeras and went to Mogmog. They looked there

for people but could not find any. They performed *bwe*, or knot divination, and it told them that there was still someone on the island. They again performed *bwe* to find the person, but it responded that it could not tell. They said, "Let us go anyway to look for the person. No one can hide without our finding him." They looked all over but they could find no one. They came back and sat on the big log and talked about what they should do to find the person. They searched some more but never could find anyone. They decided to move on to the next island, Sorlen, to search for people there, but before they reached Sorlen all the people of that island had gone to [adjacent] Asor. At Sorlen the spirits performed *bwe* and the *bwe* told them that no one was on Sorlen. They liked the island and decided to stay there because from there they could see all the islands. They wanted to live there and bring to it all their food-fish and humans.

After the spirits had gone to Sorlen, the woman [on Mogmog] gave birth to a baby inside the log. She fed the baby and it grew rapidly each day, and soon was bigger than anyone in the atoll and very strong. One day the mother and son were talking and she told him what had happened to her earlier. He then learned that they were in a log. He asked his mother how they could get out, and his mother taught him the song. He sang the song to open the door, and he went out and looked all over. He said to his mother, "This is good. One can see all over." When he looked at Sorlen he saw smoke and asked his mother if anyone lived on that island. His mother answered, "Yes. I think that spirits are there but you must not go there because they will kill you." He then returned into the log. He asked his mother, "How many spirits do you say are there?" His mother replied, "Ten spirits. They are very strong and you must not go there because they will kill you." But he said, "I will go anyway, tomorrow." She said, "Be careful because Chemchem Seou has one head, Chemchem Ruou has two heads, and the others have more heads, until Chemchem Seg, who has ten heads and is stronger than any of the others. But though Chemchem Seou has only one head, even he can defeat any human being." The son said to her, "I am not sure about that. Tomorrow I will go and return with proof." That night they slept in the log.

The next morning he took his spear, the kind that is called *hobwai*.² He walked from Mogmog along the sand bars to Sorlen. He reached the house of the spirits and Chemchem Seou was in it, but all the other spirits were out looking for food. Chemchem Seou had remained to look after his mother. The boy spoke to Chemchem Seou and asked him where his brothers had gone, and Chemchem Seou said that they had gone to get some food. He added, "But where did you come from? We searched for you and could not find you, and now you have come alone. We are going to fight." The boy answered, "I wish to tell you something. You had better not fight with me because I will kill you." The spirit said, "Let us see about that right now," and he came out of his house. The boy said, "I told you not to try to fight with me, but if you want to fight right away you will see what I will do to you."

He took his spear and threw it at the spirit's stomach. He tore off the spirit's head. He removed the spear and carried him into the house. There he saw the spirit's mother. He asked her, "Where is the turmeric, the coconut oil, and the lei for him?" She told him where they were. He took those things and put them on the spirit's body, and then placed back the head. He stretched out the spirit in the doorway to make it seem that he was asleep. Then he said to the mother of the spirits, "When your sons return they must wait here for me because I wish to speak to them. If I come back and they are not here as I told you, I will wrench out one of your arms." She answered, "Yes." Then he returned home.

As he was returning his mother saw him and she knew that he was not dead. He told his mother that he had killed Chemchem Seou and had ordered his mother to have the spirits wait for him until he returned because he wanted to talk to them. His mother became very agitated and protested, "Oh! You must not go." The boy said, "I will go!" His mother replied, "No, you must not go because Chemchem Ruou is much more powerful than Chemchem Seou. And the others are even stronger."

Meantime, the spirits came back to Sorlen and when they looked toward the house the dead spirit was lying in the doorway. They said to him, "Why did you put on all those things and lie

²Sic for *buobwao*, bamboo? I have been unable to find reference to a *hobwai* spear in the literature. Individual and dialectal differences could easily account for the pronunciation.

down there without helping us to carry the food?" Their mother told them to bring in all the food and come and listen to her. "Your brother is dead." They saw that their brother was indeed dead. They got very excited and exclaimed, "What happened to him!" Their mother said to them, "A man came here and killed your brother, and he ordered me to tell you that when you got here you must remain and wait for him." Chemchem Ruou was disturbed and said, "Chemchem Seou was a weakling. Next time when we go out let me stay behind and watch our place." Their mother cried, "Do not do that! If he kills you he will pull out my arm!" Chemchem Ruou answered, "The man is not strong enough. I can kill him and cook him for us, and when the rest of you return he will be ready for eating."

The next morning the boy returned and when he got to Sorlen, Chemchem Ruou was the only brother there. The boy said to him, "Are you the only brother here?" and he replied, "Yes!" "I told your mother that all of you were to remain here. Why are you the only man here?" The spirit answered, "You killed my brother. Why do you talk so boldly? I will kill you." He emerged from the house and the boy did the same thing that he had done to his brother. He threw a spear into his stomach. Then he replaced the [two] heads and covered him with oil, turmeric, and a lei, and put him in the doorway. He then said to the mother, "You did not obey me. I am now going to pull out your arm." She said, "I told them but they did not do as I said." He replied, "I am going to do as I warned you. I cannot go back on my threat." He pulled out an arm. He left.

Each time that he returned he would kill one spirit after another, and tear away some member of their mother's body, taking off her head the last time. Two sons were still left, Chemchem Theuou and Chemchem Seg.

One day he returned and both of the spirits were waiting together for him because they knew that he was very strong. But before the boy left he had said to his mother, "From now on I must be careful because these two spirits are very strong. When I reach there listen for a thud. If there are two thuds you will know that I have killed both of them. If there is only one, it means that I have been killed." At Sorlen the two spirits said to him, "Now you must do what we say. We are both here. You killed our brothers." He answered them, "We cannot compare your brothers with the people that you killed without reason." They replied, "We will see about that! Now you get ready and we will get ready." But before they got on guard the boy threw his spear at Chemchem Seg and struck him in the stomach, and the spirit reeled as he tried to remove the spear. The boy then fought hand-to-hand with Chemchem Theuou. He wrenched off a head. They fought some more, and he tore off another head. They fought still more, until he had torn off all his [nine] heads. Chemchem Theuou then fell down with a thud. The boy's mother heard the sound. She waited and waited for another thud but Chemchem Seg had not yet fallen, so she began to cry, thinking her son was dead. While she was crying she heard another thud. Chemchem Seg had fallen. The boy removed the spear from Chemchem Seg.

The mother came out of the log and saw her son returning. He went to his mother and they embraced one another. She told him how thankful she was that he had killed the spirits. They moved out of the log and lived on the island.

All the people who were still alive [on the atoll] realized that the spirits were all dead because they were not killing people any longer. A canoe came to Mogmog to verify this and found the woman and her son there. The two then told them what had happened. Everyone then returned to their islands and they made the boy and his mother the chiefs of Ulithi.

Specialists in Oceanic folklore will immediately recognize this as a variant of the Tale Type: *The Deserted Woman and Her Ogre-Killing Son, whose prototype I published in my first collection of Ulithian folktales (Lessa 1961a: 57-59). I have made a comparative analysis of this story and discussed its cognates in Malaysia (Ceram only), Polynesia (Ellice Islands only), Micronesia, and especially Melanesia, where it is widespread throughout New Guinea, the Torres Straits Islands, the Trobriand Islands, the Bismarck Archipelago, the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides, the Loyalties, and certain Polynesian outliers (Lessa 1961a: 220-37).

My analysis shows that the fearsome adversaries of the hero are more often single than multiple, and show a great diversity of species and names. The deserted woman is usually, as in the present tale, somewhat passive and stolid, although deeply concerned over the safety of her child, and is surprisingly unresentful toward those who left her behind in their flight. The reason for the woman's rejection is not always valid or clear, a variety of explanations being offered: overweight due to pregnancy, a big foot, or a swollen leg; labor pains; being an evil spirit (untrue); lack of friends and relatives; and so on. The woman's hideout is most often a hole dug underneath a tree or a rock. The hero is usually born after a strange intercourse or asexual impregnation, and his mother has an equally unusual pregnancy. In all these tales the hero himself is generally unusual: a great or even extraordinarily rapid growth (only hinted at here); boundless courage; whimsicality; a taunting manner; shrewdness; skill; and culture creation (not in Ulithi).

The number ten in the present story occurs so often throughout Ulithian folklore that I once analyzed it in depth as a possible formulistic number, that is, a number attached to a prescribed or set form (Lessa 1961a: 434-44). Taking the whole of Oceania, I classified all occurrences in my extensive collection according to the following working categories: single passive references, multiple passive references, naming of children, increments from one to ten, decrements from ten to one, reversal of the cardinal numbers, tenfold repetitions, and counting. My findings were not wholly conclusive because I did not have all the possible literature at my command but they gave the impression that ten is indeed the formulistic number not only for Micronesia but Polynesia and especially Melanesia as well.

The present collection of tales strengthens my feeling that ten is indeed a formulistic number for Ulithi. Thus, in Tale No. 25 the blind old woman counts her twenty taros (2×10). In No. 32 the names of the ten men who ate the mullets are designated. In No. 52, which follows, we again have ten ogres with many heads (except for the first), each named in almost precisely the same fashion as those in the present tale. In No. 57, yet to be offered, there is not the usual counting, but an element of enumeration is implied by having each alternate child of ten siblings belong to a different sex.

Interestingly, the three American translators of *The Book of Luelen* state that the concept of multiheaded monsters is not common in Ponapean folktales and that they themselves have collected no mention of it; but they do note that in addition to a passing reference in Luelen's book to giants having many heads from one to ten, there is a story from Ponape collected by Hambruch (1932-36: III, 300-302) about two and ten-headed giants. They suggest that the idea is a nineteenth-century diffusion from European or American sailors (Fischer, Riesenbergh, and Whiting 1977: 77, 80 n. 3). I do not think that this is so, for the idea has wider occurrence than they may realize. For instance, in addition to the multiheaded ogres of the present Ulithian tale and those of No. 52, there is another story, "The Madman and the Evil Spirit" (Tale No. 18), in which a *iäluslep* has four heads, four mouths, eight eyes, and eight hands, but only one body and two legs (Lessa 1961a: 65-67). Moreover, in a Trukese tale

there are ten demons, with heads ranging from one to ten (Krämer 1932: 358), and in a Palauan tale a two-headed spirit eats children (Krämer 1917-29: IV, 182-83). Probably a search of Melanesian ogre stories would reveal that multi-headed giants are common there, this being the region par excellence for ogre stories. Certainly, monsters of this sort are found elsewhere in the Pacific. Admittedly, the ogres in question are not always giant-sized, but I think that the issue is more a matter of multiheadedness than size.

As for the idea of a lowly boy or girl becoming a chief or king (Motif L165), it is not uncommon in Ulithian and other Carolinian stories. It is characteristic of the Tale Type: *The Deserted Woman and Her Ogre-Killing Son, of which the present story is but one of numerous Oceanic variants. To what extent this happens in real life is a matter of speculation, given the fact that succession to chieftainship at all levels is a matter of near-automatic succession through matrilineages. Although it is a rarity for a woman to become a chief, it can happen, as in the case of Lefaioup, the paramount chief of Lamotrek (Alkire 1965: 36-38); but even here her position was ascribed, not achieved.

The persistence of this widely disseminated tale type, of which my Tales No. 13 and 51 are classic examples, is attested to by the fact that new variants continue to be discovered, a recent one having been collected in 1971 from a middle-aged native of Kosrae (Mitchell 1973: 237-39). It is hard to avoid the assumption that the great appeal of the story throughout Oceania lies to a large extent in the idea of retribution in the face of desperate odds.

52. THE ISLAND IN THE BLOOD-RED SEA

Yöl and Yath have two children, a boy and a girl. The girl has been thoroughly pampered by them and when she demands to be taken to an island in a blood-red sea they reluctantly agree to do so, even though they know that it is inhabited by a man-eating eel, who uses his spirit sister to recruit victims for him. Yöl is killed on the island by the many-headed guards of the eel-ogre. So are all the other persons who came in his canoe, including his daughter but not his wife, who is spared so that she can serve as a drudge for the ogre. Meanwhile the boy, who had been given up by his parents for adoption, presumably because they were not overly fond of him, senses that there is trouble, and with the aid of a tree spirit sails off to rescue his mother and also his father, who is being grilled over a fire. The boy has to contend with the many-headed guards. Having found his mother, he kills first one guard, then another, and after all are dead he kills the other cronies of the man-eating eel, and finally the eel-chief himself. He locates his father and restores his decayed body by putting it in a mixture made of water and an herb medicine given to him by the friendly tree spirit. Then he restores his father to life by sprinkling a medicine on him. The son, the mother, and the father return to their island, Fais, in a model canoe that the tree spirit had earlier given the lad to sail on his rescue mission.

The storyteller is Taleguethep, who heard the story once, on Mogmog, when she was a young girl, from an old woman named Matheaupwilimel. According to my records, Matheaupwilimel was born about 1885 on Mogmog but had

been evacuated temporarily with others to Saipan in the Marianas after the great typhoon of 1907. Taleguethep thinks that the old woman may have learned the tale on Saipan, but even if this were true it does not make it a Chamorro tale. A Carolinian colony has existed on Saipan since 1815, being often replenished. Besides, the locale of the story is Fais, close to Ulithi. More importantly, another version of the same story was known to the elderly Melchethal, who had heard it on Sorlen, probably before Matheupwilimel was evacuated.

Yöl and Yath were married and lived on Fais. They had two children, a boy and a girl. Yöl and Yath were not as fond of the boy as much as the girl. Somebody from Licheicho⁹ adopted the boy.

Whenever the girl wanted something she would tell her father and mother and they would listen to her. If she wanted to travel to some other island they would do as she asked.

Once a spirit woman named Lichimachokh came to see her and asked if her mother and father were very fond of her and she said, "Oh, yes. Everytime that I want something for myself they always listen and do what I say." The spirit said, "All the islands of the world—have your father and mother taken you to them?" She replied, "Yes, all." "I think that there is an island that they have never shown you. They told you a lie. It is a beautiful island and the sea around it is the color of blood." She left and the girl felt bad and cried because she thought that her father and mother did not like her.

Her parents came to her and asked her why she was crying, and she told them that she was crying because there was an island they had never taken her to. Her parents told her that there indeed was an island about which they had not told her because it was a spirits' island, and if they were to go there they would die. She answered, "I would like to go there anyway."

They prepared for the trip to that island and invited some men to go with them. They took their daughter with them. They started to sail to the island and headed southward, far from their own island. They saw an island. Yöl and the men looked at it, and Yöl called his daughter to look at it. When the daughter saw the island she sang a song:

Fethel tangi, hakh tangi,	Paddle away, steer away,
Bwe te ila mele fülle,	That is not my island,
Te mälupe sürara lolicha.	It does not glisten the color of blood.

They sailed away and sighted another island, and they told the daughter to look at it. She sang the same song:

Fethel tangi, hakh tangi,	Paddle away, steer away,
Bwe te ila mele fülle,	That is not my island,
Te mälupe sürara lolicha.	It does not glisten the color of blood.

They sailed away and sighted still another island, and they told the daughter to look at it. She sang the song:

Fethel tangi, hakh tangi,	Paddle away, steer away,
Bwe te ila mele fülle,	That is not my island,
Te mälupe sürara lolicha.	It does not glisten the color of blood.

They sailed away and reached a beautiful island, and they told her to look at it. She sang a song:

Fethel ngali, hakh ngali,	Paddle ahead, steer ahead,
Bwo sa ila mele fülle,	That is my island,
Sa mälupe, sarara lolicha.	It glistens the color of blood.

They went to the island and stayed there.

The chief of the island was an eel with the head of a human being. He had some guards. Their names were Chümchüm Seu, Chümchüm Ruou, Chümchüm Sölu, Chümchüm Faou, Chümchüm Limou, Chümchüm Wölou, Chümchüm Fösu, Chümchüm Walu, Chümchüm

⁹Licheicho, or Ledjodjoi, is the middle one of the three Fais villages that are located in the gravel terrace above a long stretch of sandy beach (Krämer 1937: 317).

Theou, Chùmchùm Seg,⁴ Yangelkhurel or Gale, Yathebwsou or Typhoon, Lolior or Rainbow, and a woman named Limartepokh.

Lichimachokh [who had enticed the girl] used to come every morning and take one person at a time from Fais and give him to the guards to kill and cook, and then present to the chief to eat. Lichimachokh was the sister of the chief. The last one she took [on the Island in the Blood-Red Sea] was Yòl. Lichimachokh killed him and smoked him over a fire. They had not killed Yath because she worked for the chief and made fires. While she was working for him some people from the island used to come and secretly give Yath things to eat. There were both good and evil people on the island, and the ones who helped her were those whom the spirits used to go out and catch.

The [adopted] boy whom they had left on Fais waited and waited for the people to return but they did not come back. One day he went to the men's house and slept there. While he was sleeping, the men in the clubhouse said, "He is sleeping. Perhaps he does not know if his father and mother have died." He overheard what they were saying and returned to his house.

He took an axe and went to the woods to look for a tree to build a canoe. He chopped down a *khumar* tree⁵ while the spirit who lived in the tree was away. When the [tree] spirit returned at night in order to sleep there he was angry and said some magic words that put the tree together again as it had been before. The next morning the boy came and chopped down the tree again. When the spirit returned at night he saw the tree down and put it together again. This happened three times.⁶

The [tree] spirit thought that he would watch and see who was chopping down his tree. When the youth came to cut the tree he asked him, "Who are you?" He answered, "I am sorry. I did not know that this was your place. I chopped this tree down to make a canoe to sail to an island to look for my father and mother." The spirit said to him, "Everyone is now dead except your mother. They are smoking your father over a fire. If you do not hurry and go there, perhaps they will kill your mother, too." The boy asked him what he should do, and the spirit said that he would give him a small *hapelùr* or model canoe. The boy asked, "How can I ride on this? It is too small for me." The spirit said that he should try anyway to sail it and that he would give him some medicine to take with him. He gave the boy two medicines and a pole. The spirit asked him if he had coconut oil and the boy told him that he had. He told him to take it along so that he could mix some medicine with it. The boy took all those things and placed them in his canoe. He put the canoe in the water and sailed to the island.

When the boy reached the island he hid his canoe. Then he went to the village. He saw his mother there but she did not see him. He spat some of the coconut oil on her and she said, "This smells good, just like the oil my son has." He spoke to her, saying, "I am here." She asked him why he had come, because this was a spirits' island. He said, "I came to see you." He asked her where his father was, and she told him that he was being smoked over a fire. He said to her, "Go now to the village and make signs on those people who helped you by tying young coconut leaves on their arms so that I will not kill them." He left her and went before the men's house and stood on a rock. Chùmchùm Seou came up and said, "Who are you?" He answered with a song:

Hamame thin
Mo chin mo
Han tae han a te.⁷

The guards answered him:

Hai thathakh feitha?

Why did you come here?

He answered them:

Ha thakhthakh fakhel malowe semem ie wolò rasó,

⁴The first ten names are the kind of enumeration of ogres that we encountered not only in Tale No. 51 but also Tale No. 13 of my earlier collection of stories. "Chùmchùm" is the same as "Chemchem" and translates literally "Headhead," signifying more than one head.

⁵I cannot identify the *khumar*, which we previously encountered in Tale No. 27 (note 31).

⁶The restoring of the felled tree (Motif E30.1) was discussed at some length in connection with Tale No. 45.

⁷My narrator had no idea as to the meaning of these words.

Sem mise wewe ha te thakthakh wa chelemem,
 Supulimi,
 Supelioche,
 Sum mohoho,
 Mohoho ie.⁸

After he had finished his song he took the pole and hit the guards on the nape of the neck and Chùmchùm Seu died. Then Chùmchùm Ruou died. Then Chùmchùm Sölu died. Then Chùmchùm Faou died. Then Chùmchùm Limou died. Then Chùmchùm Wölou died. Then Chùmchùm Fösu died. Then Chùmchùm Walu died. Then Chùmchùm Theuou died. Then Chùmchùm Seg died. After they died the others came and he did the same to Yangelkhurel or Gale, Yathebwuso or Typhoon, Lolior or Rainbow, and Limartepokh. After they were all dead the only one left was the chief. He too came. He sang a song:

Hai thakthakh feitha?

Why did you come here?

The boy hit the chief on the nape of the neck four times and he died. Then he fought against all the other people on the island, except those whom he saw had been marked on the arm [with the leaves]. He killed only those without the mark.

After he had finished fighting he went to his mother and asked her where his father was, and she told him. He took some water and put it in a container, and also put both the medicines inside [which the tree spirit had given him]. Then he took his father and placed him in the mixture. The father's bones and flesh were restored just as they were before. Then he took a *iar* [*Premna gaudichaudii*] leaf and put it in the medicine. He sprinkled some of it on his father and his father became alive.⁹ His father said, "Don't move me, because I am sleepy." The son asked, "Are you sleepy or are you a lazy man? Get up and come with me."¹⁰

He followed his son to go see the mother and they took the mother with them. The mother and father asked him what canoe they were going to use to get back to Fais, and he told them that he had a canoe someplace. "Follow me, I will show you." They went to the place where he had hidden the canoe and they rode on the canoe to their island, Fais.

Two related themes run throughout the narrative, that of the spoiled child and that of the less favored child. The former leads her parents into a nightmarish encounter with man-eating ogres, the latter delivers them from bondage and death.

Virtually the same story had been told to me two days earlier by Melchethal, who had heard it as a boy on Sorlen islet, but his remembrance of it was not as good as Taleguethep's and did not include her songs. However, he had some differing details that are worth repeating. One of the two medicines given to the boy by the tree spirit was to make the people of the island drowsy, so that by spreading it about he was able to pass among them without their being able to do anything except look at him. This is an alternative to the killing of the guards, who do not even appear in his version. When the son is ready to take his parents back to Fais in his *hapelür* canoe, they hesitate because it is so tiny, just as he had hesitated when the tree spirit had told him to get into it. Finally, in Melchethal's version the boy becomes the chief of Fais—a kind of formalistic ending to several Ulithian tales.

Tree spirits are touchy and dangerous beings, who are highly sensitive about

⁸Again, my narrator could not give the meaning of these words.

⁹His sister could not be restored because she had been eaten, so I was told.

¹⁰In Tale No. 16 Yöl asks his daughter, whom he has rescued from an ogre's innards, "Are you sleepy or are you lazy?" (Lessa 1961a: 63). The narrators are different, so there may be an association of some sort with Yöl stories.

having their abode cut down without a preliminary act of placation; so it comes as a surprise to find that one of them should befriend a human who has flagrantly violated his abode three times.

Unless the situation on Fais differs from that on Ulithi, which is doubtful because of the frequent communication and intermarriage between the two, in real life the boy would have been adopted before birth. My research brought out that all true adoption, *fam*, was prenatal, and that in 1949, 45.0 percent, and in 1960, 43.2 percent of all Ulithians were adopted. Therefore, the boy, who normally would have spent the first five to ten years of his life with his true parents before being domiciled with his adoptive parents, could not in real life have been given in adoption because of any dislike by his parents—he would not yet have been born. Adopted children maintain close contact with their true parents and retain nominal membership in their mother's lineage, even though in a socio-legal sense they belong to the adoptive parents.

Once again we encounter in this tale the multiheaded monsters of the kind met with in Tale No. 51, but I wish to add some fresh observations resulting from an analysis of Woleaian counting by Alkire (1970: 8-16, 68), because much of what he says applies to Ulithi and other atolls in the west central Carolines. He notes that there appears to be a dual basis for counting, the decimal system being basic and used for most enumerations. But he finds, and I agree with him, that on many ceremonial occasions the number four, and its multiples and divisions, is of great importance. He uses some of my own folktales to show its frequency in Ulithi, something of which I had not made a point, and notes that the number is usually associated with some ritualistic aspect of the story.

I admire the way in which he has separated out the two numbers and shown the sacred connotations of the number four. In 1961 I had written: "It is interesting that among the many occurrences of the number [ten] in Ulithian tales, none are connected with the sacred. Rather, they seem to go along with the decimal system of counting prevalent in the Carolines" (Lessa 1961a: 435). But it remained for Alkire to make me aware that the number four is both formulaic and sacred in Ulithi. This is seen in the four levels of the Sky World, prominent in earlier Tales No. 1 and 2. It is also seen in the combinations of fours discussed in connection with No. 38, where 4×4 multiplied by 4×4 (16×16) result in 256 possible combinations of the palm leaf knots used in *bwe* divination. Associated with this are the *bwe* spirits mentioned in No. 38, who although not specified there as being sixteen (4×4) are enumerated as such in other Carolinian tales involving the "canoe of destiny." Even though I have not made a systematic search for the number four in my total collection of Ulithian tales, I can say that is to be found in some of the new stories. Thus, in No. 27 the man who has volunteered to go back to the Island of Bamboo says it will take him four days to go and return; it takes four days for the bamboo to rise again from the earth; and the man later descends to Yap from Läng four times before telling Yolofäth that he is homesick. In No. 32, there are four mullet children. In No. 54, called "The Dead Woman and the Isle of Souls," still to

be offered, a dead woman must wait four days for a spirit to take her soul to the island of souls.

The reasoning behind Alkire's explanation of the importance of the number four is too involved to go into in detail here, but in essence it is derived from his analysis of the Woleaian system of measuring length in canoe building and house construction, where a midpoint is determined and the resulting halves are in turn halved themselves (Alkire 1970: 17-37, 68-69). Some of these principles of measurement and the bases of ordering space, he finds, are reemphasized in the complex navigational system used by Woleaians (pp. 40-56). They are also to be seen in district organization (pp. 56-66, 69-70). All this, he suggests, is an aspect of a possible dualism in the Micronesian system of organization, such as has been claimed for Southeast Asia, Indonesia, and Melanesia (p. 70). With Ulithi as similar as it is to Woleai, I would imagine that most of what he has to say about the latter would probably be true of the former, both substantively and conceptually. Certainly, a reexamination of Ulithian culture and social organization in general and folklore in particular, in terms of his findings and interpretations, would make for an exciting exercise in structural theory. One could go wherever the path leads, although of course there would always be the vexing question as to what is simply correlative rather than causal.

Startling as it may seem, "The Island in the Blood-Red Sea" is a distant but indisputable cognate of the Polynesian myth of the renowned Rata, or at least a major part of it. The Rata story is found in numerous parts of Polynesia, but for purposes of comparison the compact Maori version collected by George Grey (1855: 108-16) may be used. A son learns that his father (Yöl, Wahieroa) has been killed for or by a chief, and his remains subsequently are treated ignominiously. In the Maori version the bones of the father have been carried off to a distant land by a strange people, the Ponaturi. The son in both stories thoughtlessly chops down a tree, without first seeking permission, in order to build a canoe to sail in search of his dead father. But overnight it is reconstructed, either by a spirit or some insects dwelling in the tree. (In the Maori version forest spirits and birds help the insects.) This happens on three successive days. In order to solve the mystery, someone lies in wait at night: in the Micronesian version it is the tree spirit, trying to ascertain the identity of the sacrilegious hewer; in the Maori story it is Rata, trying to discover the persistent restorers. There is then an amicable reconciliation between the offender and the offended, with the latter providing the hero with a special canoe. The Micronesian son locates his father, who is being roasted over a fire, and restores him to life by putting a concoction on his bones and flesh; the Polynesian son recovers his father's bones from the Ponaturi, although he does not bring him back to life. The Micronesian hero vengefully kills the cannibalistic chief, along with his multiheaded guards and the rest of the people on the island (except for a chosen few); Rata similarly completes the task of avenging his father's death by slaying all the one thousand Ponaturi.

Just as startling is the realization that when the story of Haluwai (Tale No.

25) is combined with "The Island in the Blood-Red Sea" the result is a Micronesian version of the famous Tawhaki-Rata cycle, thousands of miles from New Zealand! For despite deletions, accretions, recombinations, and trivializations, the Micronesian synthesis shows an unmistakable affinity with the Polynesian cycle.

53. THE WOMAN KILLED BY THE RAINBOW

While her husband is away spear-fishing, a rainbow descends and takes away the soul of a chief's daughter. The rainbow proves to be the spirit of Thohoiur, a reef near the isle of Pig. The people of Lossau islet, where the chief's daughter had been living with her husband, consult Marespa about bringing her back to life. Marespa, replying through a ghost who has possessed him, says that the spirit of the reef, Thohoiur, is the one who has killed the woman and that he (Marespa) cannot restore her soul to her body because the spirit has hidden her soul.

The narrator is Feluechokh. She first heard the story on Fassarai a few years previously from an old woman, Ragimethau, who was a relative born on Mogmog.

There were a man and a woman, and they were married. [The man was a chief.] They were from the Lul le eawachich [the smaller half of Mogmog]. They had a daughter.

The daughter married a Fasilus man.¹¹ He took her and they lived together on Mogmog. Men on Mogmog used to have trysts with her, and when he found out he was angry. He took his wife and they left Mogmog to go to Lossau Island. After living there a while they went to Pig islet and made a house for themselves and lived in it.

One day she said to him, "Go catch some fish, for I would like to eat fish." He went to the reef and fished there, while his wife watched him from the beach under some coconut trees. In those days people did not have such materials for fishing as iron hooks and glass [sic], so he took a branch of a *hangi* [*Pemphis acidula*] and used it for a spear. While he was fishing he looked back to the island and saw a rainbow descend to the place where the woman was. The woman thought that it was a spirit. The rainbow took the woman's soul away from her. The man wondered, when he looked toward the island, why the rainbow had come down at that place, so he went to see what had happened. When he arrived his wife was dead. He felt bad and cried. He rode back to Lossau in a canoe, and told the people of the island that the daughter of the chief was dead. He said that they should take garments and other valuables to Thohoiur [a reef near Pig] and drop them there, saying, "I think a spirit there killed the woman." The people of Lossau said to him, "It is better that we speak to Marespa¹² first and see what he says." He replied, "Never mind. Let us go and drop these things there because I am afraid, afraid because the chief's daughter is dead." They dropped the things on Thohoiur and went back and told Marespa what had happened. A spirit came on Marespa. Marespa told them that they could not make her alive again because the spirit from Thohoiur was the one who had killed the woman. Marespa then told them to go tell the people on Mogmog that they could not restore her soul to her body because the spirit of Thohoiur had hidden it.

The story is so fragmentary that no reason is given for the woman's death. Even though a moralistic reader in our own society might suspect that she was

¹¹By marrying a man of the Fasilus lineage the woman was marrying someone from the larger and superior half of Mogmog called the Lul le paling.

¹²Marespa was a famous ghost of the Fasilus lineage. See Tale No. 56 (note 14), and the post-narrative discussion.

being punished by the spirit for her indiscretions on Mogmog, this did not occur to the narrator, who was unable to give an explanation for the rainbow's action. But bear in mind that by nature sea spirits are almost always malevolent beings.

Marespa's role here must be explained. Ordinarily one thinks of him as an actual child who died in the last century and won widespread fame for his revelations as a lineage ghost who possessed several *wasoama*, or mediums (Lessa 1976). But here he is instead depicted as a living person who had already gained something of a reputation by being himself possessed by a ghost. That is what is meant by, "A spirit came on Marespa." All this is unusual in the biography of Marespa, who is customarily depicted not as a medium but a control ghost of the Fasilus lineage. His age at death is not pinpointed, but he seems to have been a small child who talked in a kind of baby talk when consulted through a mouthpiece. Tale No. 56, "After Marespa Died," further details the life of this great Ulithian figure.

VI

GHOSTS

FOR THE MOST part ghosts are thought of as benevolent, especially when they are ancestral; but like demons they are often feared, and a Ulithian walking alone through the woods at night will cast an apprehensive glance behind him as he nervously makes his way. This small collection of tales shows a range of attitudes from terror to sentimentality to reverence.

54. THE DEAD WOMAN AND THE ISLE OF SOULS

A pregnant woman, who already has a boy, dies without delivering her child, while her irresponsible husband is off on Falalop watching the people dance. In revenge, her soul summons all the evil spirits everywhere, and they thoroughly frighten the husband when he finally returns home. They and his wife provide him with a drawn-out night of terror, after which the spirits devour the husband. The woman, secretly taking her mortal child with her, goes as she must to an island where the souls of the dead congregate before journeying to the Sky World for their final sojourn. Her boy has to remain in hiding during the day because he is not a spirit, but at night he comes to watch his mother and the other spirits dance. Then he loses sight of her for good. He grows up on the island to be a young man and observes a beautiful girl at a dance. They fall in love but have a problem: she turns to bones if she does not leave him before sunrise. The celestial god, Lugeilång, has been observing them and takes an interest in their predicament. He turns the girl into a human being and has her marry the youth. Lugeilång bestows the island upon them, as well as the great house. He endows them with one each of a variety of foods, and then leaves, taking with him all the souls of the island.

The narrator is Taiethau. He heard the story on Mogmog when he was about eleven or twelve years of age from an old female relative named Leüng. She was surrounded by many children at the time. Leüng herself heard the tale as a girl, so the story must be old. Taiethau never heard it again but retained a vivid recollection of it by constantly retelling it to others, being reminded of parts he might forget by persons he himself had taught.

A man and woman from the isle of Falalop were married and after she became pregnant they went with their already born boy to the isle of Losiep, where she had her own land. While they were living there some people from Losiep, needing food supplies, returned from Falalop where they had gone for a visit. They reported that the people of Falalop had been doing a good deal of dancing.

The man felt a desire to go and watch the dances, so he asked his wife, saying that he would like to go back with the men who had come from Falalop to watch the dancing and return when

they came back again for food supplies. The woman told him he should not go because the time for her to deliver her baby was near and if he went and she had a baby, there would be no one to help her because everyone was staying on Falalop to see the dances. He told her not to worry as he would come back right away, possibly the next day. The woman and he argued, and she finally consented. He went with the men to Falalop in their canoe. He watched the dancing but stayed a long time without going back to his wife.

When the time for the delivery came, there was nobody there to help her. Her boy had gone pole-fishing near the beach. She was in the house and tried to bring on the delivery but the baby would not emerge. She had a difficult time and died with the baby still inside her. Her soul came and placed her corpse on the sleeping mat. The soul then hung a hibiscus fiber mosquito net over her.

The soul went to the doorway and sat watching the boy. As she watched him he kept catching more and more fish, so she told him to stop and return because they had enough fish. But he refused to come. She again called him. After that he caught a fish and tried to take it off the hook, and saw that its body was cut open. He threw back this fish and caught another one, but it was cut open the same way.¹ This happened many times. He asked his mother what had happened to the fish and she answered, "I told you to stop fishing and come back because we have enough fish." He took his bamboo pole and he put his fish in a basket and brought them to his mother.

As he was walking to the house his mother felt very sad for the boy. When she looked at him she felt depressed. He reached the house and she went underneath the mosquito net and cried. She did not let the boy know what had happened to her. She remained under the net and said to him, "Go and prepare the fish for us because I cannot do it. I feel that I am going to be ill." He started to prepare the food and when he was through he called his mother, but she told him to go ahead and eat as she could not eat with him, and that when he was through he should move close to her outside the mosquito net as she wanted to talk to him. He finished eating and went and sat down near the net and listened to his mother just as the sun was setting. The house was getting dark.

They had a fireplace in the house and two branches of a tree were glowing. The embers of the two branches glowed and then faded.² She said to the boy, "I am already dead and am now a soul. Your baby *bwisim*, or sibling-of-the-same-sex, has not come out and is still in my belly, dead. Do not be afraid because I am here with you." The soul then caused the boy to be unafraid of spirits. "Your father lied to us and has not yet come back. We are going to stay here four days³ and then another spirit will come and take me away." She told the boy to dig a hole in the middle of the house and not cover it. He did as his mother asked. He dug a hole until it was deep enough, working until sunrise. Then he told his mother that he was finished. She said to him, "Put two coconut mats in the bottom of the hole and take a stick and push me into the hole." He did what his mother said, and then she told him to put two sticks over the hole and place some coconut mats on top of the sticks. He did what she said, and she told him to leave things like that. That night they stayed there.

The next morning the husband came back from Falalop. He came with some men to collect some food but he had forgotten that she was still there because he had become interested in so many things that were distracting him on Falalop—the dances, the young women, and the like. They took some food and put it in their canoe, and as he felt thirsty he went to another side of the island to drink coconuts because there were low trees there. He drank coconuts and while he was drinking—it was nice and cool there—he felt drowsy and went to sleep. The other men waited and waited for him but he did not come. They decided that he had gone to see his wife and was going to stay there, so they returned to Falalop without him.

¹This was a sign that the woman had died, although not from being cut. The cuts in the fish were to attract the boy's attention and emphasize that his mother was calling him.

²The significance, if any, of the embers glowing and fading was not known to the narrator. Could this have symbolized the waning of the woman's life?

³According to Ulithians, four days is the length of time that a soul remains in the vicinity of its corpse before flying away to Läng, with a previous short stopover on an island in the west, usually thought to be Angaur, in order to take a bath (Lessa 1950a: 246-47; 1966b: 56-57, 111).

He slept a long time, and when the sun was getting low he got up and went running to where the canoe had been anchored, but he found no one there. He felt afraid. Then it occurred to him that perhaps he could go and stay with his wife.

Before he arrived at the house the soul of the woman had told the boy to remove the cover from the hole, and then she had taken the boy away to hide him. The man came to the house and called her name, but she did not answer. He went into the house and when he looked down into the hole his wife's corpse looked up to him. He ran away screaming. The sun set. He was terror stricken and knew that he had no other place to go except the house because he was afraid to enter the woods in the dark. He went inside the house and talked to the corpse, asking forgiveness. He even went under the mosquito net and stayed there, very afraid. It kept getting darker and darker, and as he looked down into the hole his wife began to glow. He became more frightened than ever. The woman's soul, which had been with the boy where he was [in hiding], then left him and came back to the house.

But before going to the house she had called all the demons from everywhere. As she approached the house she frightened the man by making scary sounds with her voice. He remained under the net but became so afraid that he jumped into the fireplace—he dug a little hole and jumped in, putting a coconut mat over his head. When she arrived all the demons surrounded the house. When the soul knew that they were all there she said, "The stone platform of my house—shall I break it up and give it to the spirits [who smell a human being?]" and the spirits shouted, "Break it up!" She threw out all the stones and the spirits gobbled up all of them.

The woman's soul then said, "Shall I throw out the small gravel stones around the house?" and they shouted, "Yes!" So she threw them out and they ate all those small stones, too.⁴

She went up on the roof of the house and said, "Shall I take off the roof or not?", and the spirits answered her, shouting, "Take it off!" She threw it to them and they ate all the roof. The man inside the house realized that they were tearing the house apart and he began to shiver.

Then the woman said, "Shall I break up the walls of the house?" and the spirits shouted, "Break them up!" She threw all the wood to them and they ate it up.

Then she said, "Shall I break up the foundation of the house?"⁵ and they shouted, "Break it up!" She threw the foundation to them and they ate it up.

Only the mats were now left. She said, "Shall I take out these coconut mats or not?" and they answered with a shout, "Take them out!" So she took them out and they ate them, too. As they ate them they relished them best because the mats were close to the man.

Only the man was left. She walked over to him and looked down and he looked up at her, asking her to forgive him because he was sorry and to try to help him so that the spirits would not kill him. She retorted, "No, I will not! I told you that I was going to have a baby and that you should not go far away from me, and you said that you would return soon. I waited and waited and you did not come, so I cannot forgive you. Now you are going to be food for the spirits."

The spirits were yelling and called out to the woman, "We are waiting for you to say something!" She then said, "My husband, shall I throw him out or not!" and they shouted shrilly, "Throw him out!" She then threw him to them and they killed and ate him and not even a drop of his blood fell to the ground because they devoured everything. The woman told the evil spirits that that was all they had to do for her and that they should return to the place whence they had come.

She then went to get her boy. She told her boy that the following day a spirit would come and get her and that he had better go with her because that was the only thing left for him to do, and added that whenever she told him to do anything he should be careful to obey her.

The next day when it got dark the spirits [all female] came in their canoe and took her. She had put her child on her back and tied him to her and covered him so that they would not see the boy. When they were about to start moving she told the spirit steering the canoe that she had better steer instead because she wanted to sit in the rear of the canoe near the fishtail endpiece and use it as a backrest, for, as she was a new woman from earth who had died in pregnancy, she

⁴The larger stones on the perimeters of the platform are collectively called *ichôch*, and the small stones within are called *fasmakh*.

⁵The foundation of the house is called *bwol*, or earth.

wanted to stay there to be more comfortable. She lied to them because she wanted to hide her child. They let her steer, and with the spirits shouting, "Hakh! Fang! Hakh! Fang!"⁶ to give her directions, they reached the open sea.

They reached Piel Ngol, the Sand Isle of the Souls. The women got off the canoe, and she took both the steering paddle and her son and hid them under a *lûth* or beach naupaka shrub [*Scaevola frutescens*]. She ordered her son to stay there with the paddle and wait for them there — not to go anywhere but remain there as they were going to a dance and would come back. They went to the [women's] council house and danced in front of it and the council women inside watched the dancing. The boy heard the sounds of the dancing and desired to go there to see what was happening. He left the paddle behind and went and watched. He got tired and fell asleep there. When the spirits finished dancing and returned to their canoe in order to depart, the mother went to the place and found nobody there, only the paddle but not her son. The women shouted to her, "Let us go!" and she replied, "Wait! I am looking for the paddle!" They kept shouting, "Let us go! Let us go!" so she left without her son and went with them.

The boy slept until morning and when he awoke no one was there. He was hungry and went into the meeting house. He looked up and saw a large mat, a *mahos* or burial mat, hanging inside. When he looked up the *mahos* came down and made the boy afraid, so he ran away from the house to the sea. He stayed in the sea, standing in it. He was still hungry and found some *thokh* or small tridacna clams clinging to the reef and ate them.

When it got dark the women came back and danced again, and he returned and watched them dance. He always did that: in the daytime he would run and hide in the sea, afraid of the burial mat, and at night he would come and watch the dances. He kept looking for his mother but was unable to tell which she was. And his mother kept thinking that perhaps someone had killed him because at night many canoes would come with spirits and they would dance. This happened over a long period of time and the boy grew bigger and bigger, until he became a young man. He forgot about his mother because he was unable to find her.⁷

One night he again came to watch the dance and saw a beautiful girl in the dance whom he liked very much. He drew close and during the confusion of the fast movements he pulled her out of the dance. When she looked at him she liked him and followed him. They went to the beach near some *lûth*, or beach naupaka, shrubs. They stayed there and conversed and fondled one another. He held her in his lap. While they were conversing dawn began to break and that was the time for the souls to leave. She asked him to let her go as the sun would soon come up, but he would not let her go, holding her in his arms. When the time came and she simply had to leave, she tore away from him, and when he looked down he was holding nothing but bones in his arms. He threw them down and jumped into the water. He remained there and ate clams, and after it got dark he again went to watch the dancing. As soon as he saw the girl he again took her from the dance. They went to the same place as before and remained there.

For a month, Lugeilång, or Guardian of the Sky World,⁸ had been watching what he was doing. He felt sorry for the youth because he knew what had been happening to him — staying in the sea and being in love with the girl. One night when the youth came and took her from the dance and they had gone to the usual place, Lugeilång descended to them. He inquired whether they loved one another, and both of them said, "Yes." The woman was afraid of Lugeilång

⁶*Hakh* and *fang* mean, loosely, "leeward" and "windward." Literally, the *fang* is the bamboo withe part of the windward platform of the canoe, over the outrigger apparatus. I do not know the meaning of *hakh*, unless it is a form of the verb *kak*, meaning to "carry." Cf. *kakhlog*, "take," "carry away"; *kakhog*, "bring," "carry here." If this is so, it might refer to the leeward platform of the canoe, which carries passengers and the heavier cargo. *Hakh!* and *fang!* are constantly shouted as a canoe is being gingerly guided over a reef or through a dangerous channel, but uttered more calmly when the canoe is under way.

⁷I was told that the boy never did find his mother because he was unable to recognize her in the form of a soul. I wonder if she might not have made the flight to Lång, as she inevitably must.

⁸Lugeilång is considered by the narrator to be the greatest of the Sky World deities, but Ulithians are not consistent about this. Usually, he ranks below his father, Yålulep, or Great Spirit, and is considered to be the romantic father of that great Carolinian trickster, Yolofäth.

because he was the head of all the spirits, but she did not have time to run away from the boy in fear of Lugeiläng because Lugeiläng was already there. Lugeiläng made the girl into a human being. He told them that since they loved one another they were now married to each other. He told them that from now on the island was for the two of them, and that the big council house also was for them. "I will take all these souls with me. Remain here and I will give you something. There will be only one of a kind of everything that I will give you: a coconut tree, with one young nut and a somewhat older one with meat, and one old coconut; one banana plant with only one fruit on it; and a *fasu*, or giant tridacna clam shell with some water in it." Of each kind of food that he gave them, there was but one. Then he left them.

They went to the council house and saw all the food there. Everything that they would need for cooking and keeping house was there. The food never became exhausted. When they took a banana from the basket, another would be there, and when they took it, too, still another was there. This was true of all the food and water that they had. And from then on they lived on the island.

The "authorized" Ulithian version of the career of the soul after it leaves the body is at some variance with that of this narrative. The soul, or *ngol*, does not go directly to Läng after death. It remains on earth until the stones of the grave have been put in place, and so four days following upon death it begins its journey to Läng. On the way to the Sky World it makes a short stopover at Angaur in the Palau Islands, where it takes a bath. Some say that it goes first to Läng and goes later to Angaur whenever it wishes to bathe. Arriving at the great house in Läng known as the Farmal, the soul, now technically a ghost or *túthúp*, turns over to Lugeiläng, its custodian, the gift of the loincloth and turmeric that his relatives placed in his right arm when they buried him. Lugeiläng grills the ghost, and his father, Yälulep, the greatest god of all, listens in and decides on the basis of his earthly life if he should go to a kind of paradise or to a certain garbage pit. The paradise is a place of nothing but happiness, where the ghosts feed on flowers and their leaves and fragrance. They may marry here and have children. Ghosts living in paradise may choose to make occasional visits to earth, undetected unless they wish to possess relatives as their mediums, or *wasoama*. By contrast, the garbage pit is a repulsive place infested with such obnoxious animals as snakes and eels. Ghosts may never leave it, being stuck forever in the gum in which they must wallow (Lessa 1950a: 124-25, 246-47; 1961a: 15-26; 1966b: 56-57).

The island in the present story has an ambiguous character. It has some of the features of the paradise in Läng. There is joyful dancing. But the council house on the island seems to be for women only, and when the women dance they must depart from the island in a canoe before daybreak. There is no mention of bathing. This is neither Läng nor Angaur. Rather, it is a folkloristic invention, perhaps.

The question may have arisen in the reader's mind as to the desirability of two living mortals (the girl had been made human) spending the rest of their lives on an island that was the abode of new souls. But it must be recalled that Lugeiläng had cleared the place of all spirits and provided an inexhaustible supply of food and water for the two young lovers. Whether they would live in isolation or have the company of other mortals, even if only their own progeny, the story does not say.

In passing, I wish to say that the narrator consistently used the word for soul, *ngol*, instead of the word for ghost, *tùthùp*. When a soul passes into a ghost is not absolutely clear even by our own terminologies. Thus, the All Souls' Day observed by some Christian churches is a solemn supplication for the "souls" in purgatory. Disembodied souls are, according to my criteria, ghosts, but I admit that there is ambiguity on this point in the English language, just as there is in the Ulithian.

A short variant of this tale was collected on Guam in 1970 from a Ulithian student (Mitchell 1973: 218-21). It does not contain new details that might serve to throw new light on Taiethau's narration.

55. THE GHOST OF THE WOMAN WITH YAWS

A son can no longer bear living in isolation with his demanding, yaws-ridden mother, so he leaves her to find a wife in the village. Unable to get about, his mother dies of starvation and comes back as a specter on a mission of vindictiveness against him and his family. Her vengeance takes nauseous and gruesome forms.

The narrator is Taiethau, who first heard the story on Mogmog from a man named Rolmei (not the former king). He was about twelve or younger at the time but does not feel sure if he ever heard it again.

An island had a woman called Lepechepach. She lived in a certain part of that island. She could not walk because it hurt her feet, which had yaws all over them. She became pregnant and had a baby, a boy.⁹ She fed the child and it grew up fast to manhood.

The other part of the island had many people.¹⁰ It was a good place with much food. After the boy got big he used to go out to get food for himself and his mother. He lived with his mother about six or seven years. One day he told his mother he would like to go to the village and bring back a woman as his wife. His mother retorted, "No! If you go there and see a lot of entertainment you will never come back to me. Then no one would help to bring me my food." After that he waited four or five days and again tried to talk to his mother about the matter. She said, "No." This happened over and over again for three months. The last time he went to see his mother he said to her, "I will not go and remain there. I only want to go and get a woman for my wife and have her help us." She answered, "I will let you go and bring back a woman, but you must not forget me for I cannot go out to find food."

The youth went to the village and found a woman to be his wife, and he took her to go live with him someplace else; he did not return to his mother. His mother waited for a long time, three or four days, but he did not come back. She became weak from not having eaten for several days. Indeed, she became so faint that she was on the verge of death. She crawled about looking for food. She saw a squash that was half rotten and took the good part and started to eat it. After she had eaten it she crawled back to her house. She waited and waited for her son, but he never came. She decided that her son had lied to her, but she waited and waited some more. Then she died.

Her ghost stood up and took a knife and cut her into many pieces, and then put them into two baskets. The specter took the baskets and put a stick through them and carried them on her shoulder. She went out looking for her son. She went to the village searching for him but he was not there, so she looked for him at the end of the island. When she reached it, he and his wife were there. The ghost made herself look like the living mother. She put down the two baskets and said to her son, "Why don't you go to the village and get some porpoise meat for yourself,

⁹The woman had no husband and we do not know how she became pregnant.

¹⁰The mother and her son lived apart from the village because her yaws had made her so ugly.

because the people of the village have seen porpoises coming up on the beach. I have brought this much for you, but I looked for you in the village when the people were dividing up the meat and you were not there. This was all I could bring back to you. Go ahead and collect some of this porpoise meat for yourself and your family."

Her son had four children [born in about a year!]. She said to her son's wife, "Stay here and cook some of the meat of the porpoise for your children." The young man took a basket and went to the village while his wife started making a fire. When the fire was ready she went to the baskets and wanted to take some of the meat out of a basket but she smelled a foul odor from it. She said to her husband's mother, "The meat smells. What happened?" The mother answered her, "It is because the porpoise was already dead when I went there to take some meat from it." The wife put the meat on the fire, and when it was finished cooking she started to feed the children. As they and their mother were eating the meat, all of them exclaimed that the taste was not good, not like the taste of porpoise. The boy's mother again explained, "That is because the porpoise was already dead when I took meat from it." They continued to eat and when they were through they put all the remaining meat in a basket and hung it up.

The woman then took her children and put them inside the house to go to sleep. She went near her husband's mother and they had a conversation. As they were talking, the mother of the boy, when she knew his wife was not looking at her, lifted off her head to frighten her. She put it on her lap and began to delouse it. When the wife looked at her she saw she had no head and asked, "Why did you take off your head?" She answered, "I always do this because I am very weak and cannot do much moving." She took her head and put it back on, and the two women resumed their conversation. When the wife again looked at her, she had taken out both eyes and was cleaning them. She was afraid and asked her what had happened to her eyes. The woman put back her eyes and said to her, "I already told you I am weak and that is why I take out my eyes." They continued their conversation.

The son of the woman reached the village and asked the people if there were a lot of porpoises lying on the beach, but the people told him there were none. He then surmised that his mother was dead and also guessed that the meat his mother had brought to them was her body. He did not go back to his house, and that night he slept in the village.

His mother and his wife waited that night, so his mother said to his wife, "Let us go and look for him." The wife agreed and followed her as they started for the village. When they were halfway there the wife looked at the woman and saw that her body was turned to the village but her face was turned back. The wife asked her, "What is wrong with your head?" And she answered, "I want to be able to see you wherever you go." She then knew that this was a spirit and tried to run away from her, but as she started to run the spirit caught up and stayed in front of her. She again ran away, and the spirit again caught up with her and got in front of her. This happened over and over again until the wife got tired and frightened, and she fell down and died. The mother went up to the wife and took out both her eyes. Then she went to her son's house and took out all the eyes of the children. She put each child in its bed. Having taken all the eyes and killed the children, she went up into the rafters and stayed there.

The next morning her son returned from the village and went to his house and looked at the children. He saw that they were dead and all their eyes were gone. He knew that his mother had killed the children and tried to run away from the house. She called to her son, "Where are you going?" When her son looked up he saw her in the rafters of the house. She said to him, "I told you before that you had to come back and stay with me but you did not. You lied to me, so now if you are a bird, fly away. If you are a *mat*, or burrowing worm (?),¹¹ go into the earth. Go try to find a place where I cannot catch you." The son ran away from the house but she followed him and caught him. After taking out both his eyes she killed him. All the family was now dead.

Again we have the conflict between filial piety and self-interest, and another example of the circumstances that turn ordinary mortals into evil spirits when

¹¹I was told that the burrowing *mat* moves ahead by arching its back, is about eight to ten inches long, green-black in color with some yellow, and on other islands is sometimes used as bait.

they have died unsatisfactory deaths. The vengeance of the woman who died in childbirth was seen in Tale No. 54. The belief in vindictiveness of this sort is not uncommon in folk cultures everywhere.

56. AFTER MARESPA DIED

Marespa dies and is recruited by a soul kidnapping spirit to help him snare souls on earth, but upon learning that he himself was born an earthling on Ulithi he rebels at his activity and becomes an ancestral or lineage ghost. He possesses the people who are his mediums. A shrine is built for him on the atoll. Thereafter, shrines are built for him on various islands beyond the atoll itself.

The narrator is Melchethal. He first heard this *kaptal*, or "history," as he called it, when he was a boy, while watching some people who were making leis for Marespa. He heard it on Mogmog but was unable to say specifically who the storyteller was, and he heard it again on many occasions. Only the day before, he was reminded of the *kaptal* by a man of about sixty-five named Ufalakhiol, whose father and wife were both members of the Fasilus lineage, the same as Marespa's.

Marespa¹² died. His ghost went to live inside [the hollow of] a *iôth* or taro leaf.

A *äilus* or spirit called Mitrou, who used to catch the souls of living people to make them die, came to Marespa. He made him his friend and Marespa did what he said. They had a net and starting in the east they would try to catch the souls of all the people as far west as the Philippine Islands.¹³ They did this only at the full moon.

Once when there was a full moon they went out to do their work, and while they were doing it they tried to catch another *äilus*, named Sathawölemethau, who lived on a long log in the sea; but they were unable to catch him because he broke the net and escaped. Marespa said to Sathawölemethau, "Be ready! I will come the next full moon and catch you." He replied to Marespa, "You are a very wicked man. You catch all your *lai*, or children, on these islands. You were born on earth." Marespa did not know that he had been born on earth and only discovered this from the *äilus*. So he felt remorse.

One full moon when Marespa and his friend came back to try to catch souls, Marespa set free all those that were caught in the net. But his friend did not know what he was doing. Each time that he and his friend went to catch souls Marespa did that.

Once another *äilus* came to Marespa. His name was Ilurang. He said to Marespa, "Let us go down to earth [they were in the sky]." So he followed Ilurang to earth and Ilurang then told him, "You were born in these islands [Ulithi]." Thenceforth Marespa possessed people who were *wasoama*, mediums, and they made a *fangelmarespa*, or Marespa shrine, for him. He possessed or came on many of his *wasoama*, and the people of the atoll prayed to him. After that, other islands made *fangelmarespa*, too. That is how Marespa became our *tùthùp*, or ghost.¹⁴

This is a penurious account of the greatest figure in known Ulithian history. I shall here merely hint at some of his biography but elsewhere I have traced

¹²Marespa was Ulithi's famous prognosticating ghost.

¹³It is interesting that Mitrou should operate in the Philippines, which although known to Ulithians was not encompassed by the culture.

¹⁴*Tùthùp* merely means "ghost." More specifically, Marespa was a lineage ghost or *tùthùp buelbwohat*, and as the leading ghost of his lineage he was a *tùthùp wachich*, or "little [!] ghost." Eventually he became a supralineage ghost of the rare kind called a *tùthùp paling*, or "great ghost" (Lessa 1976: 63-64).

the details of his life, death, and subsequent rise to great fame in the Carolines as a prognosticating and tutelary ghost (Lessa 1950a: 116-21; 1966b: 51-54; 1976 [whole article]).

Marespa's feeling of remorse is of course due to his human origin. He recoiled at snatching the souls of those who like himself were earthlings. We have many of the genealogical facts regarding Marespa, who was born about 1839, and know that he came from Mogmog of a Fasilus mother and became the lineage ghost for the Fasilus people soon after his death in infancy. In a short time he was adopted as an ancillary lineage ghost by other lineages of the atoll, and then by some lineages hundreds of kilometers in each direction east and west of the atoll. He became incorporated in the traditions and songs of other islands (Krämer 1937: 139; Burrows 1963: 141, 365, 380-89, 389-94, 394-400, 400-3, 404 n. 15; Alkire 1965: 121-23).

There can be no doubt that Marespa was the central figure in the everyday religion of Ulithi—ancestor worship—the kind of cult that pervaded all of the Caroline Islands. In this connection he must be compared with his Yapese predecessor, Yongolap, whom we have already discussed in connection with "Why Ulithians Take Offerings to Yap" (Tale No. 35) and "Why Turtles Are Taken to Mogmog" (Tale No. 36).

What is important about this otherwise trivial tale is that it is one of the few indicators that we have of Marespa's incipient apotheosis. Marespa was beginning to transcend the sphere of ancestor worship and enter into that of godhood. He was venerated by more than his own group and had become the object of a myth-making process. "After Marespa Died" begins to surround the ghost with mythical experiences beyond those of prognostication and the protection of kinsmen. This may be seen in a story told on Yap by a man from Ngulu to the effect that Marespa dropped to the bottom of the sea, reaching the house of the dead, where the dead were all sitting silently twisting sennit ropes (Inez de Beauclair, per. comm., April 23, 1965). Marespa is the subject of religious dance songs in Ifaluk (Burrows 1963: 363-70, 379-89, 389-94, 394-400, 400-3). These songs are close to being paeans, for they praise, exult, and thank the ghost of the child in a manner not displayed toward other lineage *túthup*. In Yap a women's dance song mentions Marespa in connection with a powerful kind of Yapese magic using red earth, *eria* (Inez de Beauclair, per. comm., April 23, 1965). In Ulithi certain important rituals were beginning to go beyond that characterizing ancestor worship and necromancy. Had it not been for the waning of paganism in this century Marespa most likely would have become a figure of the status of Yongolap and then advanced to the rank of full godhead, a road more fully traversed by Yongolap, who of course had more time and a better ambience in which to do so.

Directing our attention to the arch soul-kidnapper, Mitrou, no mention seems to be made of him in other folktales or other contexts, but his role is well known to Ulithians. The catching of souls was for the purpose of presenting them to Yälulep, the Great Spirit, the highest of all deities. The motif is not clear; it may have been the normal attrition of human beings by death. In

answer to a question, I was told that there was no evidence of selectivity between good and bad people.

In narrating the story Melchethal consistently referred to all the victims as *äalus*, or spirits, but I have translated this as "souls," for which the Ulithian word is *ngol*. The one exception that I make is for the sea spirit, who was not human. My reason for speaking of souls comes from information supplied by Melchethal himself, who was an excellent informant on the system of supernaturalism known to pagan Ulithians. The *ngol* or soul is the human spirit as it exists during a person's lifetime and is bound to the body except in dreams, when it may wander afield. The people that Mitrou would attack were still alive. The concept of the *ngol* is well known, it being considered to be lodged in the head, ingress at birth being through the bregmatic fontanelle and egress in dreams or at death through the same spot in the head. Most likely Melchethal was using the term *äalus* in a loose, comprehensive sense, regarding the soul as merely the spirit of the person while it still resided in the living body. To be strictly accurate, if he were talking about disembodied souls he would have had to call them *tüthüp*, another kind of *äalus* whom we would call "ghosts."

Why Sathawölemethau should be included as a target in Mitrou's hunt is puzzling. He was a sea spirit, never having been a human being, as far as is known. Would the great god in the sky want the souls of sea spirits! Sathawölemethau is not known to Ulithians in other stories but he was well known to them as a spirit to whom the people presented offerings on the completion of a long voyage. Actually, the offerings were strange and consisted merely of the husks of coconuts that had been carried in reserve by the voyagers for eating. Upon arriving back from a voyage they would throw the husks in the water and say, "I give you *pes*, garbage, for your *methau*, O Sathawölemethau!" A *methau* is a channel between two islands and the word is incorporated in the sea spirit's name. The attitude of the returning voyagers seems to have been one of disdain, offering something that they would be discarding. My informant could not account for this attitude.

As for the *äalus*, Ilurang, profound ignorance reigns about him. For all I know he may appear in other Ulithian tales, but be nameless—my narrators had an obvious inability to identify many of the actors in their stories, except as "spirit," "man," "woman," "boy," "girl," and so on.

At least one *fangelmarespa*, or shrine of Marespa, was still active in Ulithi during my field trips. It was maintained at a remote tip of the isle of Fassarai by a pagan named Chüoior, who was one of my chief informants in the area of supernaturalism. In the Thilenius expedition monograph on Ulithi (Damm 1938) there appear two photographs of the former shrine on Mogmog (Plate 28) and a full-page water color (Plate 33). The site of this shrine was frequently pointed out to me while I was on Mogmog. Alkire reports the presence of a *fangelmarespa* on Lamotrek Atoll in 1962-63 (Alkire 1965: 121-23). I saw and photographed a well-maintained shrine on Fais during a hurried stopover in 1948, but my notes merely record that it was a *fangeläalus*, the general name

for shrines to ancestral ghosts, of which the *fangelmarespa* is the special type reserved for the famous Ulithian ghost himself. Shrines for number one lineage ghosts in Ulithi were most often maintained in the lineage house rather than in a separate structure built for them, as happened when the lineages were large and prominent.

It is of enormous interest to me, as it should be to other Micronesianists, that Marespa is to this day an important figure among the people of Lamotrek Atoll. Eric H. Metzgar, a young cinematographer who has spent considerable time in the field, has recently sent me a rough draft of a manuscript that he has tentatively entitled "Marespa—Last of the Great Ghosts in the Caroline Islands." In it he offers a group of Marespa songs that accompanied a series of dances performed by the women of Lamotrek Atoll on 15 August 1977 for the celebration of the Assumption of Mary. Metzgar shows a good grasp of Marespa's importance in the lives of the islanders, and his prospective article will further support my repeated contention that the ghost was far more important than the literature would suggest. It is interesting that Marespa has survived longer in the islands peripheral to Ulithi than in Ulithi itself. Despite a temptation to reveal more of Metzgar's findings I must refrain from doing so for obvious reasons. But there can be no doubt that his will be an important contribution.

VII

MISTREATED CHILDREN

SOLICITUDE TOWARD CHILDREN is manifest in this group of stories, even though it is not always the dominant theme. Concern about children is indeed prevalent in the society, regardless of the fact that none of the locales in the narratives are specifically Ulithian. The presence of the problem of food and hunger is not a contrived device, given the limited resources of atolls and their vulnerability to typhoons, tsunamis, and droughts. But the mistreatment of children is of course not always related to food, as we shall see.

57. THE SELFISH MOTHER

A widow kills eight of her ten hungry children, one by one, for having eaten the fruit from her Indian mulberry tree. The two small survivors flee to a part of the island believed to be infested with terrible animals. There they find an abundance of plants and trees that bear fruits and nuts. In the course of time they return to visit their mother. She had thought they were dead. They give her all the food she needs but decline to live with her, reminding her of how she had killed their brothers and sisters. The mother feels remorse for what she has done.

The narrator, Taiethau, first heard the story on Mogmog when he was about twelve or thirteen years of age, but he does not remember from whom. He thinks that he heard it only once, but is not sure.

There were a man and a woman. They were married and had ten children: the first a girl, the next a boy, the next a girl, and so on, the last being a boy. They lived [alone] on an island that was divided into two parts, one part having little food and the other a good deal of food. They lived in the part with little food. They never went to the other side to search for food because there were many fierce animals there. At least, that is what they imagined; they were not really sure. Actually, there were no bad animals there. But the husband and wife told their children they must not go to the place.

A year after the last of the children was born the man died. The mother lived with them but she was not a kind woman. Outside the house where they lived she had a *löl* or Indian mulberry tree [*Morinda citrifolia*]. The *löl* had many fruits on it but she told them not to take any fruits from it, even if they fell to the ground. She also told them that if she saw anybody take fruit from there she would beat him. Whenever she went looking for something for herself to eat and came back empty-handed, she would eat some of the fruit of the *löl* for herself. Before going out she would count how many fruits there were on the tree, and after she departed the children were left very hungry, but they feared to touch the *löl*.

Once, however, even though she was afraid, the oldest child took one of the fruits. When the mother came back she counted the fruit of the tree and one was missing. She demanded, "Who removed a fruit from the tree?" but everyone just listened to her and nobody wanted to tell her.

After a while the eldest sister said, "I took one of them because I was very hungry." The mother beat her and killed her. She went out again looking for food and before she returned the second child took one of the fruits. After coming back the mother asked which of them had done this, and the boy told her that he had taken it. She killed him, too.

This happened over and over again until only two children were left. One of them was about three years old, the older about five. The older child took care of her small brother and watched to see that he did not take any fruit from the tree. Every time that their mother departed the girl would watch the child because she was afraid that her mother would kill the boy. One day the girl felt tired and lay down, and fell asleep with the boy near her. While she was sleeping the child walked about playing and went to where the *lôl* was. He saw two fruits that had fallen to the ground. He took and ate them. As she slept the girl had a dream. She dreamed that the child had eaten the fruit. When she got up the boy came to her and she saw some seeds on his mouth. She cried because she realized that he had eaten the fruit. She held him and cried. She talked to the boy, saying "We are the only ones left. Our mother has killed the others because they ate the fruit. I think that our mother will now kill you, too." She added, "We will run away from the house and go to the other side of the island to live, even though fierce animals are there. We will stay somewhere."

She put him on her back and they fled to the place where there was more food. They stayed inside the hollow of a tree and slept there until morning. The boy cried because he was tired of staying there, and besides he was hungry. His sister told him to wait there while she went out to try to find some food for them, and not to go away because some kind of animal might come and hurt him. She went out [of the tree] and stood beside it, looking around for animals. She did not see any, so she hurried about searching for food. As she ran about she saw many trees: Malay apple, coconut, breadfruit, papaya, and other food plants and trees. They were all laden with fruits and nuts. She went to the Malay apple tree and took two fruits. Then she went to the breadfruit tree and took one fruit. Then she went to a papaya tree and took two ripe papayas. She brought them back to her brother. They ate all the fruits that she had brought, and she told her brother that they were lucky because the place was full of food. They lived there and did the same thing for a week, a month, a year—but they were still afraid of animals. They grew up until they were big.

The brother used to gather some food to bring back to his sister, but before he left he would take a club that he had made to protect himself against the animals. Each day he ventured a little further. After he had covered the whole area he had not found any of the animals that killed people. There were, however, many fruits of trees. The last time he returned he said to his sister, "Let us build a new house for ourselves because there are no animals in this place. Our father and mother told us that there were many animals here, but I think that they did not know that there were none." They built the house.

One day they went to the edge of the place where there was no food and wondered if their mother were still alive or dead. Returning to their house they made a basket and collected some food and put it inside the basket. They took the basket to the place where their mother was. When they reached their mother's house they found her very weak. She had only the fruit of the *lôl* to eat—a little at the time—just enough to keep on living. She had thought that her children were dead and was surprised to see them and the food. She got up and said, "Come inside, my son and my daughter. I have been looking for you. I felt sad because I thought you had gone away and died." They gave her the food and said to her, "We cannot live with you. We are going to remain in our own place. Stay here and whenever we think that you need something we will come over every so often and bring it. But you must not come to our place because you killed all our brothers and sisters." They left. The mother felt sorry for what she had done and regretted that she was unable to go to her children or give them orders.

Does remorse bring redemption for the deliberate killing of her children by a hungry mother over some fruit? Evidently not, in the eyes of the two siblings who survive to escape and live another day. Should they allow her to starve to death when they have found a place with a great sufficiency of food? Again, no. The children cannot forgive but they have enough filial piety and compas-

sion within them to keep her supplied with sufficient food for her needs. Thus does the story resolve a moral dilemma. It strikes a mean between vengeance and total forgiveness.

The fear of animals felt by the husband and wife is irrational and offers perhaps no more than a motif in the story plot. Fierce land animals do not exist in the Carolines, especially the atolls, and are therefore the products of someone's imagination.

The emphasis on food is not exaggerated. Food is constantly on the minds of the people. Especially on the atolls, where subsistence is not far above the minimal level, there is constant fear of the ravages of typhoons, which are known historically to have decimated island populations. The narrative does not say if the locale is an atoll but it seems to suggest this. Reference to the *lòl*, or *Morinda citrifolia*, is appropriate. It is not an important source of food in the Carolines, only the creamy-colored fruits being eaten, usually raw. In an ethnobotanical study (Lessa 1977: 182-83) I found no references to its use in the Carolines as a famine food, but we are told that in Polynesia several stories tell of heroes and heroines who were driven to live on the *noni* (cf. Ulithian *lòl*) in days of famine (Neal 1965: 804). The fruit is a drupe, looking a little like small breadfruits, with an unpleasant taste.

58. A STORY OF YÒL AND YATH

A woman named Yath dies, leaving a husband named Yòl and their small son. The husband remarries, but his new wife is actually a spirit who continually feeds his child nothing but poor food. The boy's real mother comes to him in the form of a bird, and after learning from him how he is being treated she tries to induce him to go off with her. However, he does not want to leave his father. Ultimately, the father discovers the bad treatment that his wife has been giving the boy and takes steps to remedy the situation. He asks his first wife to come with him and help their son. She changes herself back into a real woman and goes with them to their island. The husband kills the wicked spirit-wife with a stick and casts her into the sea.

The narrator, Melchethal, first heard the story when he was a boy on the isle of Sorlen from an old man named Rapeng. He later heard it twice on Mogmog but he did not recall from whom.

There was a woman named Yath who had a husband named Yòl. They lived together and had a child, a boy. After the mother of the boy died, the husband got another woman as his wife.

Whenever the father went fishing the [step] mother prepared food but gave the boy bad food. Once when the father came home from fishing he called his son and said, "Let us eat some food." But his wife said, "Don't call him to join you because I have given the child good food, not like the food you have."

The father took the boy out to fish one day and they used a fish trap. The father let the trap down into the water and while he was working [underwater] on the trap, a bird flew near them and sang a song:

Metha ranga lòkh bùkhlùm,
lai?

What food are they giving you,
my child?

He replied,

Khili ieth,

The skin of taro,

Ma khili bwolokh,
Khili föle,
Le sa kuku ie wai ho.

She said,

Ilang ho te tha wie iai,
lai,
Ho bwe mongoi masüsül
bwaroro?

The bird was the mother of the boy and she had made herself into a bird. The boy answered her,

I tu e thabwokh,
I fahoi semei, Yölo.

And the skin of giant taro,
The skin of elephant's ear,
Bite my mouth.

Why don't you come with me,
my child,
So you can eat breadfruit baked
and big?

I cannot go with you,
I feel sad for my father, Yolo.

The child knew that the bird was his mother and cried, and the mother also cried. While they were crying the father came up from the water and the bird left there. The boy pretended that he had not cried. The father saw that his eyes were red and asked him if he had been crying, but the boy said that he had not been crying.

When they returned to their island the second wife was making some food ready and she prepared all the bad food separate from the other. She saved the bad food for the child. When the time came to eat she said to the boy, "Go ahead and eat your food separate from us," so they did not eat together. Her husband and she ate together, the boy alone.

The next day they again went fishing, looking for their fish traps, and the same thing happened. The man went down into the water and the bird flew onto the canoe and sang the song, and the boy answered with a song. They cried together because the child told her he could not go with her because he wanted his father. When the father came up from the water the bird flew away. The father asked the boy, "Why have you been crying?" and the boy replied, "I have not been crying." He did not tell him the truth. When they returned to their island they had the same experience as before. The woman gave bad food to the child. After they had finished eating they slept.

The next morning they started out to go fishing. The father thought that something had happened to the boy, so when they left he told his child, "I am going to fix this trap under water." But he lied to his son. He went into the water and came up under the *faraf* portion of the canoe's outrigger platform and listened. While he was hiding there and listening, the bird flew onto the canoe. The bird sang the song and the boy answered her, also singing a song. Thereupon his father knew that the bird was not a bird but the boy's mother. He came up from the water and went into the canoe, and the bird flew away. He knew all the songs of the boy and the bird, and he knew their meaning. They paddled back to the island. When they got back to the island the same thing happened as before. The mother prepared bad food for the boy, separate from the good food. They ate, and after they finished eating they slept until morning.

Again they went fishing, and the man told his son, "I am going down to the bottom and will come back." He went and hid in the same place. But before they left to go fishing he had taken a fish net, and while he was hiding, the bird flew to the canoe and he caught it with the fish net. The bird was a *hangau*, a white capped noddy, and the noddy said, "Let me go because I do not like the things that you have been doing to our son." He answered, "I am sorry, I did not know about this before. I would like you to come and join us and help our son." The bird changed herself into a real woman and she went with the boy and the man to their island.

The second wife was a kind of *iälus*, or spirit, and was aware that her husband now knew what she had been doing to his son, and she ate all the pots and materials for cooking. When they returned and saw the woman, she had a very full stomach and was lying down inside the house. He took a coconut husking stick and hit her with it, and after she was dead he threw her into the water. Then he again married his first wife and they lived together in their house and took care of their child.

Once again we encounter our old friends, Yöl and Yath. It would appear that both of them are mortals, whereas in a Puluwat story summarized in the post-narrative discussion of Tale No. 45 Yöl, at least, is made out to be a

spirit, a characterization that I have not found elsewhere. We will once again meet Yól and Yath in the next story, Tale No. 59.

As noted, Ulithians have great affection for and much concern about children. This is essentially a story about child abuse and how the people feel about it. The stepmother is depicted in accordance with the sort of stereotype often encountered in our society, and persons such as she undoubtedly exist in the atoll; but she is not truly typical, for in Ulithi there are many stepmothers, just as there are many adoptive mothers, and both are viewed as hardly different in their behavior from real mothers.¹

A fairly close variant of "A Story of Yól and Yath" was collected on Guam in 1971 from a Marshallese college student. The father of a boy named Inedel marries two other women when the boy's mother dies. The stepmothers feed him only fish bones and cores from the breadfruit. His spirit mother comes to him in the form of a white bird and worms out of him the truth—that he is being mistreated by the two women. The boy finally decides to go see his spirit mother, and has his father build a kite for him. He keeps running with the kite and then submerges and disappears in the ground. His pursuing father digs and digs, now here now there, trying to find Inedel, but he becomes so exhausted that he dies. The boy has disappeared in the ground for good (Mitchell 173: 165-68).

Much earlier a German missionary had collected a shorter but very similar Marshallese tale about a boy named Ineril (Erdland 1914: 280-82).

A new twist appears in a melodramatic cognate from Kosrae in which it is a father named Morpal who mistreats his son after his wife has died. The boy's mother appears to him in the form of a bird and he wants to be with her. His father, knowing that the bird is his dead wife, tries to win the boy's affection by giving him the best of the meal while giving his daughter the worst. But the boy builds himself a kite and, singing, goes to his mother's grave, where she pulls him down toward her. Morpal hears his son's song and hurries to the spot and tries to pull the boy out of the grave, but his son's voice comes up now here, now there, from the ground. Morpal does not know where to look any further and goes back sorrowfully to his house. He ties his daughter to the house, telling her not to cry because both are going to die and can rejoin the boy. He sets the house on fire and both of them die in the flames (Sarfert 1919-20: III, 459-60). This version makes some sense regarding the disappearance of the boy in the ground but does not really clarify the meaning of the kite mentioned in the two Marshallese accounts above. The father seems to be sincerely contrite. No second wife appears in this tale.

A cognate from Yap reverts more or less to the Ulithian version, except that the woman, who has two children, is abducted by being pulled up into the sky by a god who wants to marry her. Her husband remarries, and the new wife

¹This view of stepmothers may be too generous and I have no real information to support it, merely an impression. But consider this statement by an investigator who has worked on Truk: "A stepmother, as opposed to a real mother or an adopting parent, is viewed suspiciously, as in our own society. Whether fairly or not, it is expected that she will neglect her husband's child and favor her own" (R. Goodenough 1970: 339 n. 10).

treats the children badly. One day the grieving children go to a spring where their real mother used to bathe them and they call out to her, "Mother Nagar! Mother Nagar!" They tell her how the new wife gives them nothing but fish bones and taro skins. One day their mother descends from the sky with food for them. She hides in the house, and when the stepmother severely beats the children their mother emerges and smashes the stepmother's feet with a stick and casts her into the sea, where the husband sees her floating. He returns and is told by his first wife what happened. Meanwhile the god pulls up his net thinking that Nagar is in it, but the man has tricked the god by putting a pile of stones in it (Müller 1917-18: II, 485-86). Here there is no mention of a bird, but the descent from the sky is a kindred idea.

59. THE HAPĒLŪR CANOE

Yulhaliang runs away from home to another island because her mother does not like her. She marries and has a boy. When the boy grows up he plays with his *hapelūr* canoe and in pursuing it he ends up on the island where his mother's family lives. There he is taunted and beaten by her numerous brothers and sisters, who have no idea who he is, but when his grandfather learns that he is Yulhaliang's son he welcomes him warmly. The grandfather goes to see his estranged daughter because, unlike his wife, he has always liked her for her cleverness. However, she declines his invitation to return, for she still harbors an ill feeling toward her mother.

The narrator is Taleguethep, who first heard the story on Mogmog from an old man, Rolmei, when she was a young girl. He told her the story only once but she heard it later several times from people who used to tell it to other people.

Yōl and Yath were married and they had many children—eleven girls and five boys. One of the girls was named Yulhaliang and she was the youngest child. One day she got angry because her mother did not like her,² although Yōl did like her and taught her all the magic he knew.³

She went to live on another island and married a young man there. They had a baby boy. When he grew up to about the age of puberty they made a *hapelūr* or toy canoe for him and told him to go and try it out. He went out and played with it. They told him that if ever he wanted to make his canoe go fast he should sing a song:

Ha sa se khili
 Felefael wa io
 Marara ilukhul
 Pachal me khurutaf
 Soluwei thi iō
 Soluwei thakh
 Wale sa thel nga iseth pelpelu
 I hala so hosorum
 Nga i khel falamara
 I he falamara.⁴

He used to enjoy playing with the *hapelūr*.

²The mother was disturbed because Yōl showed the girl so much favoritism.

³The magic pertained to canoes, canoe carpentry, typhoons, and so on, according to the understanding of the narrator.

⁴The narrator could not translate the songs, saying that the words were magical.

One day the canoe outdistanced him and he could not catch it. Before he lost it his mother had told him that if his *hapelür* escaped from him and went to the island from which she came, he should just follow it, because her brothers and sisters were there. She told him how many brothers and sisters she had. That day he followed the canoe and arrived at the island where his mother's sisters and brothers were. Her sisters and brothers were playing with their small canoes. When he approached them they beat him and jeered at him, saying, "Who is he? Where does he come from?" He cried and called his mother's name, and sang:

Yulhaliang! Yulhaliang!	Yulhaliang! Yulhaliang!
Ifa iwe hosür	You told me
Bwesekh khe faifel	Ten females
Mgo limel mal.	And five males.
Le Yulhaliang!	Yulhaliang!

Some of the children said, "Oh! He is calling the daughter of the chief and we do not know if she is dead. The boy is calling her name." A woman came out of the menstrual house where she was taking a bath and she was angry with them. She ordered, "Stop that! Don't beat him, because you do not know why he is calling the daughter of the chief." She told one of the children to go and tell the chief of the island [Yöl] that a boy was there, and say that he was calling his daughter.

Yöl got some coconuts and loincloths and went to see the boy. He took him to his house and gave him a bath with coconut water. After he was through with the bath he asked him all about himself and he told Yöl that he was the son of Yulhaliang. He told Yöl what she had told him before he had started to go to the island. Yöl asked him if his daughter was still well and he told Yöl that she was alive and healthy. Yöl told him that he should remain there with him and that sometime he would go to see her.

One day Yöl did go to see her, and he told his daughter that she must come back with him [because he liked her more than any of the others]. [The daughter was clever; she knew all the magic and dances that Yöl knew, and that is why he wanted her to come back.] She told Yöl that she would not go, that she wanted to remain there, and that her son would take her place to live with him and his wife, because she did not want to see Yath again.

So Yöl returned home to his island and his family.

The object of mistreatment here is not really Yulhaliang, even though she is disliked by her mother, against whom she bears a life-long hatred. Rather, it is her son, who is beaten and jeered at by her own brothers and sisters, who curiously enough are all older than she but referred to as children who play with toy canoes! They are reminiscent of the xenophobic children encountered every so often in Ulithian narratives, such as Tale No. 1, "Iolofath and Lugeilang," in my earlier collection of tales.

60. THE MAGICAL EARTH OVEN

Owing to a shortage of food on Faraulep Atoll, a girl is driven from her home by her parents. She does well, fending for herself, and is later joined by a younger sister who had also been driven away. The older one has a child, whom she puts in an earth oven, but after baking it the child appears intact in her house and fish are found in the oven. The girls help the needy islanders by digging an earth oven for them. But when their parents and a third daughter try to emulate their feat they only succeed in killing the daughter's child, arousing the ire of the men of the atoll. The men then kill the daughter.

The narrator is Feluechokh, who first heard the story on Mogmog about two or three years before. She had never heard it since. The storyteller was her father's brother, who like her father came from Faraulep.

A man and a woman. They were married. They lived on Faraulep. Once there was a typhoon and the people did not have enough food and they assembled at the council house. The man and his wife had four children. They chased away the oldest from them, saying that they did not have enough food. She went away and made a new house for herself just in back of the council house, and had a child.

Once she went walking on the reef at low tide to catch fish. She caught some fish and brought them to her house and ate all of them. She then found some old coconuts on the beach, and this was very good because there were very few of them on the island. One day she went at low tide to catch fish on the reef and tried to get some *hathekkh*,⁵ and one of her sisters saw her and ran toward her so she could watch her. She helped her to catch fish, and they caught a *hathekkh*. She followed her to her house and lived with her. The new girl, too, had been chased away in the same way by her father and mother. They ate the fish and lived together in that house.

The girl who owned the house said one day to her sister, "Go make some fire so we can broil fish." She went and started making a fire. The girl who was the owner of the house knew a good deal about magic, having learned it from her father. They made an earth oven, covering the fire with leaves and dirt. The older girl said, "Go and get my baby. We are going to put her on the fire and cover her with leaves and dirt." They left the baby there, and waited inside the house for it to be cooked, but when they got to the house the child was there! The older girl told the other, "Let us go to see our fire." When they got there and took off all the leaves and stones, there were many fish inside the earth oven. They ate the fish.

The people in the men's clubhouse saw them eating the fish and came to ask if they could have some for themselves, and the girl's [younger] sister said to them, "Leave her fish alone because we know how to make lots of fish."⁶

The sisters tried to make another earth oven for the people in the men's clubhouse, and the people helped them by digging a hole and bringing stones and leaves from trees.

One of the other children of the wife and husband [the parents of the two girls] had a child. When the stones were hot they took this [daughter's] child and put her inside the earth oven, and after covering her with leaves and dirt waited for her to be ready. Then they went to see the oven. When they got there they took off the leaves and dirt, but when they looked inside the oven the baby was dead and there were no fish inside. The people in the men's clubhouse were angry with her and took her to the end of the island and killed her.

Again, there is famine in the land and a certain daughter is regarded as one more mouth to feed and therefore is cut off from food, reminiscent of Tale No. 57, "The Selfish Mother." This is essentially a story of poetic justice. Her parents, together with another sister who is not her companion in exile, have their performance backfire in a way that reminds us of the undeserving husband in Tale No. 42, "The Very Old Wives." The question naturally presents itself: Why did the heroine's father, who taught her the magic which presumably she employed in making the oven, not use magic to alleviate his family's hunger? And why when he emulated his eldest daughter did he have such disastrous results?

There occurs in "The Magical Earth Oven" an example of a motif introduced by Kirtley (1971: 224), *D2105.10: Person is cooked in oven, emerges unhurt, and oven is left filled with food. There has recently been published an example from Micronesia, where, according to a Ponapean story, a certain poor sick man had magical powers, which he used to feed travellers who came

⁵Unidentified. My unpublished list of the vernacular names of Ulithian fishes classifies the *hathekkh* as a kind of *rokhrokh*, but I am not able to identify the *rokhrokh*, either.

⁶The younger girl was somewhat jealous of the older one and pretended that she, too, knew their father's magic.

to his place. He would have one of his comrades lie in a stone oven, and his companions would cover him over. When it (sic) was cooked they would open up the oven. The person would not have died but be still alive, and the stone oven would be full of all kinds of food, including meat and fish. Many imitated him but did not succeed (Fischer, Riesenbergr, and Whiting 1977: 66). This Ponapean example seems to be a distant cognate of the Ulithian and has cognates of its own (Hambruch 1932-36: III, 397).

A closer cognate, again involving sisters, comes from far-off Hawaii, where a tale tells how Woman-of-the-fire feeds her starving followers by having them put her in a hot underground oven, which when opened after three days yields not her body but yams, taro, fish, and so on; when her jealous sister, Woman-of-the-water, tries to do the same, however, for her own followers, she is burned to a crisp (Green 1926: 57, 59).

That the motif can move about without regard to tale type is well illustrated by an example from the Marshalls, where the trickster Edao has himself successfully baked in an earth oven to produce a great amount of food. He leads a chief on Mili Atoll to imitate his act, with disastrous results for the chief, so Edao marries the chief's two widows and flees to the Gilbert Islands (Krämer and Nevermann 1938: 241-43). A closely related version, again from the Marshalls, has Letao (cf. Edao) fleeing from the island of Madjuro to the Gilberts, where he makes friends with a chief, who asks for his help with the starvation ravaging his land. Letao successfully produces a loadful of many kinds of foods by having himself magically baked in an earth oven, and then maliciously allows the chief to be burned to death when he asks to imitate his feat (Mitchell 1973: 90-92). In neither of these two Marshallese tales is there a theme of jealousy, only tricksterism. Moreover, the oven episode is merely a part of a long chain of events.

The Gilbert Islands have the motif in essentially the same context as the above two Marshallese versions (Koch 1966: 25-26).

Another example of the motif detached from the tale type comes from Samoa, where it is related that two naughty young brothers named Laupanini and Laupanana have an encounter with a cannibal named Tulivae Pupula, who cooks one of them in an oven from which the boy emerges intact, while in his stead appear taro, yams, fish, a pig, and a dog (Sierich 1901: 20-23).⁷ This Samoan example departs from the Ulithian tale in two ways. The children apparently are not subject to continued abuse, having been soundly thrashed for a single act of disobedience. And there is no attempt to repeat the magical act of producing food from a baked human being, with its disastrous results.

It may well be that in all these examples we are dealing with different but

⁷The same boys and the same cannibal (here blind) are the actors in a close cognate of the tale collected some years later in Samoa, but here there is no magical oven. The cannibal intends simply to cook and eat one of the two brothers, a plan that is thwarted when the boys, aided by the misleading verbal responses of the oven's stones and fire tongs, flee from the scene after having spit and defecated on the hot stones being prepared to cook the elder boy (Brother Herman 1955: 66r-68v). Again, the siblings are not really abused by their parents, having run away from them because the boys were spanked for disobeying them and quarreling with one another.

closely related motifs, and closer scrutiny indicates that this is so. Some obviously belong to Kirtley's above-mentioned motif, *D2105.10. Others can be assigned to the longer established J2411.6: Imitation of jumping into fire without injury: dupe burned up. Only by making this distinction can Mitchell's assertion that "the earth oven trick appears to be limited to Eastern Micronesia" (Mitchell 1973: 252) be justified. There is still another motif along these lines, J2411.6.1: Sister of goddess tries to imitate her feat of being cooked without harm and dies in the attempt. I see a genetic connection among all three of these motifs and feel that the selection of one in preference to another may in some instances be a matter of judgment. I have no desire to pursue this matter further, as my interest in this monograph is not really one of motif-indexing per se. Where I have reached out to discover cognates, not only of motifs but tale types too, it has been for the purpose of clarifying my own Ulithian tales and not for making distribution studies.

VIII

EVENTS OF YORE

IT HAS BEEN said that history is a distillation of rumor. Without probing into the precise meaning of these words of Carlyle, it may be said of this final collection of narratives that while they lack the documentation of written events they nevertheless have the ring of historicity. People without writing must depend on memory, and although few oral traditions can be relied upon as repositories of events of the past, there are some that can.

61. AN ATTACK ON A SHIP AT ULITHI

A foreign sailing vessel with a Philippine or Malaysian crew anchors off the island of Falalop well over a century ago and a fight begins over the theft of the captain's shirt by a native. All the crew are massacred except for three, one being a man who had eluded his enemies by climbing the mast and then successfully taking the vessel out to sea, alone. The other two are crewmen who have each swum to two nearby but separate islands. They are spared, treated well, and after a time are enabled to return home by way of Yap and Palau. One of these two survivors yearns to return to Ulithi, however, and does so, living with a chief who had greatly befriended him after the massacre. The chief provides a wife for him and he remains in the atoll for the rest of his life. The fate of the crewman who had sailed away alone turns out to be an unpleasant one. He reaches Palau and there is murdered and his ship looted.

The narrator is Melchethal. As a boy he had seen one of the two crewmen who had swum away from their ship to nearby islands, and he had spoken to some of the Ulithians who had participated in the skirmish. He knew the daughter of the crewman who had returned to live in the atoll.

They fought because the captain of the ship had a shirt and someone stole it. The captain of the ship got angry and fought against the people of Falalop. They fought with the natives on the ship and the captain came ashore and tried to kill people on the beach. The natives came and killed him. Some men from Asor were on the ship, and also some men from Falalop. The Asor men and the Falalop men fought on the ship.

One of the crew climbed the mast of the ship. Some [foreign] men jumped into the water and swam to the isles of Mangejang and Fassarai.

As to the man who had climbed the mast, some of the natives said, "We will kill him!" But someone said, "No!" Some of the natives said, "It is better if we do not kill him because there are some men here on Ulithi from Yap, and if we kill him the Yap men will take away from us all the goods on the ship."

So the natives left the ship, and the man who was on the mast came down and cut the anchor line and started to move the ship. This lone man who was left on the ship tried to go out from

the channel called Thowäli.¹ Men from Lam and men from Pigelelel arrived in canoes and entered the channel of Thowäli. They took bamboo poles and poled, pretending that they were on the reef, but the man knew that the ship was in the channel. The ship passed through them [the canoes] and made its way out.

Of the two men who had jumped into the sea, one swam to Mangejang and the other to Lolang. The man who reached Lolang climbed a tall coconut tree and stayed there. Whenever he was hungry he would come down to find something to eat, and when he was through he would return and stay in the tree. Nobody was on that island. But when people did go to Lolang they found the refuse from his eating coconuts. Seeing the refuse they knew that someone was on that island, so they searched for him. They looked all over but did not find him until they looked up at the coconut tree and saw him. They called to him to come down, but he would not. A man tried to climb up and he hit him with a coconut. Being unable to climb up they called and called out to him many times, but still he would not descend.

The man who got to Mangejang was not killed by the people [living] there; they took care of him. Some men from Fassarai went to Mangejang and got the man there and took him to Lolang to talk to the man in the tree. He went beneath the tree and called for him to come down, but he did not believe it was safe to descend. So he [the man who had swum to Mangejang] climbed the tree. He climbed up to him and told him to come down because even though that island on which they first had been, killed people, the island where they now were [really, Mangejang] had good people and did not kill anyone. The man from Mangejang started to climb down, and the other man climbed down after him. As they were descending he changed his mind and started to go up again, but the other man convinced him that it would be better for him to climb down with him.

The men from Fassarai said to them, after they had reached the ground, "Let us go to Fassarai," and they took both of them to Fassarai. They took the two men to the chief of Fassarai and they [the men] lived with them. He took care of them and they lived there a long time.

After that came the season for the [annual] trip to Yap.² The two men went to Yap with the canoes, and after reaching Yap they went to Palau in one of the Ulithian canoes. They were left on Palau and the two men remained, waiting for a ship. A ship took them to their island.

When they got home the man who had lived in the coconut tree [on Lolang] felt *fahoi* or sad for the chief of Fassarai and thought of coming back to Fassarai to see him. He waited for a ship and a ship brought him to Palau. He went from Palau to Yap in the ship.³ He waited there for canoes from Ulithi to arrive and he went with them and returned to Fassarai. He lived with the chief on Fassarai and the chief let him marry a woman from Fassarai. He remained there and had children. Later he died.

When the ship with the man [who had climbed the mast] left Ulithi it got to Palau, and when the men on Palau saw the ship they killed the man. They took all the things on the ship.

Upon questioning, a wealth of further detail was supplied by Melchethal, the narrator, with a few additions by Harongothal, the young chief of Fassarai, whose comments will be specified at appropriate points.

The ship in question was a sailing vessel, and according to Harongothal had a thatched cabin but no outriggers. It is not remembered what the ship was

¹Thowäli is in the northwest, between the islets of Sorenleleng and Pogel. On H. O. charts it is usually listed under its japonicized name, Rowaryu.

²The occasion for these voyages was the delivering to Yap of political tribute, "rent," and oblations (Lessa 1950c; 1966b: 35-39).

³From the late 1850s on, a succession of traders, mostly in search of trepang or *bêche de mer*, worked in the area of Palau, Yap, and some of the islands to the east. The best known of them were Captains Woodin, Cheyne, and Tetens. O'Keefe was probably too late for the events of this story, having entered on the scene around 1872 and greatly stepping up movement between Palau and Yap through his transportation of stone disk "money." In view of the trepang trade, transportation would not have necessarily been a problem for the returning foreigner, even from the Philippines to Palau, providing he was patient and perhaps willing to sign on as a seaman.

doing in Ulithi. It anchored off the reef at the northwest shore of Falalop at a place even now used by the natives and called Thauwemawel. The captain and the crew were not white men but Filipinos. They wore western-style clothing. They had no firearms, only knives and swords. A man from Asor was wounded on the arm when one of the crew tried to strike his head, but a native cried out a warning and the Asor man turned his head and received a cut on his arm instead. The weapons used by the Ulithians were probably knives and stones, and no spears. A man by the name of Chimseu from Falalop used stones thrown by hand (no sling?), and had been chosen to do this because he was strong and skillful at it. Some of the crew were killed on board ship, the others as they swam for safety toward nearby islands, only two of them surviving, together with the man who had climbed the mast.

The name of the man who swam to Mangejang turns out to be Yareng, but little else is known about him.

The man who swam to Lolang and lived in the tree was called Inamba, or as Harongothal would have it, Inanmba, perhaps a less reliable pronunciation in view of the chief's speech impediment.

Inamba's wife on Fassarai was named Lasuwerang. She was already pregnant at the time of their marriage and gave birth to a daughter, Lepelu. Lepelu married Tārakh but never had children of her own. But the wife, Lasuwerang, who belonged to the Fal Howal lineage, had a sister whose daughter, Liem, left three sons, Iakhomo, born about 1884; Hasugur, born about 1905; and Hauer, born about 1910; and a daughter named Letöl, born about 1892. The great spread in their ages may reflect faulty estimates on my part, or misinformation regarding their true biological relationship. All four of these offspring were alive during the course of my field work and were recorded in my censuses of 1949 and 1960. None of them, of course, were descendants of Inamba but they help to round out the story. The relatively late years of their birth seem to imply that when the foreigner returned to live in Ulithi he was not altogether a young man, seeing that this sister-in-law had her children so many years later than the ship episode. I greatly regret that I did not go to Fassarai to interview these people about their uncle.

Inamba is said to have been darker than Ulithians and, like them, of medium stature—short by our standards. He had left another daughter at home when he returned to Ulithi, which seems to imply that he had previously been married. The language spoken by him is said to have sounded like that of a Ulithian child "starting to talk." But he learned how to speak Ulithian well, except that his pronunciation was not perfect, even though good. This man, who had hidden in a tree in fear of his life, said that the people of his own island did not eat people but used to catch them and give them in trade to New Guinea.

The homeland of the two survivors must remain only tentatively decided. Owing to its relative nearness and its place in the trading routes, it was probably indeed the Philippines. Subu, mentioned by the Fassarai chief, Harongothal, does not appear in atlases and gazeteers under that name but phonetically it is close to Cebu, southwest of Luzon. The place called Tabokan, from

which at least Inamba is said by Melchethal to have come, does not yield to inquiry. It is possible that the men came from different places in the same general area and not from one locality. The intriguing statement by Inamba that his people sold captives to New Guinea is not at all far-fetched, as traffic in human beings was formerly common in that part of the world, although it is more suggestive of Indonesia than the Philippines.

The ages of the two crew members can only be surmised. Questioning brought out at least that they were very young. But how young? I suggest that in view of the kindness with which they were treated they may have been very young indeed, especially Inamba, who might have been a cabin boy or such. I am influenced in my opinion by the way in which the Filipino boy, Domingo Lisardo, who was Father Cantova's sacristan, was spared and adopted by a chief after the 1731 massacre in Ulithi of the rest of the entire mission (Murillo Velarde 1749: 381r-v; Broses 1756: II, 489-91). Melchethal says that when he first saw Inamba the latter was in his 'seventies, but still strong and vigorous enough to go fishing and "cut" palm toddy. If Melchethal, who was born about 1891, first remembered him when he himself was about five, or in 1896, then if the foreigner was about 75 at the time, he would have been born about 1821.

Mention is barely made in the narrative of some Yapese on Ulithi, whom the Ulithians feared would have confiscated all the goods on the vessel. Being of an inferior caste, the Ulithians would have been subject to the orders of the Yapese. Melchethal was unable to say anything further about the men from Yap, not knowing, for example, if there were chiefs among them, but on questioning he admitted the possibility that they might have inspired the attack. He could not say for sure that the vessel had been in Yap, but I think that we are safe in assuming it had, and that it had gone to the atoll to trade for some product such as trepang, a highly lucrative sea slug.

The viciousness of the Ulithian attack is hard to explain. Ever since the discovery of the atoll in 1526 by the Portuguese, who remained four months, the inhabitants have been generally depicted as amiable and docile, with the notable exception of the annihilation of the Cantova mission and its soldiers in 1731 (Murillo Velarde 1749: 381 r-v; Broses 1756: II, 489-91). The latter episode seems to have been triggered by the arrival of some Woleaianians who reported the mistreatment of Carolinians in the Marianas by the Spaniards. It is tempting but perhaps too simple, however, to say that the Yapese were responsible for the action taken a century later.

There is good reason to suppose that the attack that is the subject of the present historical narrative is the same as one referred to in the literature of the last century. Andrew Cheyne, in his *A Description of Islands in the Western Pacific Ocean* (1852), makes bare mention of a schooner that went to Ulithi about the year 1836 and "was captured, burnt, and the crew massacred" (p. 154). He mentions the same incident in almost identical words in a virtually unknown manuscript recently brought to light by Dorothy Shineberg in her volume, *The Trading Voyages of Andrew Cheyne 1841-1844* (1971:246). For the first account Cheyne names as his informant a lad from the Philippines

named Lorio, and for the second account a Yapese "prime minister" named Leok. As they hardly differ from each other, it does not matter that Cheyne used two sources, for he relates their versions in essentially the same words. There can be no doubt that he was reporting the same incident that was narrated to me well over a century later by a preliterate Ulithian.

Cheyne had arrived at Yap on 21 August 1843 to collect and cure trepang, aware from information he had earlier received on Palau that two vessels had been cut off at Yap (actually both Yap and Ulithi). Wary, he interrogated Leok, who spoke freely about the details of the matter and his own participation as the leader of the massacre at Yap, believing apparently that the English would be pleased to know that he had twisted the Spanish tail. Cheyne says that about 1836 two Manila—that is, Philippine—vessels, "one a Brig, armed, and manned with a crew of fifty manila men, and the other an armed schooner carrying forty men, went to the island of Yap (having been there the year previous) to procure a cargo of biche de mer" (Shineberg 1971: 245-46). The brig remained at Yap while the schooner proceeded to Ulithi, eighty-five nautical miles to the east northeast.

We are not particularly concerned with the fate of the brig, which according to Leok was cut down at Yap and almost all of its crew murdered. One of the survivors was a lad named Lorio, who told Cheyne that he had been enslaved ever since on Yap.

But we are very much concerned with the other vessel. According to both of Cheyne's informants, Leok and Lorio, after the schooner had stayed a few days at Yap it took on board a number of Yap natives and proceeded to the Mackenzie Group, as Ulithi was then called by British mariners. (Of course, this was before the attack on the brig at Yap.) There, through some quarrel with the natives, the schooner was seized and burned and the crew murdered. That is all we are told. There are two discrepancies between Cheyne's account and Melchethal's: the latter mentioned no burning and he said the vessel was unarmed. Perhaps a third discrepancy should be pointed out. Cheyne speaks of the vessel as a schooner, while Ulithians imply something much smaller, which would be more plausible if a single crewman was able to guide the vessel through a channel and sail it all the way to the Palau Islands.

If Cheyne's date of 1836 for the massacre is approximately right, as is my year 1821 for Inamba's birth, the lad would have been fifteen years old at the time he escaped into the coconut tree. If he had been a cabin boy or the like, such an age would be entirely plausible. There is always the possibility, however, that the cutting down of the vessel at Ulithi occurred later than the 1836 date estimated by Cheyne, in which event Inamba would have been more than fifteen years of age.

Cheyne's comment on the taking on board the Ulithi-bound schooner of a number of Yapese would lend support to my narrator's statement that the Ulithians feared the Yapese would take over the loot. Cheyne establishes the presence of Yapese on the vessel, whereas in my field work, not remembering the Cheyne account, I had assumed that they were already there on land. Furthermore, Cheyne's assertion that some Yapese had cut down the brig that

remained at Yap and murdered all its crew, seems to say something about Yapese intentions in Ulithi. Consider, too, this remark by an observer in 1866: "The few natives of Yap who live here [Ulithi] exert a bad influence on the dwellers of this group in that they instigate attacks on ships when a favorable opportunity arises" (Tetens 1958: 65). I suggest that if my Ulithian informants had so little to say about the Yapese participation in the Ulithian episode, it may have been because of a long-standing attitude of fear and submissiveness towards their masters to the west.

There remains one more piece of information, supplied by Melchethal, which serves to give us a certain degree of confidence in the various dates already mentioned. Lepelu died about 1931, when Melchethal was around forty years of age. He says that when he first saw her, which I assume to be when he was a boy of about five, she was approximately forty years of age, which would make her year of birth roughly 1856 and her age at death seventy-five. If she was indeed born c. 1856, her father must have returned and married her mother, Lasuwerang, about 1855, almost a score of years after the ugly episode had taken place. Lepelu's year of birth would not be inconsistent with a date of birth of 1883 for Iakhomo, the son of Lepelu's cousin, Liem, especially if we assume that her cousin was younger than she, as she must have been if she had children as late as previously indicated. One must be cautioned that the mention of time in terms of specific years provides a false sense of accuracy, and that Melchethal himself indicated that his memory was perforce hazy on this score. But the time approximations are reasonable enough, and the account by Melchethal seems undoubtedly to be a version of the one given by Cheyne.

62. THE VISITING SAILOR

A sailor on a ship comes ashore at Mogmog. Scrutinizing a piece of paper that he carries with him, he goes first to the area of the menstrual house, then the *metalefal*, and finally the Hamkhrang lineage house. He enters the house and drinks some sweet palm toddy that he finds hanging in it. But his life is in danger.

There are two versions of this story. The first, by Taiethau, is extremely short. He heard it many times after the arrival of the Americans, but cannot recall specifically from whom. His version is as follows:

A ship came to Ulithi and the sailors went ashore at Mogmog. They disported themselves everywhere except for one man. He had a piece of paper. He walked to the menstrual house and looked at it. He stayed on the side close to a nearby house and watched the house. He kept looking at the piece of paper, and when he was through he walked toward the *metalefal*. When he got there he saw the path leading from it to the house called Hamakhrang. He went over to the house. A coconut shell full of *hachi*, or unfermented palm toddy, was hanging in the house, and he drank the *hachi*. A man, the owner of the house, came and killed him, cutting off his head.

Melchethal is the narrator of the second and longer version. He heard it when a small boy, and many times thereafter. His version is as follows:

A man from Ulithi named Palu⁴ traveled to Woleai Atoll. He started the voyage back in a fleet of three canoes, one of which he commanded, but with him was the navigator for all three canoes. Palu had an argument with him, saying that they should go in a certain direction, otherwise they would be lost. But the navigator for the three canoes said, "You must follow what I say." Palu told one of the other canoes to take a different course to Ulithi as he was sure that it would arrive there, but he said that he would remain with the navigator for the three canoes. Palu did as the navigator directed and got lost.

Palu and the lost canoe reached the Philippines, where he married a Filipina and had a daughter and a son. He told his children that his home was Ulithi, and he drew a map and gave it to his children.

The boy took the map and, embarking as a sailor on a ship, arrived in Ulithi. He walked to the menstrual house, then to the *metalefal*, and next to the Hamakhrang house. The Hamakhrang was his father's house—Palu's house. He went inside and drank some *hachi*, or unfemented palm toddy. Some people were there and some of them said, "Let us kill him!" They wanted to kill him while he was looking at his map, but speaking in Ulithian he said, "Hamakhrang is my place." The people said, "Who are you?" He replied, "I am the son of Palu." Then the people knew who he was and tried to greet him and do everything. But he went back to the ship.

Ulithians tell this story as fact, not fiction, and there is no reason to doubt its general outlines. The cutting off of the sailor's head does seem like an excessive reaction, but this is negated in the second version, which makes more sense.

The event must have happened far back in the nineteenth century because Melchethal, who was born about 1891, says that his mother's father saw the sailor.

Menstrual lodges are easy to spot; they alone run parallel to shore.

The Hamakhrang mentioned in the narrative was the traditional house, or *imuel hailang*, of the Hamakhrang matrilineal descent group. Strictly speaking, the latter is a clan rather than a lineage because its members are said to be descended from an ancestress who was a *hech*, or rat. The Hamakhrang people came from the island of Fais, probably early in the nineteenth century, and had twenty-five members on Ulithi in 1949, when I took a census of the atoll. Although most of these people can trace descent to a woman named Thalalmar, who is said to have come from Fais, there are a few who cannot, and this is another reason for regarding this group as a clan instead of a lineage. I have included this woman in a genealogical chart encompassing most of the Hamakhrang clan mates. Members of the clan do not have lands of their own in Ulithi but this intrusive group has taken over and perpetuated many local lineages that are biologically defunct, acquiring landownership rights vicariously in this way. Although the sailor in the story had a Hamakhrang father, he himself could not belong to that clan, according to the Ulithian rule of matrilineal descent. However, his mother was a Filipina, so the rule has no application, bilateral descent being the rule in the Philippines. For a fuller discussion of Ulithian unilineal descent groups, the reader is referred to the discussion following Tale No. 31, "The Origin of the Mongolfach Clan."

⁴This is very close phonetically to *pelü*, the word for navigator, and might be a soubriquet, but it was not represented as such by the narrator.

63. MOGMOG'S BATTLE WITH THE EASTERN WARRIORS

After killing all the men on the small atoll of Sorol, some fifty warriors from one of the eastern islands known collectively as The Woleai continue on in their large canoe to the isle of Mogmog in Ulithi. Their navigator is a man named Labwoth. The invaders delay their plan to attack the people of Mogmog because their consultation of the knot oracle advises that the moment is not propitious. They are wary of a strong man named Holüfang, who has been selected by the elders of Mogmog to thwart their murderous intentions. A man from Sorol, who earlier had been maimed by the visitors and taken along after their subjugation of his island, has escaped from one of their canoes and warned the people of Mogmog of the true intent of the men from The Woleai. So the village elders have had all their men arm themselves. Holüfang leads the men of Mogmog in a successful defense of their island, killing all the eastern warriors.

The narrator is Taiethau. He heard the story from a now forgotten council elder on Mogmog, but says that it was known to all the elders. He heard it many times, with varying details, although the main outline was always the same.

A *pôpô*⁵ with about fifty men aboard arrived on the atoll of Sorol from one of the eastern islands known as the Woleai.⁶ These men fought the men of Sorol and killed everybody except some women and the children and a man whose arms and legs they broke. They took him along with them.

They arrived at Ulithi but did not perform the *Tor kaptal wai* gesture.⁷ They entered the lagoon from the east near the isle of Falalop and proceeded to the sand islands off the east of Mogmog. They sailed the canoe to the beach and lowered the sail but not the mast, which was very hard to handle because it was so big. They stayed at the east end of Mogmog. Before going to the village they performed *bwe*, palm leaf knot divination, in order to ascertain if they would be victorious or not in a fight. The *bwe* told them that it was not a favorable time, so they decided among themselves that they should go to the village and look over the people. They went to the *metalefal*, or men's clubhouses,⁸ and observed the men there. As they were looking them over they realized that they were big, muscular men. They [the strangers] asked the names of the men and were told. The name of their own *pelü* or navigator was Labwoth. They returned to where they were staying and told the *pelü* and the few men there that they had been in all the clubhouses and the men were big and muscular, especially a man named Holüfang, whom they thought was the strongest of all. They said: "*Wutele moutelai. Wutele moutelai. Ngo mwäl, ngo mwäl. Ngo mwäl, säkhorchol. Hal sawwule Ifang mele iso mwäl.*" ["This metalefal. That metalefal. Are men and men. Are men with beards. Holüfang (Ifang) is the man."]⁹ The people in the village had no desire to fight against them. They [the easterners] stayed there a few days.

The man they had brought with them from Sorol was under a coconut mat in the canoe. One

⁵The *pôpô* is the most common of the single-outriggered sailing canoes of the Carolines. It varies in size from small to medium to large (Haddon and Hornell 1936-88: I, 376-83).

⁶The Woleai, not to be confused with Woleai Atoll, which it includes, consists of a string of islands east of Ulithi. See Tale No. 46, note 14.

⁷This is the obligatory gesture required of all incoming canoes. See Tale No. 44, note 5.

⁸It is important to note that the plural was used by the narrator.

⁹I am sure that linguistically this translation would not hold up, but it is the one given to me by the narrator. However, it does seem to make sense.

day it rained very hard and he tried and tried to move a little bit. He fell out of the canoe into the water. He dragged himself toward one of the *metalefal*, and when he got close he called out, "Hoi! Hoi!" Some men came out and saw him and took him inside the house. They asked him what had happened and he said, "They have come for a fight. They have not come in peace." He told them what they had done on Sorol, and that they had performed *bue* but the time was not yet favorable. The men realized that the men (from the east) had come to fight.

The *malkaweiach*, or village elders, told all the men to get their weapons ready for a fight. They told the *chai*, or doctor, to take the man and care for him. They sent Holüfang and another man to watch out for the men who had come in the canoe and [when they were not looking] to take down their mast, for it was taboo to pull a canoe up on the beach and leave the mast standing. The elders also told the two of them they would be going first and that the others would follow.

The two men went there and while one man held the front of the canoe, Holüfang boarded the canoe and lowered the mast. They had their weapons with them. Holüfang heard his name called by the Woleaian men who were on the shore. They said, "This must be Holüfang," because they knew that he was the strongest man of the island. They knew that they were going to be in a fight so they prepared themselves. Holüfang leaped from the canoe onto the beach and both he and the other man started walking towards the [Woleai] men. The [Woleai] men in turn began walking toward the two men with their weapons. They heard the sounds of the other [Mogmog] men coming from the village with their weapons. The struggle took place and the men from Mogmog killed all the men from the canoe.

Ever since then they have called the place where the [eastern] men lived, Malakhul Labwoth.¹⁰

This account is said to be that of an actual historical happening that took place before the coming of the Europeans, even the Spaniards, and has been handed down from generation to generation because it was both an important event and a source of great pride to Mogmogans.

Credence should be given to the alleged time period. *Pôpô* canoes of the size required to carry fifty men disappeared in the nineteenth century. But even more important is the fact that more than one *metalefal* or meeting house has not existed on Mogmog since far back in that century. Formerly, there was a great house for the Lul le paling half of the island and another house for the Lul le eawachich half, as well as a third house called the Rolong which was for not only the whole island of Mogmog but the atoll itself. In the present century the only *metalefal* was the Hafaleiang, destroyed in the typhoon of 30 November 1960, less than three and a half months after the present account was collected by me. German administrators and anthropologists who visited Mogmog early in this century mentioned the existence of but a single *metalefal*. Antonio Cantova, the Jesuit missionary who established an ill-fated mission in Ulithi in 1731, is unfortunately of no help, making no mention of *metalefal* (Carrasco 1881).

The specific island from which the invaders came is not known. The name of the navigator, Labwoth, does not furnish a clue; it merely means "eel" in Ulithian and probably was no more than a sobriquet.

Natives of Ulithi and other atolls of the western and central Carolines have usually been very reluctant to discuss their weaponry with foreigners, often denying that what little they had was of local manufacture. Taiethau says that

¹⁰Translated roughly as, "Labwoth's place on the ocean side."

he was told that the weapons employed in the battle between the people of Mogmog and the eastern warriors consisted of spears, or *hobwai*, made from old coconut tree trunks; coconut husking sticks, or *hòth*; and slings, or *hól*. Perhaps inadvertently, he did not mention clubs, of which several kinds were known in 1909 (Damm 1938: 339). He is silent on what motivated the men from The Woleai. It is mostly by piecing together bits of information here and there that we realize that fighting, both internally and externally, was not uncommon. One wonders, however, why invaders would be willing to traverse hundreds of miles of water, at great risk to themselves, to carry on a distant hostile action. Taiethau says that in the present instance it was for conquest. If so, I presume it would have been due to population pressure at home.

64. MOGMOG'S DEFEAT BY LOSIEP

The warriors of Losiep islet conquer the warriors of Mogmog, using a ruse. In order to save his remaining people from death the chief of Mogmog gives his beautiful daughter in marriage to the son of the Losiep chief. But he also has vengeance in mind, for if she can outmatch her husband in industry and marital duties he and his people on Losiep will lose face. However, in an effort to assure his ascendancy, the husband generously orders that henceforth all the turtles caught on Losiep must be presented to Mogmog.

The narrator is Taiethau, who heard this account in Ulithi from so many old men that he cannot say there was a single source. It was always told as a true story. [I have myself heard some of it piecemeal since 1947.]

A long time ago the people of the islet of Losiep and Mogmog had a fight [for some reason no longer remembered]. Before the struggle began the people of Losiep feared that if they were to meet they would lose, so before nightfall [on the designated day of the fight] they went to the sand bar now called Pielmawul, or "Sand of the Battle," situated between Mogmog and Sorlen. They anchored their canoes and sank them. Then they dug holes in the sand and covered themselves up except for their faces.

The men of Mogmog went there to await the arrival of the men from Losiep, not knowing that they were already there. Each side had promised the other that they would meet there and fight that same night, but the Losiep men had arrived before it was dark. When the men from Mogmog got there the Losiep men rose up and killed them all.

Some men who were left on Mogmog, knowing that they could not fight against the men from Losiep, decided on what they must do. They made peace with Losiep. The chief of Mogmog had a beautiful daughter on the island and gave her in marriage to the son of the chief of Losiep. But before she went to him her parents talked to her and said, "Go there and work hard and be as useful as you can."

She went and lived with her husband and did as her parents had bid her. The man was unable to compete with her in industriousness because she worked harder than he. He kept wondering what he could do to outstrip her but could not come up with a solution. They had many children and when she had become pregnant once more and gone to the menstrual house, where she had a baby, he thought of what things he should take her to eat so that she would have abundant milk. He brought some coconuts and fish but still thought that this was not enough, so he told her that whenever turtles were caught they would have to be given to her and her relatives on Mogmog forever after.

An interesting theme in this story is the effort of one spouse to save face by outdoing the other spouse. All three informants with whom I discussed this

matter were in accord that there existed, both in actuality and as an ideal, a belief that a husband must not allow himself to be clearly outdone by his wife in either work or general solicitude, else he and his relatives be disgraced, and vice versa. But it is worse when the woman wins out. Thus, the motive behind the bequeathing of the Mogmog girl to one of the Losiep victors was not simply one of self-preservation; it was from the start also one of revenge. In the present story the husband would appear to have done enough for his recently parturient wife. Yet he seemed to feel that he must take a drastic step, possibly heightened by a feeling of inferiority toward the most prestigious island of the whole atoll, emanating from his affiliation with an upstart island.

Losiep would appear to be an unlikely victor in any contest with Mogmog, which although not the most populous is the most prestigious of all the islands of the Ulithian group. Losiep is not even part of the atoll proper, being one of three small islets on a lonely and detached shoal to the east. It has not been inhabited for some time and was not listed in the 1904 census taken by Senfft (1904: 196). An examination of all my 1949 census forms, one for each inhabitant of Ulithi, shows that none of the individuals was born on Losiep, nor were any of their fathers, mothers, or spouses. It must have been well back in the last century that Losiep was abandoned, the people going to live on Falalop, where they established the present village of Wililekh adjoining the other village of the island.

From all that I could learn, the historicity of the Losiep victory is not brought into question, and it is even alleged by some that Losiep conquered the large island of Falalop, too. Perhaps the Losiep warriors made up with guile what they surely lacked in numbers.

The matter of the green turtles [*Chelonia mydans*] is of more than passing interest. These giant chelonians are found almost exclusively on the islands of the Losiep political district, which includes not only Losiep itself but also the small isles of Pau and Bulubul on the same shoal and the islands of Gielap and Iar in Zohhoiyou Bank still further to the east of the atoll proper. Men from any of the inhabited islands, particularly Falalop, catch turtles there, but they are obligated to present them to the paramount chief on Mogmog, who distributes them according to a fixed ritual.

The question naturally arises, Does "Mogmog's Defeat by Losiep" truly explain the origin of the hold that Mogmog has over all green turtles? It is impossible to say, but this explanation is certainly rivalled by that in Tale No. 36, "Why Turtles Are Taken to Mogmog." The latter story may be mythological but it reflects the political and religious ascendancy that Mogmog maintains over all the other islands of the atoll. It is possible that both stories can be combined somehow to explain the ritualistic practice, but we shall probably never be sure of the answer. The present story can stand on its own as an historical incident without the reptilian appendage.

65. KOSRAE'S EXPEDITION AGAINST PONAPE

A man from Kosrae named Sohúchau visits Ponape and there is smitten by the beauty of a married woman, whose husband he deceitfully makes his friend

and then kills through sorcery. He marries the woman, but two undersized nephews of the dead man seek vengeance. They rape the woman in order to provide a basis for a fight with Sohúchau. The enraged husband goes back to Kosrae in order to raise an invading force to punish Ponape. The two nephews confront the alien warriors alone at the shore and taunt them. They have on their side no more than the aid that they hope will be provided them by their ancestral spirits, to whom they have appealed. They have acquired great dexterity and quickness by jumping into the rain and darting here and there between the raindrops without getting wet. One of the brothers has a stone and, with the help of the ancestors, when they throw it at one canoe it bounces away to another canoe, then another and another, until it breaks all the canoes. Every one of the invaders from Kosrae is killed.

The narrator is Melchethal, who first heard the story as a small boy on Mogmog, but he does not remember from whom. Later he heard it many times, the last time being recent. He mentioned that three of the narrators were Ifanglemar, Tahachilibwe, and Ufalakhiól, the first two becoming *de facto* paramount chiefs in their later years. According to my records, none of these three men, nor Melchethal himself, had ever been to Ponape or Kosrae.

There was a man from Ponape [Ulithian Fonape] and a man from Kosrae [Ulithian Hachau], and their names were Soferlape and Sòhúchau.

The man from Kosrae traveled to Ponape for a visit. He saw Soferlape's wife and noticed that she was beautiful. He liked her very much and made friends with her husband. He lived there with his friend and tried to decide how to be with her [his wife] so he could make love to her, but he could not approach the woman. He [Sòhúchau] said to his friend, "I want to go back to my island." However, he kept returning to Ponape and tried to make love to the woman, but he did not succeed. Once he came to see his friend and, knowing that he could not get the woman, made *hasúpsup* or black magic against him. He returned to Kosrae and waited for the husband to die, and then he came back.

When he arrived at the island the people told him that his friend had died, and he made the people think that he was very grieved that he had died. He went to the man's house and cried. He wanted to marry the woman who was the wife of the man who had died. After he had finished crying he told the people of the island that nobody but he was going to marry the woman because he was going to take his friend's place. He married her.

But there were two men on the island of Ponape who were relatives of the dead man — his sister's two sons. They lived there. Sòhúchau once told his wife and all the people on Ponape, "I am going home to my island." He went there alone. The two relatives of the dead man, who were called Kitilung and Lepailung, went to the men's clubhouse and slept there. While they were sleeping, some of the men who were in the *metalefal* began talking about the man who had died and the man who had performed sorcery [they knew he had done so]. They said, "These two men are sleeping here but they do not know that the man made black magic against their relative." The two brothers were only pretending to be asleep and they overheard what the men were talking about. They [the brothers] knew all they [the men] were saying about their relative.

They [the two men] went to the house of the woman married to the man who had performed the sorcery. They entered the house and broke his loom and tore the loincloth in the loom. Then they climbed up the house and hid in the storage bin there. The woman was away from the house but when she returned from somewhere she saw the broken loom but did not know that the two men were in the house. She uttered some epithets about them and they overheard what she said. They came down from the storage bin and tried to rape her [so they would have reason to fight her husband]. They had intercourse with her and left her in the house.

Later the woman's husband returned from his island. When they [the two brothers] saw his

canoe returning they went to the house where the woman was and waited for the man. He came to the house and saw the two men there and was angry at them. He went to his canoe and returned to Kosrae. There he spoke to the people of his island and said, "Let us fight against the people of Ponape!"

The people of Ponape were aware that he was angry and that trouble might ensue. The two brothers who had raped the woman also knew that he was angry because of the trouble with the woman. The two men prayed to their ancestral spirits to protect them in the fight. Then they prayed for rain to come down hard, so that one brother could send the other into the rain to see if he would be splattered by the raindrops. He jumped around to avoid being hit by the drops and was not splattered because of the help given by the ancestral spirits. He returned and sent the other one out to jump about in the rain, and the same thing happened. Both were able to avoid the raindrops.¹¹ The two brothers were very small, but after they heard that the fight would come to them they told the people of their island, who were afraid, that they must not be afraid because they would kill the people of the other island even though there were but two of them.

One day a man by the name of Limakhelekhel went to cut *hachi* at the end of the island and, climbing the tree, he saw many canoes coming from Kosrae. He knew that they were coming for a fight and he jumped from his coconut tree and tried to kill himself [because he was afraid]. But he did not die. The people came and took him to the village. They saw the canoes arrive at the reef and anchor on it. The two men, who were very small, said to the people of their island, "You had better go and hide."

The two men went to the beach and talked to Sôhúchau, demanding, "Give us some food from your canoe." Sôhúchau asked them why only two men had come to the beach and why they did not call some men from the island to accompany them. They answered, "There may be many people in your canoes to give us food, but we can eat all the food you give us!"¹² The [Kosrae] men who had come to the island said, "We will give you food from our canoe!" and they began the struggle with the two men. They threw shots from their slings at the two brothers, but the stones did not hit them. They hurled volleys of stones three times at them but the men were not hurt. All the stones on the canoes were used up, so the two brothers said, "Now that you are through we shall start!"

One of the brothers had a stone, and just before the [Kosrae] men had put the anchor on the beach the brothers had prayed to an ancestor to help them with the stone so that when they threw it to one canoe it would break all the canoes. One brother threw the stone at the canoe and it bounded first to one canoe, then another, and another, and another, until it had broken all the canoes. It killed all the men in the canoes.

One could challenge the placing of this story in the historical category, and in fact the narrator never claimed that it was a true account. Yet, despite its magical and fanciful overtones (the raindrop episode, the bounding stone), which as we know often enter into historical accounts in the course of time, there seems to be an underlying element of truth in the basic plot. Why else would it be recounted so often in the *metalefal* on Mogmog, as I was told? It has, to be sure, its dramatic moments but may have persisted rather because of its political interest.

It was fitting that the nephews of the sorcerized husband should try to avenge his death. Being his sister's sons they must have belonged to the same matrilineal clan as he, and were therefore following the Ponapean pattern of clan vengeance. "Besides giving economic assistance, the clan sought revenge for the death, injury, or public disgrace of its members. . . . The clan was, in

¹¹This was practice for avoiding the blows of the enemy's weapons.

¹²The symbolism of food in this context is obvious to Ulithians. It of course means "fighting."

fact, allowed by the society to act as an instrument of justice" (Bascom 1950: 62).

To any possible objection that the encounter between Kosrae and Ponape could not have had its source in the coveting of a woman by a man, let me quote from Riesenberg (1968: 61), who in connection with some known battles on Ponape writes, "The outbreaks of fighting in both 1856 and 1858 are attributed to elopement or theft of women married to high chiefs."

This Ulithian story gains importance when one realizes that it is a variant, however distant, of the well-known account prevalent in Ponape of the defeat of the Lord of Teleur (an ancient area within what is now Matolenim) by an invading force from Kosrae under Isokelekel. The account is an often told one and is the subject of detailed treatment in *The Book of Luelen* (Fischer, Riesenberg, and Whiting 1977a: 73-76) and *Annotations to the Book of Luelen* (Fischer, Riesenberg, and Whiting 1977b: 59-70). The editors of Luelen Bernart's manuscript state that there are in Ponape thirteen published versions of the war, as well as some fragmentary accounts, and they think that it "acquires its popularity by allowing open expression of hostility against a wicked but now powerless chief as personified by the Lord of Teleur" (Fischer, Riesenberg, and Whiting 1977b: 60). The version recorded by Bernart makes the chief of Ponape to be not a wronged hero but an oppressive and bad Lord of Teleur. The Thunder God, offended by the Lord of Teleur's behavior, leaves Ponape and goes to Kosrae, where he visits a female relative, whom he causes to become pregnant by giving her a citrus fruit to eat. She gives birth to a boy, Isokelekel, who after he has grown up sets out to conquer Ponape in a fleet carrying many men, women, and children. He has disguised his true intention, and the Lord of Teleur, although vaguely disturbed, sends the fleet a welcoming delegation. He does not even know that Isokelekel is among the visitors. Trouble results from an incident in which the little children of Kosrae get into an argument with the children of Ponape. They fight and the fighting becomes a great commotion, getting so much worse that it turns into a great war. The Lord of Teleur is defeated at the hands of his enemies and falls into a river, whereupon he becomes a fish that is still there to this day (Fischer, Riesenberg, and Whiting 1977a: 73-76).

Some Kosraean variants of the story are a bit closer to the Ulithian version (Fischer, Riesenberg, and Whiting 1977b: 60-61). The conquering hero's name is Nanparatak, and the trouble begins after the visitors from Kosrae use a stone-throwing incident to bring their hitherto disguised intent out into the open. What happened is that Nanparatak and the Ponapean military leader had been eating fish and afterwards both went to wash their hands, each on opposite sides of two artificial islands separated by a narrow channel. The two men threw water playfully at each other and then began to skip flat stones on the surface of the water at one another. The arm of the Ponapean military leader was accidentally but only slightly injured. He became angry and the argument that ensued between them caused their followers to come up and take actions leading to a fight in earnest.

Adulterous relations between the Thunder God and the wife of the Jaute-

leur, or "Lord of Teleur," are mentioned in three Ponapean versions of a story that is a prelude to the legend of the conquest of Ponape (Fischer, Riesenbergh, and Whiting 1977b: 58), and it may be that this incident somehow found its way into the Ulithian variant as the cause of the war. A comparative study of all Ponapean, Kosraean, and Ulithian, as well as other versions, would make for an absorbing analysis.

66. THE WOODEN PHALLUS AT IFALUK

An Ifaluk chief is beaten and left to die on Woleai because some men there object to his marriage to one of their women. He survives and returns home, where he assembles a fleet of canoes, indicating by his erect penis the direction in which his warriors are to go to exact vengeance. One group in the war party sails to Woleai and kills everyone there except a few who have been chosen to be spared. The other group goes to Lamotrek Atoll, and after having been initially repulsed, returns with a great warrior named Meliäs, who devises a strategy that succeeds in overcoming the warriors of Lamotrek. The Ifalukans kill everyone in the atoll. After the death of their chief the people carve a large figure of his phallus and place it in front of the men's great house, where it is prayed to for protection.

The narrator is Taiethau, who first heard the story on Ifaluk in 1953, the year that Edwin G. Burrows was making his return field trip to the atoll. The storyteller was a man from Ifaluk named Uchilior. Taiethau heard the story several times subsequently on Ulithi, from both young and old men, and found that the versions were all in essential agreement with the original as he heard it on Ifaluk.

A chief from Ifaluk [named Moch]¹³ married a woman on Woleai and lived there with her. Some men from Woleai beat him up one night and threw him into a refuse pit, leaving him for dead. There were some houses near the pit and a woman came and urinated there on top of him. He was still breathing and this revived him.

He got up and went into the sea because he thought that this would keep anyone from seeing him. He performed *bwe*, or knot divination, there and the *bwe* told him that he would live and not die. He then returned to the island and went to the village looking for his wife. When he saw her he told her that he would go back to his own island and would return to Woleai in a certain number of days and kill everyone. He advised her that if she had relatives whom she did not want to be killed she should put *ubwoth*, or young palm leaflets, on their wrists. He returned to the water and performed *faiälus*, or a chant to a spirit, to make the current go straight to Ifaluk.¹⁴ He took a log and put it in the water. He clung with his body to the log and the current took him to Ifaluk. He went to the *metalefal* and covered himself with a coconut mat and went to sleep there.

In the morning some men came to the *metalefal* and saw him there. All the people came to the *metalefal* and he talked to them, but the coconut mat still covered his face. He shook his penis until it became erect. "Now watch my penis! Wherever it points to is the place where we are going to fight." He removed the coconut mat from his body and the people [both men and women] watched his penis. It pointed toward Woleai. He told the people that they must ready

¹³The name Moch was supplied to me by a different commentator, Melchethal. This may be closer to the customary name than the Maur offered by Burrows, mentioned in the post-narrative discussion.

¹⁴The distance between Ifaluk and Woleai is about fifty-nine kilometers.

their weapons for a struggle. He kept in mind the number of days that he had told his wife it would be when he would come back. The people started to prepare their spears from coconut tree trunks and made some other things.

One of the men was a warrior named Meliäs,¹⁵ and when he saw any kind of an animal he would kill it and drink its blood. The people of Ifaluk divided their canoes into two groups. One group went to Lamotrek and the other islands of that area, and the other group went to Woleai. The group that went to Woleai had the chief and the warrior Meliäs in it. They arrived at Woleai and killed all the people except the relatives of the woman married to the chief, because the chief had told his warriors before the struggle began that when they got to the island and saw anyone wearing *ubwoth* on their wrists they should not be killed.

The group that went to Lamotrek and those islands were not able to overcome the people of the islands because their resistance was too great.

When the men from Ifaluk had finished vanquishing Woleai they went to the other islands looking for the rest of their men. Meliäs and the chief met the men of the Lamotrek group, and Meliäs said to them, "You are not strong enough for fighting. Look now and I will be your leader and tell you what you must do to overcome the islands." He told them to go with him to a small [uninhabited] island [Falaite]¹⁶ near the [inhabited] islet of Lamotrek. They made torches and put them in their canoes. They divided into two groups, and when they reached the island [of Lamotrek] one group went to the lagoon side and the other to the ocean side.

Meliäs told those who had gone to the lagoon side that when they reached the island they should set the torches on fire and begin the chant, "Ma-ülithi!"¹⁷ They reached the island and lit the torches and began the chant. The people of the village rushed to that side. Meliäs was with the group that had gone to the ocean side, and at the sound of the words, "Ma-ülithi!" they rushed in from there and answered in a chorus with, "Ma-ilukhu!" At the words, "Iewörethakhi!" and the answering chorus, "Ma sa aro!" the men from the lagoon rushed in. At the words, "Si bua bua!" answered by "Chu chu!" both groups moved in closer. At "Le-emelel" answered by "Füle!" they came closer still. They repeated the chant over and over until they met in the middle of the island, and there they had a battle with the people of Lamotrek. They beat them. Then they returned to Ifaluk.

In time, the chief [Moch] passed away of old age. The people of Ifaluk then carved a large figure of his phallus and tied it to a post in front of the *metalefal* so that people could pray to it. Every so often the people would make a wreath and hang it on the figure. From then on, ever since the battle, Ifaluk became the dominant atoll of the islands and was looked up to by others.

This is told as a true event that occurred in the distant past. Its credibility is enhanced by four versions from Ifaluk that are fuller yet essentially the same, except that the two war expeditions are not combined into one narrative, as in Ulithi.

Two of the Ifaluk stories were collected in 1947 by Burrows. The first one, "The Conquest of Woleai," tells how the Ifaluk chief, named Maur, was attacked on Woleai because some of the men there were jealous of his winning one of their women as his wife. The details are all there: being urinated on, returning to Ifaluk on a log, the gathering at the men's great house, the pointing penis, the invasion of Woleai, and the killing of all the people except his wife and boy because they were designated pieces of coconut leaf. Woleai is then repopulated from Ifaluk. The story ends there (Burrows 1963: 72-74).

In an entirely separate story, "The Conquest of Lamotrek," which however does involve the same chief, Maur, Ifaluk invades Lamotrek because the

¹⁵Known in Ifaluk as Mailias.

¹⁶In 1947 I was told that the name of the uninhabited isle was Falaite, or Fületh to Ulithians.

¹⁷This is the name of an Ifalukan chant well known in Ulithi and discussed in detail in the post-narrative discussion.

inhabitants of that atoll used to kill their people whenever one of their canoes put in there. The Ifaluk chief follows a plan of attack devised by a great warrior named Mailiās. Mailiās's strategy is to attack in two parties, one frontally at the lagoon side with burning torches, the other at the rear on the ocean side of the island. The Ifaluk warriors kill all the Lamotrek warriors, as well as all their women and children. Then Lamotrek is repopulated from Ifaluk (Burrows 1963: 74-77).

A pair of stories that are basically like the two recorded by Burrows were collected in 1909 on Ifaluk by the German ethnographer, Ernst Sarfert. In the first, the chief's name is Modj (the same as the Moch given to me by my informant, Melchethal). The chief is not urinated upon, he returns to Ifaluk in a canoe rather than by clinging to a log, and does not point his penis. The Ifaluk warriors weaken their enemy by eating up all their food, and then kill them (Damm 1938: 83). There is no mention here of a wooden phallus.

In Sarfert's second story, appropriately called "*Krieg mit Lamutrik*," the chief again is Modj, but he is now so aged that he appoints his future successor, Allofas, to take his place against Lamotrek (Damm 1938: 84). This version is brief but essentially no more than a variant of the Burrows and Ulithian versions.

Still another account of the battle between Ifaluk and Woleai, differing in some respects from those by Burrows and Sarfert, was collected in 1909 on the atoll of Faraulep by Paul Hambruch. Here the real culprit is the Ifaluk king, Mois (cf. Moch, Modj), who repeatedly rapes a woman on Woleai while her husband is out fishing. He is beaten and revived, not by urine but by rain. The penis pointing episode is there, and so is the swim to Ifaluk with a piece of timber (Damm 1938: 85).

The wooden phallus may not have existed in Sarfert's time, or it may have been hidden, but there are several people who have reported it in more recent years. Burrows and Spiro saw it in 1947 as a fairly realistic carving in front of the Fan Nap, or Big House, projecting about eighteen inches from the front supporting post of the house about five feet from the ground. It was painted white with a black glans and scrotum (Burrows 1963: 71-72). Bates and Abbott (1959: 29-31), who give a brief version of the attack on Woleai, noted the phallus during their biological field trip in 1953. Taiethau, the narrator of the Ulithian story above, saw the phallus many times during his trips to Ifaluk before and after World War II but said that it was gone on his last trip in 1956 or 1957, having been secretly removed and destroyed one night, probably, he surmises, by some converts to the newly introduced Christianity.

Taiethau's assumption about the destruction of the phallus was right. The people of Ifaluk used to pray to it—to Moch, the chief—for protection. According to Melchethal, who spent considerable time in the early 'fifties bringing Christianity to Ifaluk as a sort of catechist, he had ordered the carving to be taken down and destroyed as a pagan object. This was done, but only after he had left the atoll to return to Ulithi. He said that the remaining pagans were furious at whomever the Christians were who had committed the deed and tried without success to discover their identity.

IX

CONCLUSION

A COLLECTION OF almost forgotten oral narratives, such as those from Ulithi, has more than an antiquarian appeal. In the past these stories exerted strong social and psychological functions, which are worth probing, and though these functions have declined or even disappeared they have the potential for being converted into or replaced by new roles of equally great significance.

Man is forever redefining reality so as to make the colorless colorful, the unknown knowable, and the intolerable tolerable. He does this in various ways, many of them poetic, artistic, or religious. For the preliterate peoples of the world one of the most cherished of these ways has been the folktale.¹

Such a need to cope with the real world led Ulithians, as well as their Oceanic neighbors, to devise a complex world of their own making, not hesitating to borrow wherever they could. This realm was filled with bizarre and atypical personae and places, although there was ample room, too, for the conventional and prosaic as long as these served to promote the interests of the verbal art. The actors coped with events with varying degrees of success, ranging from dismal defeat to complete victory, with frequent reversals of fortune to stir the compassionate listener's emotions.

The islanders furnished their world of imagination with a place in the sky that they called *Lāng* and populated it with deities, demigods, and theriomorphic beings who loved, quarreled, disported themselves, suffered pain, committed adultery, deceived, mated with mortals on earth, and pronounced judgment on the souls of the dead. The pantheon was a simple one, with some indecision regarding the names and attributes of its members, who in any event exerted little influence over Nature and not a great deal of it on the destiny of mankind. The posthumous life of souls was largely a likeness of life on earth, except that for the majority, who lived in a great house called the *Fār-mal*, it was filled with constant bliss. However, the souls of wicked persons were

¹Apparently this is what one anthropologist had in mind when he wrote that folklore "reveals man's attempt to escape in fantasy from the conditions of his geographical environment and from his own biological limitations" (Bascom 1954: 291). Another anthropologist finds relevancy to these general matters in man's evolutionary past and his biological attributes—a highly developed nervous system, good hearing, sensitive hands, excellent motor control, stereoscopic and full color vision—a complex of traits that causes him to feel the impact of the physical world much more forcibly than any of the beasts. Such traits, he says, give man an exceptional capacity to remember and to imagine. All these things combine to produce a kind of creature capable in the highest degree of receiving and reflecting on stimuli from his surroundings (Howell 1948: 11-15).

consigned to eternal misery in either a garbage pit or a gum well infested with snakes.

Ulithians matched this celestial sphere with a counterpart beneath the sea, and notwithstanding that they did not enrich it with beings equally as colorful or active, they nevertheless regarded it as a realm that influenced their daily lives. The spirit beings who lived in the waters were called *iälsol täth*. Foremost among them was Sölal, the patron of community fish magicians, a group that held very high rank in the supernatural scheme of things. Each year one of these magicians would be commissioned by the atoll chief to perform a protracted ritual to ensure a good supply of fish for the remainder of the year. As a prologue to the ritual various types of spirits were prayed to, Sölal being one of them, but apparently he is not an actor in any of the stories in my collection. However, another sea spirit, who lives under coral slabs and is unnamed, plays a major role in a narrative in which, as a gesture of gratitude for the yellow skirt a girl has yielded to him, he teaches her and the islanders the secret of fish magic (Tale No. 7). There is here a clear-cut connection between myth and ritual, the actions of the magician and his assistants at sea and on land following closely the events of the story (Lessa 1961a: 40-44). Another *iälsol täth* is Ngifäthäl, malevolent like most but not all of the other spirits in this category, and of indeterminate sex. Although living in the waters surrounding the islet of Lam and greatly feared, he does not seem to enter into Ulithian narratives. Lastly, there is a neutral-minded ocean spirit named Lifeilam who is deprecated by the people because of an absurd technique he has for catching fish and lobsters: he uses his penis as a light to attract these marine fauna in the dark of the night. But he too appears in none of the tales in my two collections. The rainbow who takes away the woman's soul in Tale No. 53 is a sea spirit but it is not clear to me whether he is an avenging moralist or a run-of-the-mill malevolent *iälsol täth*. It is puzzling that sea spirits, who are greatly feared and the cause of such afflictions as stomach pains and elephantiasis, fail to realize their potential as actors in the verbal art of the atoll. Aside from these spirits, such beings as porpoises, dugongs, eels, sharks, and shellfish find a place in Ulithian tales and have a marine habitat.

In between the celestial and marine spheres were the earthly horizons, where the most numerous and variegated happenings of all took place, these generally being depicted with fewer of the religious overtones associated with the two other realms. Without seeking to tease out of this tripartite division any more than may be warranted, one can say nevertheless that this third environment was the one most congenial to secular narratives of the more popular sort.

In these less lofty tales the islanders had ogres with from one to ten heads, and boyish dreadnoughts who slew them. They had little children who tricked gullible bogeymen into ignominious ends. For sheer terror they had spirits who gouged out people's eyes or ingested small girls, and screaming demons who devoured a whole house bit by bit while its quivering occupant lay in an open firepit inside it. They had heroes who could be restored magically to life, and men who could firm the sea, fly through the air in a wooden bird, or travel underwater like a fish. They had lovers who died of grief, grossly mismatched

spouses who either transcended their disparate attributes or succumbed ingloriously to them, and husbands whose wives were once taros, porpoises, or the daughters of eels, rats, or lizards. They had roosters that excreted yams, shellfish that bore baby girls, trees that became reassembled after being chopped down, and birds that nourished infants. Their stories tell of blood-red seas, tree-posts leading up to the heavens, ghost islands, and reefs that once were boys.

Contrasting with these secular tales, and seemingly in glaring contradiction to my statement about the relationship of secularity to terrestriality, is the Pälülop cycle (Tale No. 4), a fascinating and major myth in the Ulithian corpus of narratives. It deals with various patron gods who teach mankind such arts as navigation, canoe-building, and house carpentry, and explains some of the rituals and taboos associated with each. The story is an onomastic briar-patch, for the chief actor, having left Läng because of a dispute with his six brothers, settles down on earth, where he takes on a false identity by assuming his father's name and having his wife take his mother's name. The couple have six sons, all of whom except the youngest he names after his five brothers still in the Sky World. His daughter too is given a name of her own, not copied from anyone in the celestial world. The inhabitants of the earth, although the happy beneficiaries of several important arts, are led to believe that the rebelling deity and his family are actually the gods whom they have always understood to dwell in the heavens. In reality, except for one of the sons and the daughter, they are spurious counterparts. Without going into legalistic distinctions, it should be apparent that the pseudo-Pälülop and his family are not true members of the terrestrial third world, thus accounting for the highly mythic character of the narrative.

Folkloristic relief from the tedium of ordinary life comes at times, in both sacred and secular stories, through two disparate but occasionally linked forms—humor and vicarious excursions into strictly forbidden behavior.

Humor, the first of the two, is expressed for example through a demigod who endeavors gullibly to sharpen his bamboo knife by placing it in a fire; through a magically trained hero who keeps forgetting his new name; through a woman who removes her head so as better to delouse it; and through a girl who, on disembarking at an island, addresses one pile of excrement after another with the formal words required of spokesmen for newly arrived canoes.

Although humor pervades many of the tales, it is most obvious in the more trivial tales told to amuse, but an exception to this is the Yoloñäth cycle, which deals with the gods in an essentially light tone. There is an amusing touch to the way in which Yoloñäth runs about as soon as he has been born to a mortal mother and then insists on visiting his very reluctant father in the sky, which he does by ascending elevator-like on a cloud of smoke. One can hear the startled yelps of the boys whom he causes to be bitten by hitherto harmless scorpion fish, sharks, and sting rays as he stops off at the three lower levels of Läng. At the fourth and topmost level he impishly taunts the smug workmen who thought they had rid themselves of him by ramming a house post into the hole where they had sent him. Proponents of the theory that the element of aggres-

sion is the indispensable element of laughter will find grist for their mills in this narrative.

Sometimes the humor has obviously cruel or sadistic overtones, especially in the manner in which ogres are killed. An evil spirit is roasted alive as he dangles upside down from a noose, but before he dies he is perfidiously induced to give away the secret of producing yams magically out of thin air. Another spirit pursuing two small girls is trapped by them and they pull out his guts through his anus. Still another spirit meets his end when the father of a girl cuts open the ogre's belly to remove his as yet undigested daughter, with the girl protesting the removal on the grounds that she is sleepy. There is an underlying sadness in the story of the multiple-headed ogres who are decapitated one at a time by a boy hero, who in order to deceive the surviving brothers of each slain ogre props up the dead ogre in the doorway, replaces his heads, and decorates him with turmeric, coconut oil, and a lei so as to give his brothers the impression that he is merely lolling about. The hero is vindictive toward their devoted mother, who is terrified and dismembered by the boy, bit by bit, day after day. The listener to ogre stories must feel an elated sense of relief at the comic way in which the villains meet their just ends, but it is hard to forget, if one stops to think about it, that ogres devour people only because it is in the nature of ogres to do so. Many of the ogres are good and loyal "family men." However, we are not dealing here with sympathy for the victim of the joke; we are saying instead that the emotions discharged in laughter are probably never entirely free of an element of aggressiveness ranging from subtle to coarse.

Humor in some instances is mixed with sex, as in an account where an ugly sore-covered youth pretends that he is his handsome companion and tricks five amorously inclined sisters into spending the night with him, a deception they do not discover until daylight. The girls are so overcome with nausea that they vomit. Another tale tells how two brothers induce their gullible sister into having intercourse with them by disguising their voices as that of their dead mother and giving their sister orders to submit on the grounds that by doing so they can be saved from an imaginary death.

The humor can be ironical, as when a spirit who has invited some friends to feast on his wife's body is unable to produce her, so they turn on him and eat him instead. Another bit of irony appears in a tale in which only a madman is able to kill a four-headed evil spirit who has already devoured almost everyone else in the area. There is irony in the unexpected transformation of an old woman into a still older woman when her new husband tries to emulate the success of another youth by cutting off her head with the expectation that this will transform her into a ravishing young beauty. But whatever the make-believe form that humor takes, it obviously relieves human tension.

As for interdicted behavior there is the paradox of personae indulging with impunity and even relish in incestuous relations, trysts in menstrual lodges, scatological phraseology, patricide, and lese majesty. The paradox is of course a familiar one in folklore, and it has resisted attempts to explain it historically,

psychologically, sociologically, and otherwise. But it is present here and made more complex because of its involvement with the broad question of humor. Certainly such behavior must act as a restraint on any simplistic view that folklore can be relied upon indiscriminately as an accurate reflection of culture, a point that I have already elaborated upon from other points of view (Lessa 1966: 21-31).

This then was the kind of oral literature on which past generations thrived. As an expression of the imagination it was rivalled only by song and dance, and hardly at all by the plastic and graphic arts, which barely existed. Of course the narratives served roles other than that of a buffer to reality, and these cannot be overlooked.

Folktales function, for example, as message systems telling how to act, to behave, and to feel. Here we are speaking not of the obvious pedagogical function of folklore, seen in such things as enumeration, listing, accounting for the origins of clans, and the like, but rather the more subtle inculcation of values and sentiments like those of filial piety, compassion for children and the aged, respect for authority, sharing, wisdom, cleverness, bravery, industry, and romantic love. Ulithian folklore includes, too, charters for such things as communal fishing magic, private knot divination, the ownership of green turtles, and compliance with the Yapese system of caste and tribute. It also includes the hallowing of such places as Thowälü Channel, the Rolong and other *taliu*, Angaur Island, and the very islands of Ulithi itself, these having been created by sand strewn on the sea. The sum total of its influence is that it guides the listener along the path of social conformity, and to the extent that it is part of the religious system, it upholds the moral order as well.

This is not to imply that traditional narrative was deliberately used to manipulate the ideology of the people. The tales, which for the most part seem to have originated beyond the confines of the atoll, exerted their influence in a diffuse and unconscious manner, with the exception of most of the stories for juveniles. The myths were part of a religious world view shared by everyone. This contrasts with the purposeful efforts of the leaders of authoritarian countries to use folklore as a political tool for the indoctrination of their people into new political orders.² These efforts have had inherent weaknesses because the

²Even before the advent of the National Socialist Party, Germany had felt a need to promote cultural unity through glorification of a peasant cult and the folklore that belonged to the "folk," and when Hitler came into power he initiated a policy of cultivating German folktales, Norse mythology, and Icelandic sagas in order to educate both young and old in the spirit of the new philosophy of life (Kamenetsky 1972, 1977). Italy, with its formidable propaganda machinery, had already shown the way with its manipulation of folkloric work in behalf of the politics of the Fascist regime (Simeone 1978). The Soviet Union had believed from the start that folklore should be employed "for propagating the cultural construction and political education of the masses for one goal—the realization of socialism and communism" (Oinas 1975: 160; cf. Klymasz 1975). The emphasis by nations in the Soviet sphere has not been in perpetuating old tales as much as eradicating them because of their perpetuation of so-called capitalistic values, replacing them with new stories that often imitate the traditional folklore but use contemporary life as their subject matter.

artificial and contrived character of the new folklore lacked the spontaneity and integrity found in traditional communities such as Ulithi.³

The obviously important role of oral traditions in the aesthetic, moral, and social life of the inhabitants of the atoll justifies anything that can be done to record and analyze them, not only for the sake of newer generations of islanders but also — and this is important — for scholars with scientific concerns whose approach involves the study of the designs and life styles that have developed throughout the world.

In this connection it will be recalled that in my preface I suggested that one of the goals of this collection of narratives was the preservation for the people of Ulithi of a part of their cultural heritage. I wish to develop this theme more fully and will draw upon some of the views of George N. Appell, an anthropologist who has expressed more than a passing interest in what is nowadays called "salvage ethnology" and has spoken eloquently on the subject in a series of publications. He compares this relatively new concept with the more firmly entrenched idea of "salvage archaeology," but hastens to point out that the latter is not an entirely satisfactory model because it suggests that "a people can also be bulldozed out of their cultural existence once salvage ethnology has been completed" (Appell 1978: 18).

Appell says that in situations of rapid social change a people may be deprived of their access to their history, literature, and cultural traditions, especially where developmental projects involve resettlement or a change in a local economic system and cultural ecology. He contends that social change commonly produces a set of social-psychological reactions that he calls the "social separation syndrome" (Appell 1978: 18). There is initially a loss of self-esteem by the members of the population when faced with representatives of a more dominant culture or subculture introducing unilateral change, and in time there is a deterioration of their social identity. Psychological and physiological health impairment, together with such other consequences of social change as role conflict and ambiguity, are stimulated by their reactions (Appell 1978: 18).

Ulithi eminently qualifies for salvage ethnology. Under the Japanese League of Nations mandate and the German administration before that, there had been some but not drastic disturbance of what was a traditional way of life, in which the basic values, motivations, and norms were defined in an authorita-

³In Germany the new folktale interpretation achieved exactly the opposite of what it had set out to do. By transforming the folktale into a stale product of Socialist Realism, it isolated it from its real connection with the living folk tradition, and in doing so stifled its growth and creative development, with the result that the folktale was no longer a true reflection of the common peasant folk of Germany, but merely a medium of the Nazi ideology and a mouthpiece of racial propaganda (Kamenetsky 1977: 178). In Italy military defeat discredited an efficient propaganda apparatus, exposing the disparity between reality and rhetoric. The manipulation of folkloric work for almost two decades had not succeeded in arousing in the Italian people the required militant nationalism. Like all governments before it, the Fascist regime had failed to make Italians out of a population fragmented among the localities and regions of the peninsula and its islands, with their various dialects (Simeone 1978: 557). In the Soviet Union and the Peoples Republic of China there has been considerable retrenchment from the original positions following upon the revolutions.

tive past. However, on 20 September 1944, American Marines secured the atoll with no resistance, there being no Japanese personnel there, although previously there had been a small weather station on Asor. When the Americans occupied the atoll there were approximately 279 natives there, the Japanese having removed 155 Ulithians to various other islands. Seabees built a naval base and a 3500 foot airstrip, and the vast lagoon became a fleet anchorage where the invasion force for Okinawa assembled. The inhabitants of all the islets except Lossau were put on Fassarai and a medical unit consisting of a medical officer and a pharmacist's mate was established, as much for the protection of the residents against unauthorized visitors as for medical treatment. The impact, as can well be imagined, was great. It has been estimated that at one time there were as many as a thousand ships of various types anchored in the lagoon, and that well over a million military personnel passed through Ulithi on the way west. After the war, a Navy weather unit continued operating until 1948, and a Coast Guard LORAN station remained in operation for some time thereafter. In 1951 Navy rule was replaced by civilian government — the Department of the Interior. In 1961 the Outer Islands High School was established with some American teachers, and the Peace Corps was not far behind. During all this time there was extensive missionary activity. These are only some of the highlights of the initial impact of the Western world on the tiny population. Changes since then have been as drastic as ever, with an awesome influx of American dollars and a revolution in the economy, to say nothing of the educating of large numbers of young men and women in Guam, Hawaii, and the American mainland.

Nothing in the above remarks should be construed to infer that one of the goals envisioned in the recording of vanishing cultures is the facilitating of a return to the ways of the ancestors. Even if it were possible of achievement, which it is not, such an objective is a desideratum neither of anthropologists nor, more importantly, the people whose former way of life has been lost to them. Despite sporadic nativistic and revivalistic movements, the eagerness of most nonindustrialized peoples to try to improve their lot through changes in technology, economy, and ideology is an irresistible force that must be reckoned with through accommodation rather than nostalgia and confrontation. It will be recalled that what Appell envisions is that through salvage ethnology there can be a restoration of a people's self-esteem and social identity, not a reversion to the past. It is interesting that in the article previously cited he outlines a proposal for government-financed salvage ethnology, a possibility not beyond attainment.

Thus, a similar but differently oriented concern with salvage may be seen in the signing on 2 January 1976, by the President of the United States, of the American Folklife Preservation Act, for the passage of which Professor Archie Green worked persistently for several years. The main charge of the law is the establishing of the American Folklife Center located in the Library of Congress. The Center will not only be the major folklore/folklife archive in the country but will serve to coordinate the work of other federal units in the area of folklore culture and to enter into contracts with private and public agencies,

institutions, and individuals. Happily, it has a budget for realizing its goals.

In an earlier remark in this chapter I suggested that another value of the compilation of ethnographic records lies in its potential for analysis and generalization of a kind useful to both science and the humanities. This has been a tacit and long established tenet of the comparative approach in anthropology and hardly needs reiteration, but it may be of interest to single out an example of the conscious way in which the broader possibilities of salvage anthropology have already been recognized by the United States government. There was recently (1974) established at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington a National Anthropological Film Center. In the words of the Director of the Center, who is deeply concerned with the problem of cultural convergence and the rapid loss of cultural variety throughout the world, "As we allow the behavioral data of the independent natural experiments in human adaptation of the world to vanish along with the cultures embodying them, we permanently diminish our ability to understand the nature of our species" (Sorensen 1975: 267). Although Sorensen's approach is through annotated film records, much of what he has to say about the study and preservation of information on human behavioral and cultural variation, and on culturally unique expressions of human existence, applies equally as well to the recording and study of traditional narratives.

Directing our attention finally to the six tales of the present collection that appear to have historical validity, they obviously constitute a group of a different order than the rest; for despite some occasional dramatic embellishments they cannot be characterized as palliatives, charters, pedagogics, or symbols. The islanders themselves recognize the distinction. Nevertheless, they are oral traditions and merit our consideration.

One of the problems of any oral tradition that is purportedly based on fact is the question of its verifiable historicity. This is an ancient dilemma that has continued to be debated until present times. Even Jan Vansina, who has written a whole book championing the position that the anthropologist and the historian can extract or deduce the historical content of oral testimonies from preliterate peoples, warns: "The limitations of the information that can be derived from oral traditions are real, and must be accepted by the historian; but he can attempt to make up for them by using data supplied by other historical sources, such as written documents, and the disciplines of archaeology, cultural history, linguistics, and physical anthropology" (Vansina 1965: 182). Vansina, nonetheless, is a great promoter of the value of oral narratives for reconstructing history.

I am not as sanguine as Vansina regarding the acceptance of oral traditions, in that I am inclined to be less satisfied than he with plausibility and to be more insistent on the need for written documentary and archaeological corroboration. The lone Ulithian story in my collection that has documentary support is "An Attack on a Ship at Ulithi" (Tale No. 61). The other stories, while having a "ring of history," cannot be positively authenticated. The same must be said, too, for a tradition in my first collection, "How Ngulu Was Settled" (Tale No. 9), that has abundant cultural and linguistic support but

no documentary verification. It has a short cognate on Ngulu, where, as in Ulithi, it is accepted as real history. Ulithians do have a somewhat verifiable account, left to us by German writers, of the real existence of Marespa (Lessa 1976), but I have not offered it as a folktale because the information was gathered piecemeal from informants responding to an interview situation. The story of the great flood on Yap (Tale No. 28) has been approached archaeologically by the Giffords (1959: 152-54, 195) with inconclusive results, although I note with regret that some scholars are willing to accept the account as essentially true.

Two things about Ulithi's allegedly historical tales are surprising. One is that, even conceding that a stronger effort to turn up more of them would probably have been successful, they are so few in number. This might be attributed, as some anthropologists have done, to an utter lack of historical sense or perspective by "primitive man," a point of view strongly contested by A. R. Tippett in his book, *Aspects of Ethnohistory* (1973). He cites especially some Fijian examples that he has researched extensively. One could cite the example of Pulo Anna, a tiny coral island, because it was apparently first colonized by Ulithians via Yap. Its historical traditions are ample enough and remarkably plausible (cf. Eilers 1935: 204-12). Numerous other instances have been recorded, particularly in the monographs of the Thilenius *Südsee-Expedition*. If one wanted to move over into Polynesia, the evidence of historical sense is overwhelming, just as it is in those parts of Africa so well surveyed by Vansina and a large number of recent workers. All this makes the dearth of historical traditions in Ulithi so puzzling. Paul Hambruch's experience on Ulithi in 1909 does not shed much light on the subject. It is reported that he heard no tales about the internal history of the atoll. On the other hand he did collect a brief but valuable narrative from a native of Merir (whom I presume was on Ulithi at the time) that concerned an emigration of Ulithians to Son-sorol, Merir, and Tobi, due to overpopulation (Damm 1938: 347). The implication is that the Ulithians had no stories about their own history. Yet it seems that they were greatly inhibited by the presence of a Yapese acting as Hambruch's interpreter and did not dare speak freely when he was around (Damm 1938: 300). To this one must add that Hambruch was in Ulithi for only two weeks in October, 1909, and was compiling information on flora, fauna, psychology, clothing and body decoration, foods and their preparation, land property, fishing, utensils, weaving and plaiting, commerce and navigation, houses, the village, weapons, social relationships, religion, magic, mythology, games, music, dance, art, disease, and language! He could hardly have pushed vigorously in pursuit of historical narratives. Nor could I, for that matter, even in the course of a summer's field work, which was similarly devoted mainly to other matters.

The other surprise about the tales is that they fail to give notice to some truly noteworthy episodes in Ulithian history, such as the discovery of the atoll in 1525 by some Portuguese whose damaged ship caused them to remain almost four months; an unpleasant encounter in 1712 with Spaniards of the *Santo Domingo*; the massacre in 1731 of the several members of the first Christian

mission established there by Father Cantova; and the troubled visits of the German trader, Captain Tetens, in 1866 and 1867.

Should one plead that four and a half centuries is too long a time to perpetuate orally the memory of a distant event, it is useful to observe that the Gwambe of Mozambique have traditions concerning their ancient tribal relationships and movements, as well as the activities and adventures of the Portuguese on the southeast coast of Africa in the middle of the sixteenth century and thereafter, these assertions having been confirmed by historical documents (Fuller 1955: 27-26 et passim). Moreover, as late as 1861 the Eskimo were reliably describing details of the Frobisher expeditions to Baffin Island in 1576-78 (Hall 1864: passim). An Oceanic example comes from Santa Isabel in the Solomon Islands, where George Bogesi, an educated native of the island, reports traditions describing Alvaro de Mendaña's discovery of Santa Isabel in 1568 and his landing at Estrella Bay (Bogesi 1948: 354-55).

Closer to home, there is an oral tradition of the anchoring at Ponape of a foreign ship from which disembarked some men clad in iron, accompanied by a man in a black garment carrying a crucifix. Due to a misunderstanding a skirmish ensued, and though at first the foreigners were invulnerable because of their "solid skins," they were ultimately subdued by spiking them in the eyes through their visors (Hambruch 1932-36: I, 4). Ponape was discovered by Saavedra in 1529, but notwithstanding that a native is recorded as having hurled a stone from his canoe with such force that it stove in a plank of the *Florida's* side, this does not seem to be the incident in question. Could the incident have occurred in 1595 when Ysabel Barreto, who had assumed command of Mendaña's *San Jeronimo* upon the death of her husband in the Santa Cruz Islands, skirted the north side of Ponape? Hardly, for there is no record of either a landing or a conflict with the inhabitants. But there can be little doubt that while there is no documentary evidence that the incident described in the Ponapean story occurred, it did in fact take place, and at a time when body armor and helmets were still being worn, which was no later than the 1600s.

The Ulithian unconcern with historical happenings has no easy explanation, if any at all. If one were to attribute it to small population size one would have to explain how the Eskimo, living in tiny hunting bands, preserved the memory of so hoary an event as Frobisher's visits until at least 1861 and 1862, when they were recounted to Charles Francis Hall, the Arctic explorer, who verified details of their stories after successfully locating coal and artifacts left by the English on Baffin Island. Again, the lack of a priesthood or specialized class of storytellers in Ulithi is matched by a similar Eskimo situation. It must be borne in mind, moreover, that atoll Carolinians are capable of perpetuating oral traditions over a period of centuries, as seen by the Yolofath myths related to me in 1948. They were surprisingly close, even in some of the finer details, to those given to Cantova on Guam in 1722 by marooned islanders and close, too, to those given to Major Don Luis de Torres prior to 1819 by Woleaians (Lessa 1961a: 82-84).

In bringing this monograph to a conclusion, I wish to emphasize the enor-

mous value of comparative folkloristic materials for shedding light upon my Ulithian narratives. I did not seek, in this connection, to comb all the literature in order to discover every possible cognate merely for the sake of rendering the record complete. Instead, I tried to find as many related examples of motifs and tale types as were necessary to clarify the many obscure passages and meanings that so often characterize an oral tradition, where the native listener is expected to fill in the lacunae and is indeed able to do so from his vantage point as a participant in his culture. A good many of my Ulithian stories appeared to me to be greatly disjointed and unintelligible until they were subjected to the kind of comparative analysis that cognates from other islands made possible. After that, they not only made good sense but fascinating and instructive reading as well. They clarified significantly a good many points that the more conventional approaches used in field work had not elucidated. Therefore, reverting to what I earlier remarked concerning the two great values of these tales—that for the islanders and that for science and the humanities—it seems fitting to add still a third benefit, that for the ethnographer himself.

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